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A

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF THE PEOPLE

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METHODISTS.

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

By JOHN WESLEY, M.A.
LATE FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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PREFACE.

FOR many years I have been importuned to publish such a HYMN-BOOK, as might be generally used in all our Congregations throughout Great Britain and Ireland. I have hitherto withstood the importunity, as I believed such a publication was needless, considering the various Hymn-Books which my brother and I have published within these forty years last past; so that it may be doubted whether any religious community in the world has a greater variety of them.

But it has been answered, "Such a Publication is highly needful upon this very account; for the greater part of the people, being poor, are not able to purchase so many books: and those that have purchased them are, as it were, bewildered in the immense variety. A proper Collection of Hymns for general use, carefully made out of all these books, is therefore still wanting; and one comprised in so moderate a compass, as to be neither cumbersome nor expensive."

It has been replied, "You have such a Collection already, (entitled HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,) which I extracted several years ago from a variety of Hymn-Books." But it is objected, "This is in the other extreme; it is far too small. It does not, it cannot, in so narrow a compass, contain variety enough: not so much as we want, among whom *singing* makes so considerable a part of the public service. What we want is, a Collection not too large, that it may be cheap and portable; nor too small, that it may contain a sufficient variety for all ordinary occasions."

Such a Hymn-Book you have now before you. It is not so large as to be either cumbersome, or expensive: and it is large enough to contain such a variety of Hymns, as will not

soon be worn threadbare. It is large enough to contain all the important truths of our most holy Religion, whether speculative or practical: yea, to illustrate them all, and to prove them both by Scripture and Reason: and this is done in a regular order. The Hymns are not carelessly jumbled together, but carefully ranged under proper heads, according to the experience of real Christians. So that this book is, in effect, a little body of experimental and practical divinity.

As but a small part of these Hymns is of my own composing,* I do not think it inconsistent with modesty to declare, that I am persuaded no such Hymn-Book as this has yet been published in the English language. In what other publication of the kind have you so distinct and full an account of Scriptural Christianity? Such a declaration of the heights and depths of Religion, speculative and practical? So strong cautions against the most plausible errors; particularly those that are now most prevalent? And so clear directions for making your calling and election sure; for perfecting holiness in the fear of God?

May I be permitted to add a few words with regard to the *Poetry*. Then I will speak to those who are judges thereof, with all freedom and unreserve. To these I may say, without offence, 1. In these Hymns there is no doggerel; no botches; nothing put in to patch up the rhyme; no feeble expletives. 2. Here is nothing turgid or bombast, on the one hand, or low and creeping, on the other. 3. Here are no *cant* expressions; no words without meaning. Those who impute this to us, know not what they say. We talk common sense, both in prose and verse, and use no word but in a fixed and determinate sense. 4. Here are, allow me to say, both the purity, the strength, and the elegance of the English language; and, at the same time, the utmost simplicity and plainness, suited to every capacity. Lastly, I desire men of taste to judge, (these are the only competent judges,) whether there be not in some of the following Hymns, the true Spirit of Poetry, such as cannot be acquired by art and labour, but must be the gift of nature. By labour a

* The greater part was composed by the Rev. Charles Wesley

man may become a tolerable imitator of Spenser, Shakspeare, or Milton; and may heap together pretty compound epithets, as *pale-eyed, meek-eyed,* and the like; but unless he be *born* a Poet, he will never attain the genuine *Spirit of Poetry.*

And here I beg leave to mention a thought which has been long upon my mind, and which I should long ago have inserted in the public papers, had not I been unwilling to stir up a nest of hornets. Many gentlemen have done my Brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our Hymns. Now they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire, they would not attempt to mend them: for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore, I must beg of them one of these two favours: either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better for worse: or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page; that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men.

But to return. That which is of infinitely more moment than the Spirit of Poetry, is the Spirit of Piety. And I trust, all persons of real judgment, will find *this* breathing through the whole Collection. It is in this view chiefly, that I would recommend it to every truly pious reader, as a means of raising or quickening the spirit of devotion; of confirming his faith; of enlivening his hope; and of kindling and increasing his love to God and man. When Poetry thus keeps its place, as the handmaid of Piety, it shall attain, not a poor perishable wreath, but a crown that fadeth not away.

London, Oct. 20, 1779. JOHN WESLEY.

N. B. The Supplementary Hymns at the end of this Book, and a few others distinguished by the prefix of an asterisk, which are inserted in this edition, were not in the editions published during the life of Mr. Wesley.

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COLLECTION OF HYMNS.

PART I.

CONTAINING INTRODUCTORY HYMNS.

SECTION I.—*Exhorting Sinners.*

HYMN 1. [C. M.]

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for *me*.

5 He speaks—and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

8 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain:
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

9 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white.

10 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel, your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

HYMN 2. [L. M.]

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not *one* be left behind,
For God hath bidden *all* mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to ALL:
Come, all the world; come, sinner, *thou;*
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 Come, and partake the gospel feast;
Be sav'd from sin; in Jesus rest:
O taste the goodness of your God,
And eat his flesh, and drink his blood.

5 Ye vagrant souls, on you I call;
(O that my voice could reach you all!)
Ye all may now be justified;
Ye all may live, for Christ hath died.

6 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ, and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

7 His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

8 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

9 This is the time; no more delay;
This is the acceptable day;
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him, who died for all.

HYMN 3. [10's & 11's.]

1 O ALL that pass by, To Jesus draw near;
He utters a cry, Ye sinners give ear!
From hell to retrieve you, He spreads out his hands;
Now, now, to receive you, He graciously stands.

2 If any man thirst, And happy would be,
The vilest and worst May come unto me;
May drink of my Spirit, Excepted is none,
Lay claim to my merit, And take for his own.

3 Whoever receives The life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, His God and his Lord;
In him a pure river Of life shall arise;
Shall, in the believer, Spring up to the skies.

4 My God and my Lord! Thy call I obey;
My soul on thy Word Of promise I stay:
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
Athirst for salvation, Salvation by grace.

5 O hasten the hour, Send down from above
The Spirit of power, Of health, and of love:
Of filial fear, Of knowledge and grace;
Of wisdom and prayer, Of joy and of praise:

6 The Spirit of faith, Of faith in thy blood, [God;
Which saves us from wrath, And brings us to
Removes the huge mountain Of indwelling sin,
And opens a fountain, That washes us clean.

HYMN 4. [L. M.]

1 HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
('Tis God invites the fallen race;)
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 "Come to the living-waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home;
And find my grace is free for ALL.

3 "See from the Rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

4 "Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 " Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed;
Ye spend your little all in vain.

6 " In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
I have the words of endless life.

7 " Hearken to me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food;
The sweetness of my mercy share,
And taste that I alone am good.

8 " I bid you all my goodness prove:
My promises for all are free:
Come, taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in ME.

9 " Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive;
Quicken'd your souls by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall live."

HYMN 5. [10's & 11's.]

1 THY faithfulness, Lord, Each moment we find,
So true to thy word, So loving and kind;
Thy mercy so tender To all the lost race,
The vilest offender May turn and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel, To others I show,
I set to my seal That Jesus is true:
Ye all may find favour, Who come at his call;
O come to my Saviour, His grace is for ALL.

3 To save what was lost, From heaven he came;
Come, sinners, and trust In Jesus's name!
He offers you pardon; He bids you be free!
" If sin be your burden, O come unto me!"

4 O let me commend My Saviour to you;
The Publican's Friend, And Advocate too:
For *you* he is pleading His merits and death;
With God interceding For sinners beneath.

5 Then let us submit, His grace to receive;
Fall down at his feet, And gladly believe:
We all are forgiven, For Jesus's sake:
Our title to heaven, His merits we take.

HYMN 6. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, you long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead already, dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin:
Dead to God, while here you breathe,
Pant you after second death?
Will you still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

HYMN 7. [8 *lines 7's.*]

1 LET the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life divine;
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirit downward go.
You for higher ends were born:
You may all to God return:
Dwell with him above the sky:
Why will ye for ever die?

2 You, on whom he favours showers;
You, possest of nobler powers;
You, of Reason's powers possest;
You, with Will and Memory blest;
You, with finer sense endu'd,
Creatures capable of God:
Noblest of his creatures, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

3 You, whom he ordain'd to be
Transcripts of the Deity;
You, whom he in life doth hold;
You, for whom himself was sold;
You, on whom he still doth wait,
Whom he would again create:
Made by him and purchas'd, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

4 You, who own his record true;
You, his chosen people, you;

You, who call the Saviour, Lord;
You, who read his written Word;
You, who see the gospel light;
Claim a crown in Jesu's right:
Why will you, ye Christians, why
Will the house of Israel die?

HYMN 8. [8 *lines 7's.*]

1 WHAT could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his waste of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn;
By his life your God hath sworn:
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, obtest, and cry,
Why will ye resolve to die?

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near:
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, even now, your Saviour stands;
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries, "Ye will not happy be!
"No, ye will not come to me!
"Me, who life to none deny:
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

4 Can you doubt if God is Love?
If to all his bowels move?

Will you not his *Word* receive?
Will you not his OATH believe?
See! the suffering God appears!
Jesus weeps; believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

HYMN 9. [L. M.]

1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word;
Haste to the Supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son:
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his Love,
Just now the stony to remove;
To' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Is ready with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

6 Come, then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restor'd:
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace.

7 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God;

The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:

8 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven,
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven:

9 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress;
The' unutterable tenderness;
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder, "Why such love to me!"

10 The' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love!

HYMN 10. [10's & 11's.]

1 YE thirsty for God, To Jesus give ear,
And take, through his blood, A power to draw near;
His kind invitation, Ye sinners, embrace,
Accepting salvation, Salvation by grace.

2 Sent down from above, Who governs the skies,
In vehement love To sinners he cries,
"Drink into my Spirit! Who happy would be,
"And all things inherit, By coming to me."

3 O Saviour of all, Thy word we believe,
And come at thy call, Thy grace to receive:
The blessing is given Wherever thou art:
The earnest of heaven Is love in the heart.

4 To us, at thy feet, The Comforter give;
Who gasp to admit Thy Spirit, and live;
The weakest believers Acknowledge for thine,
And fill us with rivers Of water divine!

HYMN 11 [L. M.]

1 GOD, the offended God Most High,
Ambassadors to rebels sends;
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.

2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray,
Us, in the stead of God, entreat,
To cast our arms, our sins, away,
And find forgiveness at his feet.

3 Our God in Christ! thine embassy,
And proffered mercy, we embrace;
And gladly reconcil'd to thee,
Thy condescending mercy praise.

4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request,
A full acquittance we receive!
And criminals, with pardon blest,
We, at our Judge's instance, live!

SECTION II.

1. *Describing the Pleasantness of Religion.*

HYMN 12. [D. S. M.]

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne:
Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 13. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 HAPPY saint, that, free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?
Jesus doth his spirit bear:
Jesus takes his every care:
He who found the wandering sheep,
Jesus, still delights to keep.

2 O that I might so believe,
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh:
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near;
All his care rejoice to prove;
All his paradise of love!

3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my every care;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear:
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive;
Ever in thy Spirit live:

4 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect, through my Lord, below:
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above:
O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand;
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by thee to heaven!

HYMN 14. [L. M.]

1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows "the Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
Of Wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ, on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who Wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains!
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

HYMN 15. [C. M.]

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And *we* in hymns below.

3 Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We, in the kingdom of thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise:
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

HYMN 16. [L. M.]

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

Part I.

1 HAPPY the souls that first believ'd,
To Jesus and each other cleav'd;
Join'd, by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.

2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They liv'd, and spake, and thought the same;
They joyfully conspir'd to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

3 With grace abundantly endu'd,
A pure, believing multitude!
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspir'd the whole.

4 O what an age of golden days!
O what a choice, peculiar race!
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed Kings and Priests to God!

5 Where shall I wander now to find
The successors they left behind?
The faithful, whom I seek in vain,
Are 'minish'd from the sons of men.

6 Ye different sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ!" or, "Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.

7 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst show;
For sure thou hast a church below.

8 The gates of hell cannot prevail;
The church on earth can never fail:

Ah! join me to thy secret ones!
Ah! gather all thy living stones!

9 Scatter'd o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye;
Draw by the music of thy Name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.

10 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banish'd ones;
Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

11 Join every soul that looks to thee,
In bonds of perfect charity;
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,
And *all in all* for ever live!

HYMN 17. [L. M.]

Part II.

1 JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy church below;
If now thy Spirit moves my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request!

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own;
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses:
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold,
How Christians liv'd in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white!
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
The glorious, spotless church below!

6 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known;
And, O, my God, may I be one!

7 O might my lot be cast with these;
The least of Jesu's witnesses:
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet!

8 This only thing do I require:
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy church to live.

9 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

10 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.

11 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard; it shall be so!"
The word hath pass'd thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

HYMN 18. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 MAKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who hast on me bestow'd
An immortal soul, design'd
To be the house of God:

Come, and now reside in me,
Never, never to remove;
Make me just, and good, like thee,
And full of power and love.

2 Bid me in thy image rise,
A saint, a creature new;
True, and merciful, and wise,
And pure, and happy too:
This thy primitive design,
That I should in thee be blest;
Should, within the arms divine,
For ever, ever rest.

3 Let thy will on me be done;
Fulfil my heart's desire,
Thee to know and love alone,
And rise in raptures higher,
Thee, descending on a cloud,
Till with ravish'd eyes I see:
Then I shall be fill'd with God
To all eternity!

HYMN 19. [10's & 11's.]

1 REJOICE evermore With angels above,
In Jesus's power, In Jesus's love:
With glad exultation, Your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation To God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief In trouble hast been;
Hast sav'd us from grief, Hast sav'd us from sin;
The power of thy Spirit Hath set our hearts free,
And now we inherit All fulness in thee:

3 All fulness of peace, All fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss That never shall cloy:
To us it is given In Jesus to know
A kingdom of heaven, A heaven below.

4 No longer we join, While sinners invite;
Nor envy the swine Their brutish delight;
Their joy is all sadness, Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness, Their pleasure is pain.

5 O might they at last With sorrow return,
The pleasures to taste, For which they were born;
Our Jesus receiving, Our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, The heaven of love!

HYMN 20. [6 *lines* 7's.]

1 WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood: Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown:
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by his fall; Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true;
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above: All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul design'd;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind;
Blest in Christ this moment be! Blest to all eternity!

HYMN 21. [S. M.]

1 YE simple souls that stray
Far from the path of peace,
(That lonely, unfrequented way
To life and happiness,)

Why will ye folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God?

2 Madness and misery
Ye count our life beneath;
And nothing great or good can see,
Or glorious in our death:
As only born to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie;
And utterly contemn'd we live,
And unlamented die.

3 So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, impotent, and poor,—
Above your scorn we rise:
We, through the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things;
For He, whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us Priests and Kings.

4 Riches unsearchable
In Jesu's love we know;
And pleasures, springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow;
The Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power;
And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

5 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways;
And in their watchful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace:
Unto that heavenly bliss
They all our steps attend;
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our Friend.

6 With him we walk in white;
We in his image shine;
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Our righteousness divine:
On all the kings of earth
With pity we look down;
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

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2. *Describing the Goodness of God.*

HYMN 22. [C. M.]

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks;
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul," he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head,—and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

HYMN 23. [L. M.]

1 EXTENDED on a cursed tree,
Besmear'd with dust, and sweat, and blood,
See there, the King of Glory see!
Sinks and expires the Son of God!

2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
Who could thy sacred body wound?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.

3 I, I alone, have done the deed!
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caus'd thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn.

4 The burden, for me to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid;
To heal me, thou hast borne my pain;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn, and forsook of all, I lay;
Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.

6 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay, the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.

7 Too much to thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for thee;
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Grav'n on my heart for ever be!

8 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from thee, my God;
And love, with softest pity join'd,
For those that trample on thy blood.

9 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast:
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

HYMN 24. *Part* I. [L. M.]

1 YE that pass by, behold the Man!
The Man of Griefs, condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

2 See! how his back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound!

The ploughers make long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound.

3 Nor can he thus their hate assuage;
His innocence, to death pursu'd,
Must fully glut their utmost rage:
Hark! how they clamour for his blood!

4 "To us our own Barabbas give!
"Away with him," (they loudly cry,)
"Away with him, not fit to live,
"The vile seducer crucify!"

5 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood;
His sacred limbs,—exposed and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

6 See there his temples crown'd with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side!

7 Where is the King of Glory now!
The everlasting Son of God!
The' Immortal hangs his languid brow;
The' Almighty faints beneath his load!

8 Beneath *my* load he faints and dies:
I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown:
I caus'd those mortal groans and cries,
I kill'd the Father's only Son!

HYMN 25. *Part* II. [L. M.]

1 O THOU dear suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Help me to catch thy precious blood;
Help me to taste thy dying love.

2 Give me to feel thy agonies;
One drop of thy sad cup afford:
I fain with thee would sympathize,
And share the sufferings of my Lord.

3 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd, while her Creator died:
O let mine inmost nature shake,
And die with Jesus crucified!

4 At thy last gasp the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies:
O that my soul might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!

5 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part:
O rend, with thine expiring breath,
The harder marble of my heart!

6 My stony heart thy voice shall rent,
Thou wilt, I trust, the veil remove:
My inmost bowels shall resent
The yearnings of thy dying love.

HYMN 26. [L. M.]

1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there!

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
O wond'rous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou should'st us to glory bring?

Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt; our eyes o'erflow;
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

7 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

8 First-born of many brethren Thou!
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow:
To thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die: thine may we live!

HYMN 27. [6 *lines*, 2-6's & 4-7's.]

1 SAVIOUR, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine?
Thou my pain, my curse hast took,
All my sins were laid on thee:
Help me, Lord; to thee I look;
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.

2 'Tis done! My God hath died;
My Love is crucified!
Break, this stony heart of mine;
Pour, mine eyes, a ceaseless flood;
Feel, my soul, the pangs divine;
Catch, my heart, the issuing blood!

3 When, O my God, shall I
For thee submit to die?
How the mighty debt repay?
Rival of thy passion prove?
Lead me in thyself, the way;
Melt my hardness into love.

4 To love is all my wish,
I only live for this:

Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
There, by faith, for ever dwell:
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee to feel.

5 Thy power I pant to prove,
Rooted and fix'd in love;
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine.

6 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy saints below:
Swells my soul to compass thee;
Gasps in thee to live and move;
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immers'd and lost in love!

HYMN 28. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 O LOVE Divine! what hast thou done!
The' immortal God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
The' immortal God for me hath died!
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace!
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood;
Pardon for all flows from his side;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream:

All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

HYMN 29. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load;
Jesus calls his wanderers home:
Hasten to your pardoning God.
Come, ye guilty spirits, oppress'd,
Answer to the Saviour's call:
"Come, and I will give you rest:
"Come, and I will save you all."

2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindest word obey;
Faithful let thy mercies prove;
Take our load of guilt away:
Fain we would on thee rely,
Cast on thee our every care;
To thine arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.

3 Burden'd with a world of grief,
Burden'd with our sinful load,
Burden'd with this unbelief,
Burden'd with the wrath of God;
Lo! we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our groaning souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

HYMN 30. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 WHERE shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?

2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast show'd?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!

3 And shall I slight my Father's love?
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness to' impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

4 No: though the ancient Dragon rage,
And call forth all his host to war;
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage;
Them, and their god, alike I dare;
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, proclaim;
Jesus, to sinners still the same.

5 Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves!
He spreads his arms to' embrace you all;
Sinners alone his grace receives:
No need of him the righteous have;
He came the lost to seek and save.

6 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin;
His bleeding heart shall make you room;
His open side shall take you in:
He calls you now, invites you home;
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!

7 For you the purple current flow'd
In pardons from his wounded side;
Languish'd for you the' eternal God;
For you the Prince of Glory died:
Believe, and all your sin's forgiven;
Only believe, and yours is heaven!

HYMN 31. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 SEE, sinners, in the gospel-glass,
The Friend and Saviour of mankind!
Not one of all the' apostate race
But may in him salvation find!
His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,
—His life and death,—that God is love!

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay!
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is man with men.

3 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls his wand'ring creatures home:
He all day long spreads out his hands;
"Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!
"Ye all may hide you in my breast;
"Believe, and I will give you rest.

4 "Ah! do not of my goodness doubt;
"My saving grace for all is free;
"I will in no wise cast him out
"That comes a sinner unto me;
"I can to none myself deny;
"Why, sinners, will ye perish, why?"

HYMN 32. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 SINNERS, believe the gospel-word:
Jesus is come your souls to save!
Jesus is come, your common Lord;
Pardon ye all through him may have;
May now be sav'd, whoever will:
This man receiveth sinners still.

2 See where the lame, the halt, the blind,
The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor,
Flock to the Friend of human kind,
And freely all accept their cure:

To whom did he his help deny?
Whom, in his days of flesh, pass by?

3 Did not his word the fiends expel,
The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead?
Did he not all their sickness heal,
And satisfy their every need?
Did he reject his helpless clay,
Or send them sorrowful away?

4 Nay, but his bowels yearn'd to see
The people hungry, scatter'd, faint;
Nay, but he utter'd over thee,
Jerusalem, a true complaint;
Jerusalem, who shedd'st his blood,
That, with his tears, for thee hath flow'd.

HYMN 33. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sinners, he prays for you and me:)
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive:
"They know not that by me they live!"

2 Adam descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quick'ning Spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me!

3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee,—by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross, and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life,—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away!

4 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;

The story of thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears;
That all may hear the quick'ning sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found!

5 O let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free;
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love!

HYMN 34. [4 *lines* 6's, & 2-8's.]

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's Name.

2 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus, harmonious Name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze:
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, he died for me.

6 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?

7 O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified:
For all, for all my Saviour died!

HYMN 35. [C. M.]

1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

4 Appear, as when of old confest
The suffering Son of God;
And let them see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Show them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,
To trample down their sin:
Thy hands stretch'd out they all may see,
To take thy murderers in.

7 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

8 Ready thou art the blood to' apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffer'd this for you!"

HYMN 36. [C. M.]

1 LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffer'd pain;
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood:
And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Misers, for you his life he paid;
Your basest crime he bore:
Drunkards! your sins on him were laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 The God of love, to earth he came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesu's Name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

4 Believe in him that died for thee,
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

HYMN 37. [C. M.]

1 JESUS, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear:
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace:
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his Name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

* HYMN 38. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 O GOD, of good the' unfathom'd Sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might,
O Jesu, Lover of mankind?
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite?

2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays:
Before the' insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
Yet, free as air thy bounty streams
On all thy works; thy mercy's beams
Diffusive, as thy sun's, arise.

3 Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow:
Terrible majesty is thine!
Who then can that vast love express,
Which bows thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, till thou art mine!

4 High thron'd on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with thee
Enthron'd, may reign in endless bliss.

5 Fountain of good, all blessing flows
From thee; no want thy fulness knows:
What but thyself canst thou desire?
Yet, self-sufficient as thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart:
This, only this, dost thou require.

6 Primeval Beauty! in thy sight,
The first-born fairest sons of light
See all their brightest glories fade:
What then to me thine eyes could turn?
In sin conceiv'd, of woman born,
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade!

7 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
And, trembling, own the' Almighty God,
Sovereign of earth, hell, air, and sky:
But who is this that comes from far,
Whose garments roll'd in blood appear?
'Tis God made man, for man to die.

8 O God, of good the' unfathom'd Sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might,
O Jesu, Lover of mankind?
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite?

* HYMN 39. [L. M.]

1 FATHER, whose everlasting Love
Thy only Son for sinners gave;
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent him down the world to save:

2 Help us thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathom'd, unconfin'd;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.

3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race:
For all thou hast in Christ prepar'd
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

4 The world he suffer'd to redeem:
For all he hath the' atonement made:
For those that will not come to him,
The ransom of his life was paid.

5 Why then, thou universal Love,
Should any of thy grace despair?
To all, to all, thy bowels move,
But straiten'd in our own we are.

6 Arise, O God, maintain thy cause!
The fulness of the Gentiles call:
Lift up the standard of thy cross,
And all shall own thou diedst for all.

HYMN 40. [10's & 11's.]

1 YE neighbours and friends, To Jesus draw near;
His love condescends, By titles so dear,
To call and invite you His triumph to prove,
And freely delight you In Jesus's love.

2 The Shepherd who died His sheep to redeem,
On every side Are gather'd to him
The weary and burden'd, The reprobate race;
And wait to be pardon'd Through Jesus's grace.

3 The blind are restor'd Through Jesus's Name;
They see their dear Lord, And follow the Lamb;
The halt they are walking, And running their race;
The dumb they are talking Of Jesus's grace.

4 The deaf hear his voice, And comforting word;
It bids them rejoice In Jesus their Lord:
"Thy sins are forgiven, Accepted thou art;"
They listen, and heaven Springs up in their heart.

5 The lepers from all Their spots are made clean;
The dead by his call Are rais'd from their sin;
In Jesu's compassion The sick find a cure;
And gospel salvation Is preach'd to the poor.

6 To us and to them Is publish'd the word:
Then let us proclaim Our life-giving Lord,
Who now is reviving His work in our days,
And mightily striving To save us by grace.

7 O Jesus, ride on, Till all are subdu'd;
Thy mercy make known, And sprinkle thy blood;
Display thy salvation, And teach the new song
To every nation, And people, and tongue.

3. *Describing Death.*

HYMN 41. [C. M.]

1 O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

HYMN 42. [C. M.]

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,

How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road!
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 43. [S. M.]

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
—A land of deepest shade,
Unpierc'd by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot.

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be:
Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful, or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

4 Who can resolve the doubt,
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell.

5 O thou that would'st not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne
I may with joy appear!

6 Thou art thyself the Way;
Thyself in me reveal:
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will:

So shall I love my God,
Because he first lov'd me,
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

HYMN 44. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

1 AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joy, or hellish pains,
To all eternity!

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay!
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against the fatal day!

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone:
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery, or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destin'd place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!

How make mine own election sure,
And, when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies!

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness!
Ah, write the pardon on my heart,
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

HYMN 45. [L. M.]

1 SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I too shall gather up my feet!
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my father's God to meet.

2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death, remember me!

3 O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

HYMN 46. [L. M.]

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN 46. [3 *lines* 5's, & 1-12.]

1 COME, let us anew Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will, Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

3 Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown; The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5 O that each in the day Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
"I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do."

6 O that each from his Lord May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
"Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

HYMN 47. [L. M.]

1 PASS a few swiftly-fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal house above;
And, O my God, shall I be there?

HYMN 48. [8 *lines* 8's.]

1 AH, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare:
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable, thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain:
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again:
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay:
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet immovable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more:
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in their mortal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep:
The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death:
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become!
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

HYMN 49. [8 *lines* 8's.]

1 REJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison releas'd,
And free from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escap'd to the mansions of light,
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

HYMN 50. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 BLESSING, honour, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to thee:
Thou, in thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory;
True and faithful to thy word,
Thou hast glorified thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
He for us the fight hath won.

2 Lo! the prisoner is releas'd,
Lighten'd of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gather'd into God!
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallow'd up of life!
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and sits, and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

4 Join we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song:
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long:
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share;
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

5 Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain;
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to us, is gain:
Thou art enter'd into joy:
Let the unbelievers mourn;
We in songs our lives employ,
Till we all to God return.

HYMN 51. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 HARK! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed.
Them the Spirit hath declar'd
Blest, unutterably blest:
Jesus is their great Reward,
Jesus is their endless Rest.

2 Follow'd by their works, they go
Where their Head hath gone before;
Reconcil'd by grace below,
Grace had open'd Mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiv'n;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallow'd, and made meet for heaven.

3 Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceas'd?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unbless'd:
When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

4 Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet;
Bear him to the throne of Love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet:
Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done,
"Good and faithful servant thou;
"Enter, and receive thy crown;
"Reign with me triumphant now."

5 Angels catch the' approving sound,
Bow, and bless the just award;
Hail the heir with glory crown'd,
Now rejoicing with his Lord:
Fuller joys ordain'd to know,
Waiting for the general doom,
When the' Archangel's trump shall blow,
"Rise, ye dead, to judgment come!"

HYMN 52. [2 *lines* 6's, & 4-7's.]

1 AGAIN we lift our voice,
And shout our solemn joys;
Cause of highest raptures this,
Raptures that shall never fail;
See a soul escap'd to bliss,
Keep the Christian Festival.

2 Our friend is gone before
To that celestial shore;
He hath left his mates behind,
He hath all the storms outrode!
Found the rest we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.

3 And shall we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free?—
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
In the haven of the skies?
Can we weep to see the tears
Wip'd for ever from his eyes?

4 No, dear companion, no;
We gladly let thee go,
From a suffering church beneath,
To a reigning church above:
Thou hast more than conquer'd death;
Thou art crown'd with life and love.

5 Thou, in thy youthful prime,
Hast leap'd the bounds of time:
Suddenly from earth releas'd,
Lo! we now rejoice for thee;
Taken to an early rest,
Caught into eternity.

6 Thither may we repair,
That glorious bliss to share;
We shall see the welcome day,
We shall to the summons bow:
Come, Redeemer, come away:
Now prepare, and take us now!

HYMN 53. [8 *lines* 8's.]

On the Death of a Widow.

1 GIVE glory to Jesus our Head,
With all that encompass his throne;
A widow, a widow indeed,
A mother in Israel is gone!
The winter of trouble is past;
The storms of affliction are o'er;
Her struggle is ended at last,
And sorrow and death are no more.

2 The soul hath o'ertaken her mate,
And caught him again in the sky:
Advanc'd to her happy estate,
And pleasure that never shall die:
Where glorified spirits, by sight,
Converse in their holy abode,
As stars in the firmament bright,
And pure as the angels of God.

3 O Heaven! what a triumph is there!
Where all in his praises agree;
His beautiful character bear,
And shine with the glory they see:
The glory of God and the Lamb
(While all in the ecstasy join)
Darts into their spiritual frame,
And gives the enjoyment divine.

4 In loud hallelujahs they sing,
And harmony echoes his praise;

When, lo! the celestial King
Pours out the full light of his face:
The joy neither angel nor saint
Can bear, so ineffably great;
But, lo! the whole company faint,
And heaven is found—at his feet.

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4. *Describing Judgment.*

HYMN 54. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 HEARKEN to the solemn voice,
The awful midnight cry!
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And see the Bridegroom nigh:
Lo! he comes to keep his word,
Light and joy his looks impart:
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
And meet him in your heart.

2 Ye who faint beneath the load
Of sin, your heads lift up;
See your great redeeming God,
He comes, and bids you hope:
In the midnight of your grief,
Jesus doth his mourners cheer;
Lo! he brings you sure relief;
Believe, and feel him here.

3 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth,
Whose lamps are burning bright;
Worthy, in your Saviour's worth,
To walk with him in white;
Jesus bids your hearts be clean;
Bids you all his promise prove:
Jesus comes to cast out sin,
And perfect you in love.

4 Wait we all in patient hope,
Till Christ, the Judge, shall come;
We shall soon be all caught up
To meet the general doom:
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down,
With all his saints in light.

5 Happy he whom Christ shall find
Watching to see him come;
Him the Judge of all mankind
Shall bear triumphant home:
Who can answer to his word?
Which of you dares meet his day?
"Rise, and come to judgment!"—Lord,
We rise, and come away.

HYMN 55. [D. S. M.]

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown;
When, rob'd in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
To' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the' Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come;
"Arise, and meet him in the sky,
"And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

HYMN 56. [4 *lines* 8's.]

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash; his thunders roll:
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace;
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout, all the people of the sky!
And all the saints of the Most High:
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN 57. [L. M.]

1 THE great Archangel's trump shall sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness,
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
Shall stand unmov'd amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth, and all the works therein,
Dissolve, by raging flames destroy'd;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruin'd world look down:
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

HYMN 58. [7's & 6's.]

1 JESUS, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend;
All heaven's host their glorious Lord
Shall pompously attend:
Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud;
With the great Archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.

2 First the dead in Christ shall rise;
Then we that yet remain
Shall be caught up to the skies,
And see our Lord again:
We shall meet him in the air,
All rapt up to heaven shall be;
Find, and love, and praise him there,
To all eternity.

3 Who can tell the happiness,
This glorious hope affords?
Joy unutter'd we possess
In these reviving words:
Happy while on earth we breathe;
Mightier bliss ordain'd to know;
Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
To the third heaven we go.

HYMN 59. [6 *lines*, 4-8*s* & 2-6*'s*.]

1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awaken'd child of man;
An heir of endless bliss or pain;
A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to' ensure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

HYMN 60. [8 *lines*, 8's & 7's.]

1 RIGHTEOUS God! whose vengeful phials
All our fears and thoughts exceed,
Big with woes and fiery trials,
Hanging, bursting o'er our head;
While thou visitest the nations,
Thy selected people spare;
Arm our caution'd souls with patience,
Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

2 If thy dreadful controversy
With all flesh is now begun,
In thy wrath remember mercy;
Mercy first and last be shown;

Plead thy cause with sword and fire,
Shake us till the curse remove,
Till thou com'st, the world's desire,
Conquering all with sovereign love.

3 Every fresh alarming token
More confirms the faithful word;
Nature (for its Lord hath spoken)
Must be suddenly restor'd:
From this national confusion,
From this ruin'd earth and skies,
See the times of restitution,
See the new creation rise!

4 Vanish, then, this world of shadows;
Pass the former things away:
Lord, appear! appear to glad us
With the dawn of endless day!
O conclude this mortal story,
Throw this universe aside!
Come, eternal King of Glory,
Now descend, and take thy bride!

HYMN 61. [7's & 8's.]

1 STAND the' omnipotent decree:
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan:
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

2 Rests secure the righteous man!
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to' emerge, and rise again,
And mount above the wreck;

Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flame, o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroy'd;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void:
Sees the universe renew'd,
The grand millennial reign begun;
Shouts, with all the sons of God,
Around the' eternal throne!

4 Resting in this glorious hope
To be at last restor'd,
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or sword:
Listening for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

HYMN 62. [6 *lines*, 4-8's & 2-6's.]

1 HOW happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian-rock,
In all commotions rest!
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmov'd above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesu's breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gather'd into thee,
Before the floods descend:
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise:
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess:
The war proclaims the Prince of Peace;
The earthquake speaks thy power;
The famine all thy fulness brings;
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And Nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call;
A sign of Jesus near:
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
Triumphant Lord, appear!

6 Appear with clouds on Sion's hill,
The word and mystery to fulfil,
Thy confessors to' approve,
Thy members on thy throne to place,
And stamp thy name on every face,
In glorious, heavenly love!

HYMN 63. *Part the First.* [C. M.]

1 WOE to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the' Almighty's frown;
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down!

2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers:
To meet your God prepare!
For, lo! the seventh angel pours
His phial in the air.

3 Lo! from their seats the mountains leap;
The mountains are not found;

Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drown'd.

4 Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear?

5 Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide:

6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For, lo! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

HYMN 64. *Part the Second.* [C. M.]

1 BY faith we find the place above,
The rock that rent in twain;
Beneath the shade of dying love,
And in the clefts remain.

2 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee,
We sink into thy side;
Assur'd that all who trust in thee
Shall evermore abide.

3 Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound;
The latest lightning glare;
The mountains melt; the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air;

4 The huge celestial bodies roll,
Amidst that general fire,
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire!

5 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
When nature is destroy'd,
And no created thing remains
Throughout the flaming void.

6 Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks the' Almighty Word:
His *fiat* is obey'd! 'tis done;
And Paradise restor'd.

7 So be it! let this system end,
This ruinous earth and skies;
The New Jerusalem descend,
The New Creation rise.

8 Thy power omnipotent assume;
Thy brightest majesty!
And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me!

HYMN 65. [6 *lines*, 4-6's & 2-8's.]

1 YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
"Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!"

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are:
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend:
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face!

4 Ye that have here receiv'd
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit liv'd,
Obedient to his love,

Jesus shall claim you for his bride:
Rejoice with all the sanctified!

5 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above yon angel powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found;
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found—as, Lord, thou find'st us now!

* HYMN 66. [P. M.]

1 LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah! God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers:
With what rapture gaze we on those glorious scars!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
Jah! Jehovah! everlasting God! come down.

5. *Describing Heaven.*

HYMN 67. [6 *lines*, 2-6's & 4-7's.]

1 HOW weak the thoughts, and vain,
Of self-deluding men;
Men, who, fix'd to earth alone,
Think their houses shall endure,
Fondly call their lands their own,
To their distant heirs secure.

2 How happy then are we,
Who build, O Lord, on thee!
What can our foundation shock?
Though the shatter'd earth remove,
Stands our city on a rock,
On the rock of heavenly Love.

3 A house we call our own,
Which cannot be o'erthrown:
In the general ruin sure,
Storms and earthquakes it defies;
Built immovably secure;
Built eternal in the skies.

4 High on Immanuel's land
We see the fabric stand;
From a tottering world remove
To our steadfast mansion there:
Our inheritance above
Cannot pass from heir to heir.

5 Those amaranthine bowers
(Unalienably ours)
Bloom, our infinite reward,
Rise, our permanent abode;
From the founded world prepar'd;
Purchas'd by the blood of God.

6 O might we quickly find
The place for us design'd;
See the long-expected day
Of our full redemption here:
Let the shadows flee away,
Let the new-made world appear.

7 High on thy great white throne,
O King of Saints, come down;
In the New Jerusalem
Now triumphantly descend;
Let the final trump proclaim
Joys begun which ne'er shall end.

HYMN 68. [6 *lines*, 4-8's & 2-6's.]

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 His happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim,
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscrib'd with Jesu's name.

5 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

7 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

8 I come,—thy servant, Lord, replies;—
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end:
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

HYMN 69. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 THOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end:
I trust thy truth, and love, and power,
Shall save me to the latest hour;
And, when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.

2 Jesus, in thy great Name I go
To conquer death, my final foe!
And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ hath for his saints prepar'd,
Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
Who sink into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

4 Dost thou desire to know and see,
What thy mysterious name shall be?
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;
Till then thou searchest out in vain,
What only conquest can explain.

HYMN 70. [8 *lines* 8's.]

1 I LONG to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above,
The King in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode:
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
(For Jesus hath spoken the word,)
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord;
But when, on thy bosom reclin'd,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens, in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive!

HYMN 71. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, ev'n us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We have no 'biding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,

Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find:
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Rais'd by the breath of Love Divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

HYMN 72. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 SAVIOUR, on me the grace bestow,
To trample on my mortal foe;
Conqueror of death with thee to rise,
And claim my station in the skies,
Fix'd as the throne which ne'er can move,
A pillar in thy church above.

2 As beautiful as useful there,
May I that weight of glory bear,
With all who finally o'ercome,
Supporters of the heavenly dome;
Of perfect holiness possess'd,
For ever in thy presence bless'd.

3 Write upon me the Name divine,
And let thy Father's nature shine,
His image visibly exprest,
His glory pouring from my breast,
O'er all my bright humanity,
Transform'd into the God I see!

4 Inscribing with the city's name,
The heavenly New Jerusalem,
To me the victor's title give,
Among thy glorious saints to live,
And all their happiness to know,
A citizen of heaven below.

5 When thou hadst all thy foes o'ercome,
Returning to thy glorious home,
Thou didst receive the full reward,
That I might share it with my Lord;
And thus thy own new name obtain,
And one with thee for ever reign.

HYMN 73. [8 *lines* 8's.]

1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home,
The city of saints shall appear;
The day of eternity come:
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, rais'd by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air:
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there!

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is follow'd by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,
And, lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

5 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
In Jesus, in heaven they live;
They reign in the smile of their Lord:
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face:
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

HYMN 74. [S. M.]

1 WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below
In ruinous decay,
We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm, as our Redeemer's love,
That heavenly fabric stands.

2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure:
O were we enter'd there,
To perfect heaven restor'd!
O were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord!

3 For this in faith we call,
For this we weep and pray:
O might the tabernacle fall;
O might we 'scape away!
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallow'd up
Of everlasting life.

4 Absent, alas! from God,
We in the body mourn,
And pine to quit this mean abode,
And languish to return.
Jesus, regard our vows,
And change our faith to sight;
And clothe us with our nobler house
Of empyrean light!

5 O let us put on thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepar'd thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face!
Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And now triumphantly come down,
And take our souls to heaven!

HYMN 75. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 LIFT your eyes of faith, and see
Saints and angels join'd in one:
What a countless company
Stand before yon dazzling throne!
Each before his Saviour stands;
All in milk-white robes array'd,
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints begin the endless song,
Cry aloud in heavenly lays,
Glory doth to God belong;
God, the glorious Saviour, praise:
All salvation from him came;
Him, who reigns enthron'd on high:
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel-powers the throne surround,
Next the saints in glory they;
Lull'd with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay;
Prostrate on their face before
God and his Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore,
Shout the Lamb that died for all!

4 Be it so, they all reply,
Him let all our orders praise;
Him that did for sinners die,
Saviour of the favour'd race!
Render we our God his right,
Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,
Honour, majesty, and might;
Praise him, praise him evermore!

HYMN 76. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 WHAT are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?

Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more:
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead:
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

HYMN 77. [8 *lines* 8's.]

1 THE Church in her militant state
Is weary, and cannot forbear;
The saints in an agony wait
To see him again in the air.

The Spirit invites, in the bride,
Her heavenly Lord to descend,
And place her, enthron'd at his side,
In glory that never shall end.

2 The news of his coming I hear,
And join in the catholic cry:
O Jesus, in triumph appear;
Appear in the clouds of the sky!
Whom only I languish to love,
In fulness of majesty come,
And give me a mansion above,
And take to my heavenly home.

HYMN 78. [8 *lines* 8's.]

1 THE thirsty are call'd to their Lord,
His glorious appearing to see;
And, drawn by the power of his word,
The promise, I know, is for me:
I thirst for the streams of thy grace,
I gasp for the Spirit of Love;
I long for a glimpse of thy face,
And then to behold it above.

2 Thy call I exult to obey,
And come, in the spirit of prayer,
Thy joy in that happiest day,
Thy kingdom of glory, to share;
To drink the pure river of bliss,
With life everlasting o'erflow'd;
Implung'd in the crystal abyss,
And lost in the ocean of God.

HYMN 79. [8 *lines* 8's.]

1 A FOUNTAIN of Life and of Grace
In Christ, our Redeemer, we see:
For us, who his offers embrace,
For all, it is open and free:

Jehovah himself doth invite
To drink of his pleasures unknown;
The streams of immortal delight,
That flow from his heavenly throne.

2 As soon as in him we believe,
By faith of his Spirit we take;
And, freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jesus's sake:
We gain a pure drop of his love;
The life of eternity know;
Angelical happiness prove;
And witness a heaven below.

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6. *Describing Hell.*

HYMN 80. [C. M.]

1 TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
Who may be sav'd—shall I—
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin, for ever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive:

3 Shall I,—amidst a ghastly band,—
Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 Ah, no:—I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

5 I will accept his offers now,
From every sin depart,

Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with him in heaven.

SECTION III.

Praying for a Blessing.

HYMN 81. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 FATHER of omnipresent grace!
We seem agreed to seek thy face;
But every soul assembled here
Doth naked in thy sight appear:
Thou know'st who only bows the knee;
And who in heart approaches thee.

2 Thy Spirit hath the difference made
Betwixt the living and the dead;
Thou now dost into some inspire
The pure, benevolent desire:
O that ev'n now thy powerful call
May quicken and convert us all!

3 The sinners suddenly convince,
O'erwhelm'd beneath their load of sins:
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
Awake, and stir them up to pray,
Their dire captivity to own,
And from the iron furnace groan.

4 Then, then acknowledge, and set free
The people bought, O Lord, by thee,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd bled,
For whom we in thy Spirit plead:
Let all in thee redemption find,
And not a soul be left behind.

HYMN 82. [L. M.]

1 SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see:
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near;
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Wild as the untaught Indian's brood,
The Christian savages remain;
Strangers, yea, enemies to God,
They make thee spill thy blood in vain.

4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought;
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish, whom thyself hast bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

5 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
To swallow up its careless prey:
Why should *they* die, when *thou* hast died;
Hast died to bear their sins away?

6 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy sufferings these;
O claim them for thy ransom'd ones!

7 Extend to these thy pardoning grace:
To these be thy salvation show'd:
O add them to thy chosen race!
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood!

8 Still let the publicans draw near:
Open the door of faith and heaven;
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

HYMN 83. [C. M.]

1 THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening sacrifice,
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief;
His desperate state explain:
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise!
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

6 Extort the cry, "What must be done
"To save a wretch like me;
"How shall a trembling sinner shun
"That endless misery?

7 "I must this instant now begin
"Out of my sleep to' awake;
"And turn to God, and every sin
"Continually forsake:

8 "I must for faith incessant cry,
"And wrestle, Lord, with thee:
"I must be born again, or die
"To all eternity."

HYMN 84. [C. M.]

1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone!

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn!

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give;
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

7 Our desperate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

HYMN 85. [S. M.]

1 SPIRIT of Faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood:
'Tis thine the blood to' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith! descend, and show
The virtue of his name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes;
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

HYMN 86. [6 *lines*, 2-6's & 4-7's.]

1 SINNERS, your hearts lift up,
Partakers of your hope!
This, the day of Pentecost;
Ask, and ye shall all receive;
Surely now the Holy Ghost
God to all that ask shall give.

2 Ye all may freely take
The grace for Jesu's sake:
He for every man hath died:
He for all hath ris'n again:
Jesus now is glorified:
Gifts he hath receiv'd for men.

3 He sends them from the skies
On all his enemies:
By his cross he now hath led
Captive our captivity:
We shall all be free indeed,
Christ, the Son, shall make us free.

4 Blessings on all he pours,
In never-ceasing showers;
All he waters from above;
Offers all his joy and peace,
Settled comfort, perfect love,
Everlasting righteousness.

5 All may from him receive
A power to turn and live;
Grace for every soul is free;
All may hear the' effectual call;
All the Light and Life may see;
All may feel he died for all.

6 Drop down in showers of love,
Ye heavens, from above!
Righteousness, ye skies, pour down!
Open earth, and take it in!
Claim the Spirit for your own,
Sinners, and be sav'd from sin!

7 Father, behold, we claim
The gift in Jesu's Name!
Him, the promis'd Comforter,
Into all our spirits pour;
Let him fix his mansion here,
Come, and never leave us more!

Before Reading the Scriptures.

HYMN 87. [C. M.]

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of Light and Love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for mov'd by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke,)
Unlock the Truth, thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred Book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night:
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

HYMN 88. [C. M.]

1 FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

HYMN 89. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 INSPIRER of the ancient Seers,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years,
To us, in our degenerate age,
The Spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the Life into our heart.

2 While now thine oracles we read,
With earnest prayer and strong desire,
O let thy Spirit from thee proceed,
Our souls to' awaken and inspire;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the Light of Grace!

3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
The living God through sin forsake,
Our conscience by thy Word reprove,
Convince and bring the wanderers back,
Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restor'd.

4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
Transmitted through thy Word, repeat;
And train us up in all thy ways,
To make us in thy will complete;
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.

5 Furnish'd out of thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand
To help the souls redeem'd by thee,
In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love!

* HYMN 90. [L. M.]

1 THUS saith the Lord of earth and heaven,
The King of Israel and his God,
Who hath for ALL a ransom given,
And bought a guilty world with blood:
"I am *from* all eternity;
To all eternity I am:
There is none other GOD but Me;
JEHOVAH is my glorious Name.

2 "The Rise and End, the First and Last,
The Alpha and Omega I;
Who could, like me, ordain the past,
Or who the things to come descry?
Foolish is all their strife, and vain,
To' invade the property divine;
'Tis mine the work undone to' explain,
To call the future now is mine.

3 "Fear not, my own peculiar race;
I have to thee my counsel show'd,
The word of sure prophetic grace,
And told thee all the mind of God.
Ye are my witnesses, to you
My name and nature are made known;
Ye only can your seal set to,
That I am GOD, and GOD alone."

PART II. CONVINCING.

SECTION I.

Describing Formal Religion.

HYMN 91. [C. M.]

1 LONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain:
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy Word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.

2 Oft did I with the' assembly join,
And near thine altar drew;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law;
Nor knew its deep design:
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height, of love divine.

4 To please thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hop'd and strove:
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?

5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast;
Of means an idol made;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up:
'Tis thou must make it new.

HYMN 92. [C. M.]

1 STILL for thy lovingkindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait;
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here, in thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn thy will:
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, "Be still!"

3 "Be still! and know that I am God!"—
'Tis all I live to know;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below!

4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve,
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.

5 I work, and own the labour vain,
And thus from works I cease:
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.

6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove:
They cannot change a sinful heart;
They cannot purchase love.

7 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er;
To thee I then the whole resign;
I trust in means no more.

8 I trust in Him, who stands between
The Father's wrath and me;
Jesu, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee!

HYMN 93. [S. M.]

1 MY gracious, loving Lord,
To thee what shall I say?
Well may I tremble at thy word,
And scarce presume to pray.
Ten thousand wants have I;
Alas! I all things want;
But thou hast bid me always cry,
And never, never faint.

2 Yet, Lord, well might I fear,
Fear ev'n to ask thy grace;
So oft have I, alas! drawn near,
And mock'd thee to thy face:
With all pollutions stain'd,
Thy hallow'd courts I trod:
Thy name and temple I profan'd,
And dar'd to call thee God!

3 Nigh with my lips I drew;
My lips were all unclean:
Thee with my heart I never knew;
My heart was full of sin:
Far from the living Lord,
As far as hell from heaven,
Thy purity I still abhorr'd,
Nor look'd to be forgiven.

4 My nature I obey'd:
My own desires pursu'd;
And still a den of thieves I made
The hallow'd house of God.
The worship he approves
To him I would not pay:
My selfish ends, and creature-loves,
Had stole my heart away.

5 My sin and nakedness
I studied to disguise,
Spoke to my soul a flattering peace,
And put out my own eyes:
In fig-leaves I appear'd,
Nor with my form would part;
But still retain'd a conscience sear'd,
A hard, deceitful heart.

6 A goodly, formal saint
I long appear'd in sight:
By self and Satan taught to paint
My tomb, my nature, white.

The Pharisee within
Still undisturb'd remain'd;
The strong man, arm'd with guilt of sin,
Safe in his palace reign'd.

7 But O! the jealous God
In my behalf came down;
Jesus himself the stronger show'd,
And claim'd me for his own.
My spirit he alarm'd,
And brought into distress;
He shook and bound the strong man arm'd
In his self-righteousness.

8 Faded my virtuous show,
My form without the power;
The sin-convincing Spirit blew,
And blasted every flower:
My mouth was stopp'd, and shame
Cover'd my guilty face:
I fell on the atoning Lamb,
And I was sav'd by grace.

HYMN 94. [C. M.]

1 THE men who slight thy faithful word,
In their own lies confide,
These are the temple of the Lord,
And heathens all beside.

2 The temple of the Lord are these,
The only church and true,
Who live in pomp, and wealth, and ease,
And Jesus never knew.

3 O would'st thou, Lord, reveal their sins,
And turn their joy to grief;
The world, the Christian world, convince
Of damning unbelief!

4 The formalists confound, convert,
And to thy people join;
And break, and fill the broken heart
With confidence divine!

SECTION II.

Describing Inward Religion.

HYMN 95. [L. M.]

1 AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame;
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday the same:
2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable:
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.
3 By faith we know thee strong to save:
(Save us, a present Saviour thou!)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.
4 To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.
6 Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The' Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

HYMN 96. [S. M.]

1 HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscrib'd in heaven?
What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

2 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied;
Exults our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory, and of God.

3 His love surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.
Stronger than death and hell,
The mystic power we prove;
And, conquerors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in Love.

4 We by his Spirit prove
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestow'd:
His Spirit to us he gave,
And dwells in us, we know:
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.

5 The meek and lowly heart
That in our Saviour was,
To us his Spirit doth impart,
And signs us with his cross:
Our nature's turn'd, our mind
Transform'd in all its powers;
And both the Witnesses are join'd,
The Spirit of God with ours.

6 Whate'er our pardoning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And, guided by his sacred Word,
We all his steps pursue:

His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise, with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

* HYMN 97. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

1 THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
Even from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me, if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace!

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now, the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love!

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel-hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee
In Jesus reconcil'd?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

5 Whate'er obstructs thy pardoning love,—
Or sin, or righteousness,—remove,
Thy glory to display;
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away!

6 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art:
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thine hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart!

HYMN 98. [8 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

1 UPRIGHT, both in heart and will,
We by our God were made;
But we turn'd from good to ill,
And o'er the creature stray'd;
Multiplied our wandering thought,
Which first was fix'd on God alone;
In ten thousand objects sought
The bliss we lost in one.

2 From our own inventions vain
Of fancied happiness,
Draw us to thyself again,
And bid our wanderings cease;
Jesus, speak our souls restor'd,
By Love's divine simplicity;
Re-united to our Lord,
And wholly lost in thee!

PART III.

SECTION I.

Praying for Repentance.

HYMN 99. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy every creature needs;
Whose goodness, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
To thee I look: my heart prepare;
Suggest, and hearken to my prayer!

2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say;
Thou see'st my wants, for help they call,
And, ere I speak, thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;
Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my will,
Averse from good, and prone to ill;
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love!

4 Fain would I know, as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see;
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin!

5 Ah! give me, Lord, myself to feel;
My total misery reveal:
Ah! give me, Lord, (I still would say,)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath, be prayer!

HYMN 100. [D. L. M.]

1 JESUS, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the Throne of Love;
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there;
If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray;
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine!

2 Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan my nature's weight to feel:

To feel the clouds that round me roll,
The night that hangs upon my soul,
The darkness of my carnal mind,
My will perverse, my passions blind,
Scatter'd o'er all the earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God!

3 Jesu, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present, and gain;
My fulness of corruption show,
The knowledge of myself bestow;
A deeper displacence at sin,
A sharper sense of hell within;
A stronger struggling to get free,
A keener appetite for thee!

4 O sovereign Love, to thee I cry;
Give me thyself, or else I die;
Save me from death; from hell set free!
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.
Quicken'd by thy imparted flame,
Sav'd, when possess'd of thee, I am;
My life, my only heaven thou art;
O might I feel thee in my heart!

HYMN 101. [6 *lines* 7's.]

1 SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
See me from thy lofty throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften this obdurate stone!
Stone to flesh, O God, convert;
Cast a look, and break my heart!

2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins that crucified my God,
Spilt again thy precious blood!

3 Jesu, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee, and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn,
Till I say, by grace restor'd,
"Now, thou know'st I love thee, Lord!"

4 Might I in thy sight appear,
As the Publican distrest;
Stand, not daring to draw near;
Smite on my unworthy breast;
Groan the sinner's only plea,
"God be merciful to me!"

5 O remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale;
Show me the atoning blood,
When my strength and spirit fail;
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me!

HYMN 102. [S. M.]

1 O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eyes present
A humble, contrite heart:
A heart with grief opprest,
For having griev'd my God,
A troubled heart that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with thy blood!

2 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire:
With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

HYMN 103. [S. M.]

1 O THAT I could revere
My much-offended God!
O that I could but stand in fear
Of thy afflicting rod!
If mercy cannot draw,
Thou by thy threatenings move;
And keep an abject soul in awe,
That will not yield to love!

2 Show me the naked sword,
Impending o'er my head:
O let me tremble at thy word,
And to my ways take heed;
With sacred horror fly
From every sinful snare;
Nor ever, in my Judge's eye,
My Judge's anger dare!

3 Thou great tremendous God,
The conscious awe impart;
The grace be now on me bestow'd,
The tender fleshly heart:
For Jesu's sake alone,
The stony heart remove;
And melt, at last, O melt me down,
Into the mould of Love!

HYMN 104. [C. M.]

1 O FOR that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembles at thy word!
O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow!

2 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress;

The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace:
Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb!

HYMN 105. [S. M.]

1 O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou by thy voice the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave!
Thou, by thy two-edg'd sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart!

2 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow:
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love!

3 For thy own mercy's sake,
The cursed thing remove;
And into thy protection take
The prisoner of thy love:
In every trying hour,
Stand by my feeble soul:
And screen me from my nature's power,
Till thou hast made me whole!

4 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be,
Should let my sin this moment go,
This moment turn to thee:

O might I now embrace
Thy all-sufficient power;
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more!

HYMN 106. [8 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

1 JESU, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep!
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep:
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone!

2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy grief unknown; Turn, &c.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I would myself bemoan, Turn, &c.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down; Turn, &c.

5 Look, as when thine eye pursu'd
The first apostate man,
Saw him weltering in his blood,
And bade him rise again

Speak my paradise restor'd,
Redeem me by thy grace alone; Turn, &c.

6 Look, as when thy pity saw
Thine own, in a strange land,
Forc'd to' obey the tyrant's law,
And feel his heavy hand:
Speak the soul-redeeming word,
And out of Egypt call thy son; Turn, &c.

7 Look, as when thy grace beheld
The harlot in distress,
Dried her tears, her pardon seal'd,
And bade her go in peace:
Vile, like her, and self-abhorr'd,
I at thy feet for mercy groan: Turn, &c.

8 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was clos'd, that we might live!
"Father," (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd,) "forgive!"
Surely, with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

* HYMN 107. [L. M.]

1 THE Spirit of the Lord our God,
(Spirit of Power, and Health, and Love,)
The Father hath on Christ bestow'd,
And sent him from his throne above:

2 Prophet, and Priest, and King of Peace,
Anointed to declare his will,
To minister his pardoning grace,
And every sin-sick soul to heal.

3 Sinners, obey the heavenly call;
Your prison-doors stand open wide;
Go forth, for he hath ransom'd all,
For every soul of man hath died.

4 'Tis his the drooping soul to raise,
To rescue all by sin opprest,
To clothe them with the robes of praise,
And give their weary spirits rest:

5 To help their groveling unbelief,
Beauty for ashes to confer,
The oil of joy for abject grief,
Triumphant joy for sad despair:

6 To make them trees of righteousness,
The planting of the Lord below,
To spread the honour of his grace,
And on to full perfection grow.

SECTION II.

For Mourners convinced of Sin.

HYMN 108. [C. M.]

1 ENSLAV'D to sense, to pleasure prone,
Fond of created good;
Father, our helplessness we own,
And trembling taste our food.

2 Trembling, we taste; for, ah! no more
To thee the creatures lead:
Chang'd, they exert a baneful power,
And poison while they feed.

3 Curs'd for the sake of wretched man,
They now engross him whole;
With pleasing force on earth detain,
And sensualize his soul.

4 Grov'ling on earth we still must lie,
Till Christ the curse repeal;
Till Christ, descending from on high,
Infected nature heal.

5 Come, then, our heavenly Adam, come,
Thy healing influence give;
Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
And bid us eat, and live!

6 The bondage of corruption break;
For this our spirits groan;
Thy only will we fain would seek,
O save us from our own!

7 Turn the full stream of nature's tide;
Let all our actions tend
To thee their Source: thy love the guide,
Thy glory be the end!

8 Earth then a scale to heaven shall be;
Sense shall point out the road;
The creatures all shall lead to thee,
And all we taste be God.

HYMN 109. [8 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

1 WRETCHED, helpless, and distrest,
Ah! whither shall I fly?
Ever gasping after rest,
I cannot find it nigh:
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
Fast bound in sin and misery,
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all, in thee!

2 I am all unclean, unclean,
Thy purity I want;
My whole heart is sick of sin,
And my whole head is faint:

Full of putrefying sores,
Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul
Looks to Jesus, help implores,
And gasps to be made whole.

3 In the wilderness I stray,
My foolish heart is blind;
Nothing do I know; the way
Of peace I cannot find:
Jesu, Lord, restore my sight,
And take, O take the veil away;
Turn my darkness into light,
My midnight into day!

4 Naked of thine image, Lord,
Forsaken, and alone,
Unrenew'd, and unrestor'd,
I have not thee put on:
Over me thy mantle spread,
Send down thy likeness from above;
Let thy goodness be display'd,
And wrap me in thy love!

5 Poor, alas! thou know'st I am,
And would be poorer still;
See my nakedness and shame,
And all my vileness feel:
No good thing in me resides,
My soul is all an aching void,
Till thy Spirit here abides,
And I am fill'd with God.

6 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want;
Be the wanderer's resting-place,
A cordial to the faint;
Make me rich, for I am poor;
In thee may I my Eden find;
To the dying health restore,
And eye-sight to the blind!

7 Clothe me with thy holiness,
Thy meek humility;
Put on me my glorious dress,
Endue my soul with thee;
Let thine image be restor'd,
Thy name and nature let me prove;
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love!

HYMN 110. [8 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

1 JESUS, Friend of sinners, hear,
Yet once again I pray:
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have nought to pay:
Speak, O speak, the kind release,
A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more!

2 For my selfishness and pride,
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore: Love, &c.

3 Though my sins as mountains rise,
And swell and reach to heaven,
Mercy is above the skies,
I may be still forgiven:
Infinite my sins' increase,
But greater is thy mercy's store: Love, &c.

4 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart:

Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy softening power; Love, &c.

5 From the' oppressive power of sin
My struggling spirit free;
Perfect righteousness bring in,
Unspotted purity:
Speak, and all this war shall cease,
And sin shall give its raging o'er; Love, &c.

6 For this only thing I pray,
And this will I require,
Take the power of sin away,
Fill me with chaste desire;
Perfect me in holiness;
Thine image to my soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more!

* HYMN 111. [L. M.]

1 THUS saith the Lord! Who seek the Lamb,
Who follow after righteousness;
Look to the Rock from whence ye came,
The Father of the faithful race.

2 Children of faithful *Abraham*, these,
Who dare expect salvation here:
The Lord shall give them gospel-peace,
And all his hopeless mourners cheer:

3 Shall soon his fallen *Sion* raise,
Her waste and desolate places build;
Pour out the Spirit of his grace,
And make her wilds a fruitful field.

4 The barren souls shall be restor'd;
The desert all renew'd shall rise;
Bloom as the garden of the Lord,
A fair terrestrial paradise.

5 Gladness and joy shall there be found,
Thanksgiving, and the voice of praise;
The voice of melody shall sound,
And every heart be filled with grace.

6 A law shall soon from him proceed,
A living, life-infusing Word;
The truth that makes you free indeed,
The' eternal Spirit of your Lord.

7 His mercy he will cause to rest,
Where all may see their sins forgiven;
May rise, no more by guilt opprest,
And bless the light that leads to heaven.

HYMN 112. [8 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

The Good Samaritan. Luke x. 30.

1 WOE is me! what tongue can tell
My sad afflicted state!
Who my anguish can reveal,
Or all my woes relate!
Fallen among thieves I am,
And they have robb'd me of my God;
Turn'd my glory into shame,
And left me in my blood.

2 O thou good Samaritan!
In thee is all my hope;
Only thou canst succour man,
And raise the fallen up:
Hearken to my dying cry;
My wounds compassionately see;
Me, a sinner, pass not by,
Who gasp for help to thee!

3 Still thou journey'st where I am,
And still thy bowels move:

Pity is with thee the same,
And all thy heart is love:
Stoop to a poor sinner, stoop,
And let thy healing grace abound;
Heal my bruises, and bind up
My spirit's every wound!

4 Saviour of my soul, draw nigh,
In mercy haste to me;
At the point of death I lie,
And cannot come to thee;
Now thy kind relief afford,
The wine and oil of grace pour in;
Good Physician, speak the word,
And heal my soul of sin!

5 Pity to my dying cries
Hath drawn thee from above;
Hovering over me, with eyes
Of tenderness and love,
Now, ev'n now, I see thy face;
The balm of Gilead I receive:
Thou hast saved me by thy grace,
And bade the sinner live.

6 Surely now the bitterness
Of second death is past;
O my life, my righteousness!
On thee my soul is cast:
Thou hast brought me to thine inn,
And I am of thy promise sure;
Thou shalt cleanse me from all sin,
And all my sickness cure.

7 Perfect, then, the work begun,
And make the sinner whole;
All thy will on me be done,
My body, spirit, soul:

Still preserve me safe from harms,
And kindly for thy patient care;
Take me, Jesus, to thine arms,
And keep me ever there!

HYMN 113. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 O THOU, whom fain my soul would love,
Whom I would gladly die to know;
This veil of unbelief remove,
And show me, all thy goodness show:
Jesus, thyself in me reveal,
Tell me thy name, thy nature tell!

2 Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,
Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known!
I claim thee with a faltering tongue;
I pray thee, in a feeble groan,
Tell me, O tell me, who thou art,
And speak thy name into my heart!

3 If now thou talkest by the way
With such an abject worm as me,
Thy mystery of grace display;
Open mine eyes that I may see;
That I may understand thy word,
And now cry out,—"It is the Lord!"

HYMN 114. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 JESUS, in whom the weary find
Their late, but permanent repose,
Physician of the sin-sick mind,
Relieve my wants, assuage my woes;
And let my soul on thee be cast,
Till life's fierce tyranny be past!

2 Loos'd from my God, and far remov'd,
Long have I wander'd to and fro;
O'er earth in endless circles rov'd,
Nor found whereon to rest below:
Back to my God at last I fly,
For O, the waters still are high!

3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of earth, for thee I leave:
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace;
Into the ark of love receive!
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast!

4 Fill with inviolable peace,
'Stablish and keep my settled heart;
In thee may all my wanderings cease,
From thee no more may I depart;
Thy utmost goodness call'd to prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love!

HYMN 115. [7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

1 LET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely sav'd by grace:
Other title I disclaim;
This, only this, is all my plea:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like *Jordan's* swelling stream,
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him:
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 I, like *Gideon's* fleece, am found
Unwater'd still, and dry,
While the dew on all around
Falls plenteous from the sky:
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
The Saviour's grace for all is free;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

4 Surely he will lift me up,
For I of him have need;
I cannot give up my hope,
Though I am cold and dead:
To bring fire on earth he came;
O that it now might kindled be!
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

5 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live;
I shall feel thy death applied,
I shall thy life receive:
Yet, when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

HYMN 116. [6 *lines* 7's.]

1 SAVIOUR, cast a pitying eye,
Bid my sins and sorrows end:
Whither should a sinner fly?
Art not thou the sinner's Friend?
Rest in thee I gasp to find,
Wretched I, and poor, and blind.

2 Didst thou ever see a soul
More in need of help than mine?
Then refuse to make me whole;
Then withhold the balm divine:
But if I do want thee most,
Come, and seek, and save the lost!

3 Haste, O haste, to my relief;
From the iron furnace take;
Rid me of my sin and grief,
For thy love and mercy's sake:
Set my heart at liberty,
Show forth all thy power in me!

4 Me, the vilest of the race,
Most unholy, most unclean;
Me,—the farthest from thy face,
Full of misery and sin;
Me with arms of love receive,
Me, of sinners chief, forgive!

5 Jesus, on thine only name
For salvation I depend!
In thy gracious hands I am,
Save me, save me to the end;
Let the utmost grace be given,
Save me quite from hell to heaven!

HYMN 117. [C. M.]

1 GOD is in this and every place;
But, O, how dark and void
To me!—'Tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of Him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O thou, who see'st and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone!

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live!

5 Now, Jesus, now, the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God!

HYMN 118. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

1 AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry,
To thee, who would'st not have me die,
But know the truth and live:
Open mine eyes to see thy face,
Work in my heart the saving grace,
The life eternal give!

2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove:
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy Love!

3 I know the work is only thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;
But if on thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for all.

4 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find:
Thou bidd'st us ask thy grace, and have:
Thou canst, thou would'st, this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

5 Be it according to thy word!
Now let me find my pardoning Lord;
Let what I ask be given:
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven!

* HYMN 119. [C. M.]

Before Private Prayer.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face;
Encourag'd by the Saviour's word
To ask thy pardoning grace.

2 Entering into my closet, I
The busy world exclude;
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.

3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire;
See, thou who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire!

4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
The Spirit of love and power;
Blameless before thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.

5 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven;
And do on earth thy perfect will
As angels do in heaven.

6 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what I require:
For Jesu's sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire!

7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end!

* HYMN 120. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort my people, saith your God!
Ye soon shall see his smiling face,
His golden sceptre, not his rod!
And own, when now the cloud's remov'd,
He only chasten'd whom he lov'd.

2 Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap;
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn;
Who now go on their way and weep,
With joy they doubtless shall return,
And bring their sheaves with vast increase,
And have their fruit to holiness.

HYMN 121. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 EXPAND thy wings, celestial Dove,
And, brooding o'er my nature's night,
Call forth the ray of heavenly Love;
Let there in my dark soul be light;
And fill the' illustrated abyss
With glorious beams of endless bliss!

2 "Let there be light," again command,
And light there in our hearts shall be;
We then through faith shall understand
Thy great mysterious Majesty;
And, by the shining of thy grace,
Behold in Christ thy glorious face.

3 Father of everlasting grace,
Be mindful of thy changeless word!
We worship toward that Holy Place,
In which thou dost thy name record,
Dost make thy gracious nature known,
That living Temple of thy Son.

4 Thou dost with sweet complacence see
The temple fill'd with light divine;
And art thou not well pleas'd with me,
Who, turning to that heavenly shrine,
Through Jesus to thy throne apply,
Through Jesus for acceptance cry?

5 With all who for redemption groan,
Father, in Jesu's name I pray!
And still we cry and wrestle on
Till mercy take our sins away:
Hear from thy dwelling-place in heaven,
And now pronounce our sins forgiven!

HYMN 122. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

1 O THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on thee and mourn,
On thee whom we have slain;
Have pierc'd a thousand, thousand times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renew'd thy mortal pain!

2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The man transfix'd on Calvary,
To know thee, who thou art,
The One Eternal God and True!
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart!

3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,
That suffer'd in my stead:

That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quench'd in death those flaming eyes,
And bow'd that sacred head!

4 The veil of unbelief remove,
And by thy manifested love,
And by thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God!

5 Now let thy dying love constrain
My soul to love its God again,
Its God to glorify:
And, lo! I come thy cross to share,
Echo thy sacrificial prayer,
And with my Saviour die!

HYMN 123. [C. M.]

1 LET the redeem'd give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God!
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till wash'd in Jesu's blood:

2 Till, at thy coming from above,
My mountain-sins depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.

3 Prisoner of Hope, I still attend
The' appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
And speak my soul restor'd:

4 Restor'd by reconciling grace;
With present pardon blest;
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.

5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thine own!

6 My God, in Jesus pacified,
My God, thyself declare,
And draw me to his open side,
And plunge the sinner there!

HYMN 124. [4 *lines* 8's, *&* 2-6's.]

1 O THAT I, first of love possess'd,
With my Redeemer's presence bless'd,
Might his salvation see!
Before thou dost my soul require,
Allow me, Lord, my heart's desire,
And show thyself to me!

2 Appear my sanctuary from sin:
Open thine arms, and take me in;
In thy own presence hide:
Hide in the place where Moses stood,
And show me now the face of God,
My Father pacified!

3 What, but thy manifested grace,
Can guilt, and fear, and sorrow chase,
The cause of grief destroy?
Thy mercy makes salvation sure,
Makes all my heart and nature pure,
And fills with hallow'd joy.

4 Come quickly, Lord, the veil remove!
Pass as a God of pardoning love
Before my ravish'd eyes;
And when I in thy person see
Jehovah's glorious majesty,
I find my Paradise.

HYMN 125. [C. M.]

1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life, that I might live
A life conceal'd in him!

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more!

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Even now, my sins remove;
And set my soul at liberty,
By thy victorious love!

5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend!
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end!

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

* HYMN 126. [L. M.]

1 TOO strong I was to conquer sin,
When 'gainst it first I turn'd my face;
Nor knew my want of power within,
Nor knew the' omnipotence of grace.

2 In nature's strength I sought in vain
For what my God refus'd to give:
I could not then the mastery gain,
Or lord of all my passions live.

3 But, for the glory of thy name,
Vouchsafe me now the victory:
Weakness itself thou know'st I am,
And cannot share the praise with thee.

4 Because I now can nothing do,
Jesus, do all the work alone;
And bring my soul triumphant through,
To wave its palm before thy throne!

5 Great God, unknown, invisible,
Appear, my confidence to' abase;
To make me all my vileness feel,
And blush at my own righteousness!

6 Thy glorious face in Christ display,
That, silenc'd by thy mercy's power,
My mouth I in the dust may lay,
And never boast or murmur more!

HYMN 127. [L. M.]

1 WHEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy,
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
Must take the path thy word hath show'd;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

6 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallow'd up in shame.

7 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place;
'Tis just;—but, O, thy Son hath died!

8 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled;
He bore our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse he bow'd his head;
'Tis finish'd! he hath died for me!

9 See where before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer!
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there!

10 He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with him may reign;
Amen to what my Lord doth say!
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

HYMN 128. [C. M.]

1 WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of Grief and Love!
And speak it to my heart!

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design:
What meant the suffering Son of Man,
The streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Come, then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace;
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigur'd face!

6 Before my eyes of faith confest,
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name!

7 Jehovah in thy person show,
Jehovah crucified!
And then the pardoning God I know,
And feel the blood applied.

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity

HYMN 129. [L. M.]

1 ADAM, descended from above!
Federal Head of all mankind!
The covenant of redeeming love,
In thee let every sinner find!

2 Its Surety, thou alone hast paid
The debt we to thy Father ow'd;
For the whole world atonement made,
And seal'd the pardon with thy blood.

3 Thee, the Paternal Grace Divine
A universal blessing gave;
A Light in every heart to shine,
A Saviour every soul to save.

4 Light of the Gentile world, appear,
Command the blind thy rays to see;
Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,
And set the plaintive prisoner free!

5 Me, me, who still in darkness sit,
Shut up in sin and unbelief,
Bring forth out of this hellish pit,
This dungeon of despairing grief!

6 Open mine eyes the Lamb to know,
Who bears the general sin away;
And to my ransom'd spirit show
The glories of eternal day!

HYMN 130. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 THOU God unsearchable, unknown,
Who still conceal'st thyself from me;
Hear an apostate spirit groan,
Broke off, and banish'd far from thee;
But, conscious of my fall, I mourn,
And fain I would to thee return.

2 Send forth one ray of heavenly light,
Of gospel hope, of humble fear,
To guide me through the gulf of night,
My poor desponding soul to cheer,
Till thou my unbelief remove,
And show me all thy glorious love.

3 A hidden God indeed thou art:
Thy absence I this moment feel:
Yet must I own it from my heart,
Conceal'd, thou art a Saviour still;
And though thy face I cannot see,
I know thine eye is fix'd on me.

4 My Saviour thou, not yet reveal'd,
Yet will I thee my Saviour call;
Adore thy hand, from sin withheld;
Thy hand shall save me from my fall:
Now, Lord, throughout my darkness shine,
And show thyself for ever mine!

HYMN 131. [L. M.]

1 LORD, I despair myself to heal:
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the' obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal,—is thine.

3 With simple faith on thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart!

HYMN 132. [L. M.]

1 JESUS, the Sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open thine arms, and take me in!

2 Pity, and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole:
Fallen, till in me thine image shine,
And curs'd I am, till thou art mine.

3 Awake, the Woman's conquering Seed,
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head!
Tread down thy foes, with power control
The beast and devil in my soul!

4 The mansion for thyself prepare;
Dispose my heart by entering there!
'Tis this alone can make me clean;
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.

5 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here then to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

6 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
"Lord, I am damn'd, but thou hast died."

HYMN 133. [L. M.]

1 JESUS, whose glory's streaming rays,
Though duteous to thy high command,
Not seraphs view with open face,
But veil'd before thy presence stand!

2 How shall weak eyes of flesh, weigh'd down
With sin, and dim with error's night,
Dare to behold thy awful throne,
Or view thy unapproached light?

3 Restore my sight: let thy free grace
An entrance to the holiest give!

Open mine eyes of faith:—thy face
So shall I see; yet seeing live.

4 Thy golden sceptre from above
Reach forth; lo! my whole heart I bow;
Say to my soul, "Thou art my love;
My chosen 'midst ten thousand, thou."

5 O Jesus, full of grace! the sighs
Of a sick heart with pity view!
Hark! how my silence speaks, and cries,
"Mercy, thou God of mercy, show!"

6 I know thou canst not but be good!
How should'st thou, Lord, thy grace restrain?
Thou, Lord, whose blood so freely flow'd,
To save me from all guilt and pain.

HYMN 134. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 JESUS, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:
To me be all thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven!

2 Thou hast pronounc'd the mourners blest;
And, lo! for thee I ever mourn:
I cannot,—no, I will not rest,
Till thou, my only Rest, return;
Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the blessedness, bestow'd
On all that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God;
See the poor fainting sinner, see,
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness!

4 Ah, Lord, if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray;
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry;
Mark what my labouring soul would say;
Answer the deep, unutter'd groan,
And show that thou and I are one!

5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom!
Light in thy light I then shall see;
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come;
"Glory divine is risen on thee:
"Thy warfare's past; thy mourning's o'er:
"Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."

6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay:
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay;
Into thine hands my all resign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

HYMN 135. [C. M.]

Part I.

1 JESU, if still thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy Name.

2 If still thou goest about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'd.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;

But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

5 Thou see'st me deaf to thy command;
Open, O Lord, my ear:
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hand,
And lift it up in prayer!

6 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long,)
My voice I cannot raise:
But O! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

7 Lame at the pool I still am found;
Give, and my strength employ:
Light as a hart I then shall bound;
The lame shall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within:
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.

9 But thou, they say, art passing by:
O let me find thee near;
Jesu, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

10 Behold me waiting in the way
For thee, the heavenly Light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight!"

HYMN 136. [C. M.]

Part II.

1 WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quickening Spirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice, and live!

2 While, full of anguish and disease,
My weak distemper'd soul

Thy love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole!

3 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesu's Name submit:
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

4 To Jesu's Name if all things now
A trembling homage pay;
O let my stubborn spirit bow,
My stiff-neck'd will obey!

5 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And sick, and poor I am;
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesu's Name.

6 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man:
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain!

7 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need:
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

8 I cannot rest, till in thy blood
I full redemption have:
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

9 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe, and not in vain;
My faith shall make me whole.

10 I too, with thee, shall walk in white;
With all thy saints shall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.

HYMN 137. [S. M.]

1 WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

5 To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part;
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

6 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

7 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

8 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror.

9 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

10 Come, and possess me whole;
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

11 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

12 My Life, my Portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My Hope, my heavenly Treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart!

HYMN 138. [C. M.]

Part I.

1 O THAT thou would'st the heavens rent,
In majesty come down;
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own!

2 Descend, and let thy lightning burn
The stubble of thy foe;
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow!

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

4 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load?
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God.

5 Is there a thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all;
Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall?

6 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence?
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence?

7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
Nearer to save thou art:
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

8 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye;
Thy promis'd aid I claim:
Father of Mercies, glorify
Thy favourite Jesu's Name.

9 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A medicine for my every wound,
All, all I want is there.

HYMN 139. [C. M.]

Part II.

1 JESU! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end!

2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty:
Shed forth the virtue of thy Name,
And Jesus prove to me!

3 Faith to be heal'd thou know'st I have;
For thou that faith hast given:
Thou canst, thou wilt the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

5 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable sin;
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.

6 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call,
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.

7 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice;
The blind his sight receive;
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice;
The heart of stone believe.

8 The Ethiop then shall change his skin;
The dead shall feel thy power;
The loathsome leper shall be clean,
And I shall sin no more.

HYMN 140. [6 *lines* 8's.]

WRESTLING JACOB.

Part I.

1 COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art Thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold!
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell:
To know it now, resolv'd I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

HYMN 141. [6 *lines* 8's.]

Part II.

1 YIELD to me now, for I am weak;
But confident in self-despair:
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak:
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy Name is Love.

2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me:
I hear thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God: the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;

Through faith I see thee face to face:
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

5 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in his wings:
Wither'd my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

7 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

HYMN 142. [8 *lines, all* 7's.]

1 DROOPING soul, shake off thy fears;
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never, quit thy hold!
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not set thy God a time:

Calmly for his coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong;
Wait the leisure of thy Lord:
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word!
On his word my soul I cast;
(He cannot himself deny;)
Surely it shall speak at last;
It shall speak, and shall not lie.

3 Every one that seeks shall find;
Every one that asks shall have;
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able, all to save;
I shall his salvation see;
I in faith on Jesus call;
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in thine hand;
Weak and helpless as I am,
Surely thou canst make me stand;
I believe in Jesu's Name:
Saviour in temptation thou,
Thou hast sav'd me heretofore;
Thou from sin dost save me now;
Thou shalt save me evermore.

* HYMN 143. [8 *lines, all* 7*'s.*]

1 JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and holy is thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

HYMN 144. [6 *lines*, 4-8's & 2-6's.]

1 THEE, Jesu, thee, the Sinner's Friend,
I follow on to apprehend,
Renew the glorious strife;
Divinely confident and bold,
With faith's strong arm on thee lay hold,
Thee, my eternal life.

2 Thy heart, I know, thy tender heart
Doth in my sorrows feel its part,
And at my tears relent!

My powerful sighs thou canst not bear,
Nor stand the violence of my prayer,
My prayer omnipotent.

3 Give me the grace, the love I claim:
Thy Spirit now demands thy Name!
Thou know'st the Spirit's will:
He helps my soul's infirmity,
And strongly intercedes for me
With groans unspeakable.

4 Answer, O Lord, thy Spirit's groan!
O make to me thy Nature known,
Thy hidden Name impart!
(Thy Name and Nature is the same:)
Tell me thy Nature, and thy Name,
And write it on my heart!

5 Prisoner of hope, to thee I turn,
And, calmly confident, I mourn,
And pray, and weep for thee:
Tell me thy love, thy secret tell;
Thy mystic name in me reveal,
Reveal thyself in me!

6 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,
O Lord of Hosts, thy glorious Name!—
The Lord, the gracious Lord,
Long-suffering, merciful, and kind,
The God who always bears in mind
His everlasting word.

7 Plenteous he is in truth and grace;
He wills that all the fallen race
Should turn, repent, and live;
His pardoning grace for all is free;
Transgression, sin, iniquity,
He freely doth forgive.

8 Mercy he doth for thousands keep:
He goes and seeks the one lost sheep,
And brings his wanderer home:
And every soul that sheep might be:
Come then, my Lord, and gather me,
My Jesus, quickly come!

9 Take me into thy people's rest;
O come, and with my sole request,
My one desire, comply:
Make me partaker of my hope;
Then bid me get me quickly up,
And on thy bosom die!

HYMN 145. [6 *lines*, 4-8's & 2-6's.]

1 O JESUS, let me bless thy Name!
All sin, alas! thou know'st I am,
But thou all pity art:
Turn into flesh my heart of stone;
Such power belongs to thee alone;
Turn into flesh my heart!

2 A poor, unloving wretch, to thee
For help against myself I flee!
Thou only canst remove
The hind'rances out of the way,
And soften my unyielding clay,
And mould it into love.

3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad
The love, the perfect love of God,
In this cold heart of mine!
O might he now descend, and rest,
And dwell for ever in my breast,
And make it all divine!

4 What shall I do my suit to gain?
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
I plead what thou hast done!

Didst thou not die the death for me?
Jesus, remember Calvary,
And break my heart of stone!

5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood,
My Friend and Advocate with God,
My Ransom and my Peace;
Surety, who all my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,
The Lord my Righteousness.

HYMN 146. [6 *lines*, 4-8's & 2-6's.]

1 STILL, Lord, I languish for thy grace:
Reveal the beauties of thy face,
The middle wall remove:
Appear, and banish my complaint;
Come, and supply my only want,
Fill all my soul with love!

2 O! conquer this rebellious will:
Willing thou art, and ready still,
Thy help is always nigh:
The stony from my heart remove,
And give me, Lord, O give me love,
Or at thy feet I die.

3 To thee I lift my mournful eye:
Why am I thus?—O, tell me why
I cannot love my God?
The hind'rance must be all in me;
It cannot in my Saviour be;
Witness that streaming blood!

4 It cost thy blood my heart to win,
To buy me from the power of sin,
And make me love again:
Come, then, my Lord, thy right assert,
Take to thyself my ransom'd heart;
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

HYMN 147. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

1 O Love Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming Love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit
With *Mary* at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

HYMN 148. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 Father of Jesus Christ, the Just,
My Friend and Advocate with thee,
Pity a soul that fain would trust
In him who liv'd and died for me:
But only thou canst make him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If, drawn by thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Show me in Christ thy smiling face;
What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal,
Thy co-eternal Son, display,
And call my darkness into day.

3 The gift unspeakable impart;
Command the light of faith to shine;
To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine:
Now bid the new creation be;
O God, let there be faith in me!

* HYMN 149. [L. M.]

1 THUS saith the Lord,—'tis God commands
Workers with God, the charge obey,
Remove whate'er his work withstands,
Prepare, prepare his people's way.
Lift up, for all mankind to see,
The standard of their dying God,
And point them to the shameful tree,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood.

2 The Lord hath glorified his grace;
Throughout the earth proclaim his Son:
Say ye to all the sinful race,
He died for all your sins to' atone.
Sion, thy suffering God behold,
Thy Saviour and Salvation too;
He comes, he comes, so long foretold,
Cloth'd in a vest of bloody hue.

3 Himself prepares his people's hearts,
Breaks and binds up, and wounds and heals
A mystic death and life imparts,
Empties the full, the emptied fills:
He fills whom first he hath prepar'd;
With him the perfect grace is given;

Himself is here their great reward,
Their future and their present heaven.

HYMN 150. [C. M.]

1 THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyself declare,
God inaccessible, unknown;
Regard a sinner's prayer!
A sinner weltering in his blood,
Unpurg'd and unforgiven;
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.

2 An unregenerate child of man,
To thee for faith I call;
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall!
The darkness, which through thee I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Thy own eternal power reveal,
Thy Deity of love!

3 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
That grace may let me go;
In hope believing against hope,
I wait the truth to know.
Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light afford:
Bound and oppress'd, yet thine I am,
The prisoner of the Lord.

4 I would not to thy foe submit;
I hate the tyrant's chain;
Send forth the prisoner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain!
Show me the blood that bought my peace,
The covenant blood apply,
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.

5 Now, Lord, if thou art power, descend;
The mountain sin remove;
My unbelief and troubles end,
If thou art Truth and Love:
Speak, Jesu, speak into my heart
What thou for me hast done;
One grain of living faith impart,
And God is all my own!

HYMN 151. [2 *lines* 6's, & 4-7's.]

1 OUT of the deep I cry,
Just at the point to die:
Hastening to infernal pain,
Jesus, Lord, I cry to thee;
Help a feeble child of man;
Show forth all thy power in me!

2 On thee I ever call,
Saviour and Friend of all;
Well thou know'st my desperate case;
Thou my curse and sin remove;
Save me by thy richest grace,
Save me by thy pardoning love!

3 How shall a sinner find
The Saviour of mankind?
Canst thou not accept my prayer?
Not bestow the grace I claim?
Where are thy old mercies? Where
All the powers of Jesu's Name?

4 What shall I say to move
The bowels of thy love?
Are they not already stirr'd?
Have I in thy death no part?
Ask thy own compassions, Lord!
Ask the yearnings of thy heart!

5 I will not let thee go,
Till I thy mercy know:

Let me hear the welcome sound!
Speak, if still thou canst forgive;
Speak, and let the lost be found;
Speak, and let the dying live!

6 Thy love is all my plea;
Thy passion speaks for me:
By thy pangs and bloody sweat,
By thy depth of grief unknown,
Save me, gasping at thy feet;
Save, O save, thy ransom'd one!

7 What hast thou done for me!
O, think on Calvary!
By thy mortal groans and sighs,
By thy precious death, I pray,
Hear my dying spirit's cries,
Take, O take my sins away!

HYMN 152. [S. M.]

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint;
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint!
My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;

Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of thee:
Searcher of Hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away!

4 I now believe, in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou would'st fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only Love.

HYMN 153. [S. M.]

1 LO! in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove;
My Potter, stamp on me, thy clay,
Thy only stamp of love!
Be this my whole desire;
I know that it is thine;
Then kindle in my soul a fire,
Which shall for ever shine.

2 Thy gracious readiness
To save mankind assert;
Thy image, love—thy name impress,
Thy nature on my heart.
Bowels of mercy, hear!
Into my soul come down!
Let it throughout my life appear,
That I have Christ put on.

3 O plant in me thy mind;
O fix in me thy home;
So shall I cry to all mankind,
Come, to the waters come!

Jesus is full of grace:
To all his bowels move:
Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only Love.

HYMN 154. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 FAIN would I leave the world below,
Of pain and sin the dark abode;
Where shadowy joy, or solid woe,
Allures, or tears me from my God!
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
Since faith alone confirms me his.

2 Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,
And gasp, and languish after home!
Upward I send my streaming eye,
Expecting, till the Bridegroom come:
Come quickly, Lord! thy own receive;
Now let me see thy face, and live.

3 Absent from thee, my exil'd soul
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans:
Around me clouds of darkness roll,
And labouring silence speaks my moans:
Come quickly, Lord! thy face display,
And look my darkness into day.

4 Sorrow, and sin, and death are o'er,
If thou reverse the creature's doom;
Sad *Rachel* weeps her loss no more,
If thou, the God, the Saviour come;
Of thee possess'd, in thee we prove
The light, the life, the heaven of love.

HYMN 155. [L. M.]

1 GOD of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give!
I only live my sin to mourn;
To love my God I only live.

2 To thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthen'd days;
While, mark'd with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

3 Be all my added life employ'd
Thine image in my soul to see:
Fill with thyself the mighty void:
Enlarge my heart to compass thee!

4 O give me, Saviour, give me more:
Thy mercies to my soul reveal!
Alas! I *see* their endless store;
But, O! I cannot, cannot *feel.*

5 The blessing of thy love bestow:
For this my cries shall never fail;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
I will not, till my suit prevail.

6 I'll weary thee with my complaint;
Here at thy feet for ever lie,
With longing, sick; with groaning, faint:
O give me love, or else I die!

7 Come then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home:
Be mindful of thy gracious word;
Thou, with thy promis'd Father, come.

8 Prepare, and then possess, my heart;
O take me, seize me from above!
Thee may I love; for God thou art:
Thee may I feel; for God is Love!

HYMN 156. [6 *lines* 7's.]

1 O DISCLOSE thy lovely face;
Quicken all my drooping powers:
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers:
Haste, my Lord, no more delay,
Come, my Saviour, come away!

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee:
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

HYMN 157. [L. M.]

1 MY sufferings all to thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me;
Regard my grief, regard thy own;
Jesus, remember Calvary!

2 O call to mind thy earnest prayers,
Thy agony, and sweat of blood,
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears,
Thy mortal groan, "My God! my God!"

3 For whom didst thou the cross endure?
Who nail'd thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
O let thy bowels answer me!

4 Art thou not touch'd with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of Man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?

5 Have I not heard, have I not known,
That thou, the everlasting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,
Art always faithful to thy word?

6 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

7 The day of small and feeble things
I know thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in his wings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.

8 With labour faint, thou wilt not fail,
Or, wearied, give the sinner o'er,
Till in this earth thy judgments dwell,
And, born of God, I sin no more.

HYMN 158. [*All 7's.*]

1 O MY God, what must I do?
Thou alone the way canst show;
Thou canst save me in this hour;
I have neither will nor power:
God if over all thou art,
Greater than my sinful heart,
All thy power on me be shown,
Take away the heart of stone.

2 Take away my darling sin,
Make me willing to be clean:

Make me willing to receive
All thy goodness waits to give:
Force me, Lord, with all to part;
Tear these idols from my heart;
Now thy love almighty show,
Make even me a creature new.

3 Jesus, mighty to renew,
Work in me to will and do;
Turn my nature's rapid tide,
Stem the torrent of my pride;
Stop the whirlwind of my will;
Speak, and bid the sun stand still;
Now thy love almighty show,
Make even me a creature new.

4 Arm of God, thy strength put on;
Bow the heavens, and come down;
All my unbelief o'erthrow;
Lay the' aspiring mountain low:
Conquer thy worst foe in me,
Get thyself the victory;
Save the vilest of the race;
Force me to be sav'd by grace.

HYMN 159. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 LAY to thy hand, O God of Grace!
O God, the work is worthy thee;
See at thy feet, of all the race
The chief, the vilest sinner see;
And let me all thy mercy prove,
Thine utmost miracle of love.

2 Speak, and a holy thing and clean
Shall strangely be brought out of me;
My Ethiop-soul shall change her skin,
Redeem'd from all iniquity;

I, even I, shall then proclaim
The wonders wrought by Jesu's Name.

3 Thee I shall then for ever praise,
In spirit and in truth adore;
While all I am declares thy grace,
And, born of God, I sin no more;
Thy pure and heavenly nature share,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN 160. [4 *lines* 10's & 12's.]

1 O JESUS, my hope, For me offer'd up,
Who with clamour pursued thee to Calvary's top;
The blood thou hast shed, For me let it plead,
And declare thou hast died in thy murderer's stead!

2 Come then from above, The stony remove,
And vanquish my heart with the sense of thy love!
Thy love on the tree Display unto me,
And the servant of sin in a moment is free.

3 Neither passion nor pride Thy cross can abide,
But melt in the fountain that streams from thy side:
Let thy life-giving blood Remove all my load,
And purge my foul conscience, and bring me to God!

4 Now, now let me know Its virtue below!
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow;
Let it hallow my heart, And throughly convert,
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art!

5 Each moment applied, My weakness to hide,
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide;
My advocate prove With the Father above,
And speak me at last to the throne of thy love!

HYMN 161. [L. M.]

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight!

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd:

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from thy people's rest!

5 This only woe I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate;
Nor curse me with this want of love!

6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land!

* HYMN 162. [S. M.]

1 O MY offended God,
If now at last I see
That I have trampled on thy blood,
And done despite to Thee;
If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep;—
Into thy arms of mercy take,
And there for ever keep!

2 No other right have I
Than what the world may claim;
All, all may to their God draw nigh,
Through faith in Jesu's name:
Thou all the debt hast paid;
This is my only plea;
The covenant, God in Thee hath made
With all mankind, and me.

3 Thou hast obtain'd the grace
That all may turn and live;
And lo! thy offer I embrace,
Thy mercy I receive.
Whene'er the wicked man
Turns from his sin to Thee,
His late repentance is not vain,
He shall accepted be.

4 Thy death hath bought the power
For every sinful soul,
That all may know the gracious hour,
And be by faith made whole:
Thou hast for sinners died,
That all might come to God;
The covenant Thou hast ratified,
And seal'd it with thy blood.

5 He that believes in Thee,
And doth till death endure,
He shall be sav'd eternally;
The covenant is sure;
The mountains shall give place,
Thy covenant cannot move,
The covenant of thy general grace,
Thy all-redeeming love.

HYMN 163. [L. M.]

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove;
The seal of thine eternal Love?

2 A poor, blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near!
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amid the blaze of Gospel-day!

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven!

4 Whom man forsakes, thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive;
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.

5 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.

6 Lord, I am sick,—my sickness cure!
I want,—do thou enrich the poor!
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up!

7 Lord, I am blind,—be thou my sight!
Lord, I am weak,—be thou my might!
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee!

HYMN 164. [8 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

The Woman of Canaan. Matt. xv. 22—28.

1 LORD, regard my earnest cry;
A potsherd of the earth,
A poor guilty worm, am I,
A Canaanite by birth:
Save me from this tyranny;
From all the power of Satan save;
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have!

2 To the sheep of Israel's fold
Thou in thy flesh wast sent;
Yet the Gentiles now behold
In thee their Covenant:
See me then, with pity see,
A sinner whom thou cam'st to save!
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have!

3 Still I cannot part with thee!
I will not let thee go:
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, show!
Vilest of the sinful race,
On thee, importunate, I call:
Help me, Jesus, show thy grace;
Thy grace is free for all.

4 Nothing am I in thy sight;
Nothing have I to plead;
Unto dogs it is not right
To cast the children's bread:
Yet the dogs the crumbs may eat,
That from the master's table fall:
Let the fragments be my meat;
Thy grace is free for all.

5 Give me, Lord, the victory,
My heart's desire fulfil:

Let it now be done to me
According to my will!
Give me living bread to eat,
And say, in answer to my call,
"Canaanite, thy faith is great!
"My grace is free for all."

6 If thy grace for all is free,
Thy call now let me hear;
Show this token upon me,
And bring salvation near:
Now the gracious word repeat,
The word of healing to my soul:
"Canaanite, thy faith is great!
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

HYMN 165. [8 *lines* 8's.]

1 COME, holy, celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast,
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest!
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load;
The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
And strangely withheld from my sin,
And tried, by the lure of thy love,
My worthless affections to win,—
The work of thy mercy revive;
Thy uttermost mercy exert;
And kindly continue to strive,
And hold, till I yield thee my heart!

3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sigh'd from myself to get free,
And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee,—

Fulfil the imperfect desire;
Thy peace to my conscience reveal;
The sense of thy favour inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel!

4 If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd,—
Most pitiful Spirit of Grace,
Relieve me again and restore;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more!

5 If now I lament after God,
And gasp for a drop of thy love,
If Jesus hath bought thee with blood,
For me to receive from above,—
Come, heavenly Comforter, come
True Witness of mercy divine,
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine!

HYMN 166. [8 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

The Pool of Bethesda. John v. 2—9.

1 JESUS, take my sins away,
And make me know thy name!
Thou art now as yesterday,
And evermore the same:
Thou my true *Bethesda* be;
I know within thine arms is room:
All the world may unto thee,
Their House of Mercy, come.

2 See me lying at the pool,
And waiting for thy grace;
O come down into my soul,
Disclose thy angel-face!
If to me thy bowels move,
If now thou dost my sickness feel,

Let the Spirit of thy Love
The helpless sinner heal!

3 Persons thou dost not respect;
Whoe'er for mercy call,
Thou in no wise wilt reject;
Thy mercy is for all:
Thou would'st freely all restore,
Would all the gracious season find,
Fill with goodness, love, and power,
And with a healthful mind.

4 Mercy then there is for ME,
(Away my doubts and fears!)
Plagu'd with an infirmity
For many tedious years.
Jesus, cast a pitying eye!
Thou long hast known my desperate case:
Poor and helpless here I lie,
And wait the healing grace.

5 Long hath thy good Spirit strove
With my distemper'd soul;
But I still refus'd thy love,
And would not be made whole:
Hardly now at last I yield,
I yield with all my sins to part;
Let my soul be fully heal'd,
And throughly cleans'd my heart!

6 Pain, and sickness, at thy word,
And sin, and sorrow flies:
Speak to me, Almighty Lord,
And bid my spirit rise;
Bid me bear the hallow'd cross,
Which thou, my Lord, hast borne before;
Walk in all thy righteous laws,
And go and sin no more!

HYMN 167. [6 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

1 LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I feebly pray:
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away!
From this bondage, Lord, release;
No longer let me be opprest:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee?
No, my God, I cannot doubt,
Thy mercy is for me:
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possest:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

3 Worldly good I do not want,
Be that to others given;
Only for thy love I pant,
My all in earth and heaven;
This the crown I fain would seize,
The good wherewith I would be blest:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

4 This delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my breath:
Join the happy few whose love
Was mightier than death!
Let it not my Lord displease,
That I would die to be thy guest!
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

SECTION III.

For Persons convinced of Backsliding.

HYMN 168. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserv'd for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
I have long withstood his grace,
Long provok'd him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Griev'd him by a thousand falls.

2 I have spilt his precious blood,
Trampled on the Son of God;
Fill'd with pangs unspeakable!
I, who yet am not in hell!
Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above;
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the throne of grace.

3 Lo! I cumber still the ground:
Lo! an advocate is found!
"Hasten not to cut him down;
"Let this barren soul alone:"
Jesus speaks, and pleads his blood!
He disarms the wrath of God!
Now my Father's bowels move;
Justice lingers into love.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands!
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!

5 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow!
Pardon and accept me now!

6 Pity from thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.
Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

* HYMN 169. [C. M.]

1 JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope!
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah, when shall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way:
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay!

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me thy only love to know,
In thee to walk and live!

4 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine!

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity!

HYMN 170. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 O 'TIS enough, my God, my God!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er;
No longer trample on thy blood,
And grieve thy gentleness no more;
No more thy lingering anger move,
Or sin against thy light and love!

2 Lord, if mercy is with thee,
Now let it all on me be shown;
On me, the chief of sinners, me,
Who humbly for thy mercy groan:
Me to thy Father's grace restore;
Nor let me ever grieve thee more!

3 Fountain of unexhausted love,
Of infinite compassions, hear!
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear;
Repentance, faith, and pardon give;
O let me turn again and live!

HYMN 171. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 O GOD, if thou art love indeed,
Let it once more be prov'd in me,
That I thy mercy's praise may spread,
For every child of Adam free:
O let me now the gift embrace;
O let me now be sav'd by grace!

2 If all long-suffering thou hast shown
On me, that others may believe,
Now make thy lovingkindness known,
Now the all-conquering Spirit give,
Spirit of victory and power,
That I may never grieve thee more!

3 Grant my importunate request;
It is not my desire, but thine;
Since thou would'st have the sinner blest,
Now let me in thine image shine,
Nor ever from thy footsteps move,
But more than conquer through thy love!

4 Be it according to thy will!
Set my imprison'd spirit free;
The counsel of thy grace fulfil;
Into thy glorious liberty
My spirit, soul, and flesh restore,
And I shall never grieve thee more.

HYMN 172. [S. M.]

1 O UNEXHAUSTED Grace!
O Love unspeakable!
I am not gone to my own place;
I am not yet in hell!
Earth doth not open yet,
My soul to swallow up;
And, hanging o'er the burning pit,
I still am forc'd to hope.

2 I hope at last to find
The kingdom from above;
The settled peace, the constant mind,
The everlasting love;
The sanctifying grace,
That makes me meet for home;
I hope to see thy glorious face,
Where sin can never come.

3 What shall I do to keep
The blessed hope I feel?
Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,
And serve thy pleasure still:
O may I never grieve
My kind, long-suffering Lord,
But steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
And answer all his word!

4 Lord, if thou hast bestow'd
On me the gracious fear,
This horror of offending God,
O keep it always here!
And that I never more
May from thy ways depart,
Enter with all thy mercy's power,
And dwell within my heart.

HYMN 173. [6 *lines* 7's.]

1 JESUS, I believe thee near:
Now my fallen soul restore;
Now my guilty conscience clear;
Give me back my peace and power:
Stone to flesh again convert;
Write forgiveness on my heart!

2 I believe thy pardoning grace,
As at the beginning, free:
Open are thy arms to' embrace
Me, the worst of rebels, me:
In me all the hind'rance lies;
Call'd,—I still refuse to rise.

3 Yet, for thy own mercy's sake,
Patience with thy rebel have;
Me, thy mercy's witness make,
Witness of thy power to save:
Make me willing to be free,
Restless to be sav'd by thee!

4 Now the gracious work begin;
Now for good some token give;
Give me now to feel my sin,
Give me now my sin to leave:
Bid me look on thee and mourn,
Bid me to thy arms return!

5 Take this heart of stone away;
Melt me into gracious tears:

Grant me power to watch and pray,
Till thy lovely face appears,
Till thy favour I retrieve,
Till by faith again I live!

HYMN 174. [8 *lines* 8's.]

1 HOW shall a lost sinner in pain
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release?
Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare such a rebel as me?
And, O! can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee?

2 O Jesus, of thee I inquire,
If still thou art able to save,
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave?
The help of thy Spirit restore,
And show me the life-giving blood,
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God!

3 O Jesus! in pity draw near,
Come quickly to help a lost soul;
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole!
The balm of thy mercy apply;
(Thou see'st the sore anguish I feel;)
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die!
O save, or I sink into hell!

4 I sink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show;
Come quickly, and kindly display
The power of thy passion below!
By all thou hast done for my sake,
One drop of thy blood I implore!

Now, now, let it touch me, and make
The sinner—a sinner no more!

HYMN 175. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe!
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive.
Full of sin, alas! I am;
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye!
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy grace is always nigh:
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor:
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to gain thy grace;
Pardon I accept unbought;
Thy proffer I embrace:
Coming, as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

5 Saviour, from thy wounded side
I never will depart;
Here will I my spirit hide,
When I am pure in heart.
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea,
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

HYMN 176. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 O GOD, thy righteousness we own:
Judgment is at thy house begun!
With humble awe thy rod we hear,
And guilty in thy sight appear:
We cannot in thy judgment stand,
But sink beneath thy mighty hand.

2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
And still for mercy, mercy, pray:
Unworthy to behold thy face,
Unfaithful stewards of thy grace,
Our sin and wickedness we own,
And deeply for acceptance groan.

3 We have not, Lord, thy gifts improv'd,
But basely from thy statutes rov'd,
And done thy loving Spirit despite,
And sinn'd against the clearest light,
Brought back thy agonizing pain,
And nail'd thee to thy cross again.

4 Yet do not drive us from thy face,
A stiff-neck'd and hard-hearted race;
But, O! in tender mercy break
The iron sinew in our neck;
The softening power of love impart,
And melt the marble of our heart.

HYMN 177. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 JESUS, thou know'st my sinfulness,
My faults are not conceal'd from thee;
A sinner in my last distress,
To thy dear wounds I fain would flee,
And never, never thence depart,
Close sheltered in thy loving heart.

2 How shall I find the living way,
Lost, and confus'd, and dark, and blind?
Ah, Lord, my soul is gone astray:
Ah, Shepherd, seek my soul, and find,
And in thy arms of mercy take,
And bring the weary wanderer back.

3 Weary and sick of sin I am;
I hate it, Lord, and yet I love!
When wilt thou rid me of my shame?
When wilt thou all my load remove,
Destroy the fiend that lurks within,
And speak the word of power, "Be clean?"

4 O Lord, if I at last discern
That I am sin, and thou art love,
If now o'er me thy bowels yearn,
Give me a token from above;
And conquer my rebellious will,
And bid my murmuring heart be still!

5 Sin only let me not commit,
(Sin never can advance thy praise,)
And, lo! I lay me at thy feet,
And wait unwearied all my days,
Till my appointed time shall come,
And thou shalt call thine exile home.

HYMN 178. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 YES, from this instant now, I will
To my offended Father cry;
My base ingratitude I feel,
Vilest of all thy children, I,
Not worthy to be call'd thy son;
Yet will I thee my Father own.

2 Guide of my life hast thou not been,
And rescu'd me from passion's power?
Ten thousand times preserv'd from sin,
Nor let the greedy grave devour?
And wilt thou now thy wrath retain,
Nor ever love thy child again?

3 Ah! canst thou find it in thy heart
To give me up, so long pursu'd!
Ah! canst thou finally depart,
And leave thy creature in his blood!
Leave me,—out of thy presence cast,
To perish in my sins at last?

4 If thou hast will'd me to return,
If weeping at thy feet I fall,
The prodigal thou wilt not spurn,
But pity, and forgive me all,
In answer to my Friend above,
In honour of his bleeding love!

HYMN 179. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 FATHER, if thou must reprove
For all that I have done,
Not in anger, but in love
Chastise thine humbled son:

Use the rod, and not the sword;
Correct with kind severity;
Bring me not to nothing, Lord!
But bring me home to thee.

2 True and faithful as thou art,
To all thy Church and me,
Give a new, believing heart,
That knows and cleaves to thee:
Freely our backslidings heal;
And, by thy balmy blood restor'd,
Grant that every soul may feel,
"Thou art my pardoning Lord!"

3 Might we now with pure desire
Thine only love request!
Now, with willing heart entire,
Return to Christ our rest!
When we our whole hearts resign,
O Jesus, to be fill'd with thee,
Thou art ours, and we are thine,
Through all eternity.

HYMN 180. [L. M.]

1 SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess
My thirst for creature happiness;
By base desires I wrong'd thy love,
And forc'd thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet would I not regard thy stroke;
But, when thou didst thy grace revoke,
And when thou didst thy face conceal,
Thy absence I refus'd to feel.

3 I knew not that the Lord was gone,
In my own froward will went on,
And liv'd to the desires of men,
And thou hast all my wanderings seen.

4 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 For this I at thy footstool wait,
Till thou my peace again create;
Fruit of thy gracious lips, restore
My peace, and bid me sin no more!

6 Far off, yet at thy feet, I lie,
Till thou again thy blood apply;
Till thou repeat my sins forgiven,
As far from God as hell from heaven.

7 But, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
My comfort thou wilt give me back;
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteousness:

8 Till, throughly sav'd, my new-born soul,
And perfectly by faith made whole,
Doth bright in thy full image rise,
To share thy glory in the skies.

HYMN 181. [L. M.]

1 THOU Man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget,
The last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat:

2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load!
Thy feeble flesh abhorr'd to bear
The wrath of an Almighty God!

3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire;
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire!

4 I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my last distress I bring;
The heighten'd fear of death I find:
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind!

6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee!
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

SECTION IV.

For Backsliders Recovered.

HYMN 182. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 I WILL hearken what the Lord
Will say concerning me!
Hast thou not a gracious word
For one who waits on thee?
Speak it to my soul, that I
May in thee have peace and power;
Never from my Saviour fly,
And never grieve thee more.

2 How have I thy Spirit griev'd,
Since first with me he strove!
Obstinately disbeliev'd,
And trampled on thy love!
I have sinn'd against the light;
I have broke from thy embrace;
No, I would not, when I might,
Be freely sav'd by grace.

3 After all that I have done
To drive thee from my heart,
Still thou wilt not leave thine own,
Thou wilt not yet depart;
Wilt not give the sinner o'er;
Ready art thou now to save;
Bidd'st me come, as heretofore,
That I thy life may have.

4 O thou meek and gentle Lamb!
Fury is not in thee;
Thou continuest still the same,
And still thy grace is free;
Still thine arms are open wide,
Wretched sinners to receive:
Thou hast once for sinners died,
That all may turn and live.

5 Lo! I take thee at thy word;
My foolishness I mourn;
Unto thee, my bleeding Lord,
However late, I turn:
Yes, I yield, I yield at last,
Listen to thy speaking blood;
Me, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God!

HYMN 183. [6 *lines* 7's.]

1 JESU, Shepherd of the sheep,
Pity my unsettled soul!
Guide, and nourish me, and keep,
Till thy love shall make me whole;
Give me perfect soundness, give,
Make me steadfastly believe!

2 I am never at one stay,
Changing every hour I am;
But thou art as yesterday,
Now and evermore the same:

Constancy to me impart,
'Stablish with thy grace my heart!

3 Lay thy weighty cross on me;
All my unbelief control;
Till the rebel cease to be,
Keep him down within my soul:
That I never more may move,
Root and ground me fast in love.

4 Give me faith to hold me up,
Walking over life's rough sea:
Holy, purifying hope,
Still my soul's sure anchor be:
That I may be always thine,
Perfect me in love divine.

HYMN 184. [C. M.]

1 MY God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow!

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art!
Whisper within, thou Love Divine,
And cheer my drooping heart!

4 Tell me again my peace is made,
And bid the sinner live:
The debt's discharg'd, the ransom's paid,
My Father must forgive.

5 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open'd wide:
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

6 O why did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove!
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love!

7 I forc'd thee first to disappear;
I turn'd thy face aside:
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.

8 But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace!

9 O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!

10 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

11 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be *All in All.*

HYMN 185. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 AFTER all that I have done,
Saviour, art thou pacified?
Whither shall my vileness run?
Hide me, earth, the sinner hide!
Let me sink into the dust,
Full of holy shame, adore!
Jesus Christ, the Good, the Just,
Bids me go, and sin no more!

2 O confirm the gracious word,
Jesus, Son of God and Man!
Let me never grieve thee, Lord,
Never turn to sin again:
Till my all in all thou art,
Till thou bring thy nature in,
Keep this feeble, trembling heart!
Save me, save me, Lord, from sin!

HYMN 186. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of Love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still!

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more,
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer!

4 The stone to flesh again convert;
The veil of sin again remove:
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love!
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new!

5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now ;
Fill my whole soul with filial fears :
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow ;
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break,
The iron sinew in my neck !

6 Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the' approach of sin :
A godly fear of sin impart ;
Implant, and root it deep within ;
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare to' offend thee more.

HYMN 187. [8 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

1 SON of God, if thy free grace
Again hath rais'd me up,
Call'd me still to seek thy face,
And given me back my hope,
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy lovingkindness show ;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go !

2 By me, O my Saviour, stand,
In sore temptation's hour ;
Save me with thine outstretch'd hand,
And show forth all thy power ;
O be mindful of thy word ;
Thy all-sufficient grace bestow ;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go !

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart ;
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart :

Sin be more than hell abhorr'd:
Till thou destroy the tyrant foe,
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

4 Never let me leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour, stray;
Thou art my Support and Rest,
My true and living Way;
My exceeding great Reward,
In heaven above, and earth below:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

HYMN 188. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 LORD, and is thine anger gone?
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Infinite thy mercies are;
Beneath the weight I cannot move:
O! 'tis more than I can bear,
The sense of pardoning love.

2 Let it still my heart constrain,
And all my passions sway;
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way:
Force my violence to be still,
And captivate my every thought;
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought!

3 If I have begun once more
Thy sweet return to feel,

If even now I find thy power
Present my soul to heal,—
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of thine embrace;
Never more resist or fly
From thy pursuing grace.

4 To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom let me never find
From thee, my Lord, to move:
That I never, never more,
May with my much-lov'd Master part,
To the posts of mercy's door
O nail my willing heart!

5 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own!
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find:
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind!

6 As the apple of an eye
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep:
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

PART IV. FOR BELIEVERS.

SECTION I.

Rejoicing.

HYMN 189. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!

4 With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;

On this my steadfast soul relies :
Father, thy mercy never dies.

6 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away ;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

HYMN 190. [L. M.]

1 JESUS, thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress :
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully absolv'd through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me, to' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

6 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then,—this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me.

7 Thus *Abraham*, the Friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

8 Jesus, be endless praise to thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid!

9 Ah! give to all thy servants, Lord,
With power to speak thy gracious word;
That all, who to thy wounds will flee,
May find eternal life in thee.

10 Thou God of power, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove!
Now let thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell!

HYMN 191. [2 *lines* 6's, & 4-7's.]

1 THEE, O my God and King,
My Father, thee I sing!
Hear, well-pleas'd, the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive;
Lost—I now in Christ am found,
Dead—by faith in Christ I live.

2 Father, behold thy son,
In Christ I am thy own:
Stranger long to thee, and rest,
See the prodigal is come:
Open wide thine arms and breast,
Take the weary wanderer home!

3 Thine eye observ'd from far,
Thy pity look'd me near;
Me thy bowels yearn'd to see;
Me thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4 Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all:
Still thy gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine,
"Haste, for him the robe prepare,
"His be righteousness divine!"

HYMN 192. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 OFT I in my heart have said,
Who shall ascend on high,
Mount to Christ, my glorious Head,
And bring him from the sky?
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I shall find him there,
Where the angels praise their King,
And gain the Morning-Star.

2 Oft I in my heart have said,
Who to the deep shall stoop,
Sink with Christ among the dead,
From thence to bring him up?
Could I but my heart prepare,
By unfeign'd humility,
Christ would quickly enter there,
And ever dwell with me.

3 But the righteousness of faith
Hath taught me better things:
"Inward turn thine eyes," it saith,
(While Christ to me it brings,)

" Christ is ready to impart
" Life to all, for life who sigh:
" In thy mouth, and in thy heart,
" The word is ever nigh."

HYMN 193. [6 *lines* 6's, & 4-7's.]

1 O FILIAL Deity,
Accept my new-born cry;
See the travail of my soul,
Saviour, and be satisfied;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Who for me, for me, hast died.

2 Of life thou art the Tree;
My immortality!
Feed this tender branch of thine,
Ceaseless influence derive:
Thou the true, the heavenly Vine,
Grafted into thee I live.

3 Of life the Fountain thou,
I know,—I feel it now!
Faint and dead no more I droop;
Thou art in me; thy supplies,
Every moment springing up,
Into life eternal rise.

4 Thou the good Shepherd art,
From thee I ne'er shall part:
Thou my keeper and my guide,
Make me still thy tender care;
Gently lead me by thy side,
Sweetly in thy bosom bear.

5 Thou art my daily Bread,
O Christ, thou art my Head!
Motion, virtue, strength, to me,
Me thy living member, flow:
Nourish'd I, and fed, by thee,
Up to thee in all things grow.

6 Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will:
Never mortal spake like thee,
Human Prophet like divine;
Loud and strong their voices be,
Small, and still, and inward thine!

7 On thee, my Priest, I call,
Thy blood aton'd for all:
Still the Lamb as slain appears,
Still thou stand'st before the throne,
Ever offering up my prayers,
These presenting with thine own.

8 Jesus, thou art my King,
From thee my strength I bring:
Shadow'd by thy mighty hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?
Faith supports; by faith I stand,
Strong in thy omnipotence.

HYMN 194. [2 *lines* 6's, *&* 4-7's.]

Part I.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Thy Saviour's Sacrifice!
All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jesus in himself hath join'd
Thee, my soul, his own to make.

2 Equal with God Most High,
He laid his glory by;
He, the' eternal God, was born,
Man with men he deign'd to' appear,
Object of his creature's scorn,
Pleas'd a servant's form to wear.

3 Hail! everlasting Lord,
Divine, incarnate Word!

Thee let all my powers confess;
Thee my latest breath proclaim;
Help, ye angel-choirs, to bless,
Shout the lov'd Immanuel's name!

4 Fruit of a virgin's womb,
The promis'd Blessing's come;
Christ, the fathers' hope of old,
Christ, the woman's conquering Seed,
Christ, the Saviour long foretold,
Born to bruise the serpent's head.

5 Jesus, to thee I bow!
The' Almighty's Fellow thou!
Thou, the Father's only Son;
Pleas'd he ever is in thee;
Just and holy thou alone,
Full of grace and truth for me.

HYMN 195. [2 *lines* 6's, & 4-7's.]

Part II.

1 HIGH above every name,
Jesus, the Great I AM!
Bows to Jesus every knee,
Things in heaven, and earth, and hell;
Saints adore him, demons flee,
Friends, and men, and angels feel!

2 He left his throne above,
Emptied of all but love:
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
God, vouchsaf'd a worm to' appear,
Lord of Glory, Son of Man,
Poor, and vile, and abject here.

3 His own on earth he sought,
His own receiv'd him not;
Him a sign by all blasphem'd,
Outcast and despis'd of men,

Him they all a madman deem'd,
Bold to scoff the Nazarene.

4 Hail, Galilean King!
Thy humble state I sing;
Never shall my triumphs end;
Hail, derided Majesty!
Jesus, hail! the sinner's Friend,
Friend of Publicans,—and me.

HYMN 196. [L. M.]

1 INTO thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace;
O King of Glory, hear my call;
O raise me, heal me, by thy grace!
Now righteous through thy wounds I am;
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in thy name,
Alive in thee, my living Head.

2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take thy light from me away;
Still with me let thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never stray:
Let thy word richly in me dwell;
Thy peace and love my portion be;
My joy to' endure and do thy will,
Till perfect I am found in thee.

3 Arm me with thy whole armour, Lord!
Support my weakness with thy might;
Gird on my thigh thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the threatening fight:
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in thy strength shall I go on;
Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

HYMN 197. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 HAPPY soul, who sees the day,
The glad day of gospel-grace!
Thee, my Lord, (thou then wilt say,)
Thee will I for ever praise;
Though thy wrath against me burn'd,
Thou dost comfort me again;
All thy wrath aside is turn'd,
Thou hast blotted out my sin.

2 Me, behold! thy mercy spares;
Jesus my salvation is;
Hence my doubts; away my fears;
Jesus is become my peace:
JAH, JEHOVAH, is my Lord,
Ever merciful and just;
I will lean upon his word;
I will on his promise trust.

3 Strong I am, for he is strong;
Just in righteousness divine:
He is my triumphal song;
All he has, and is, is mine;
Mine—and *yours*, whoe'er believe;
On his name whoe'er shall call,
Freely shall his grace receive;
He is full of grace for all.

4 Therefore shall ye draw with joy
Water from Salvation's well;
Praise shall your glad tongues employ,
While his streaming grace ye feel.
Each to each ye then shall say,
"Sinners, call upon his name;
O rejoice to see his day;
See it, and his praise proclaim!"

5 Glory to his name belongs,
Great, and marvellous, and high;
Sing unto the Lord your songs,
Cry to every nation, cry!
Wondrous things the Lord hath done,
Excellent his name we find;
This to all mankind is known,
Be it known to all mankind!

6 Sion, shout thy Lord and King,
Israel's HOLY ONE is He!
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing,
Great is He, and dwells in thee.
O the grace unsearchable!
While eternal ages roll,
God delights in man to dwell,
Soul of each believing soul!

HYMN 198. [4 *lines*, 10's & 11's.]

1 O WHAT shall I do My Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver, So good to redeem,
The weakest believer That hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man Whose heart is set free,
The people that can Be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in The light of thy face;
And still they are talking Of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy name;
They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim:
Thy righteousness wearing, And cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in The presence of God.

4 For thou art their boast, Their glory and pow'r;
And I also trust To see the glad hour,

My soul's new creation, A life from the dead,
The day of salvation, That lifts up my head.

5 For Jesus, my Lord, Is now my defence;
I trust in his word, None plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favour, He all things will do;
My King and my Saviour Shall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I shall see The bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me Shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness Of all that believe.

HYMN 199. [4 *lines*, 10's & 11's.]

1 O Heavenly King, Look down from above;
Assist us to sing Thy mercy and love:
So sweetly o'erflowing, So plenteous the store,
Thou still art bestowing, And giving us more.

2 O God of our life, We hallow thy Name;
Our business and strife Is thee to proclaim;
Accept our thanksgiving For creating grace;
The living, the living Shall show forth thy praise.

3 Our Father and Lord, Almighty art Thou;
Preserv'd by thy word, We worship thee now,
The bountiful Donor Of all we enjoy!
Our tongues to thine honour, And lives we employ.

4 But O! above all, Thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall Which saves the lost race;
Thy Son thou hast given The world to redeem,
And bring us to heaven, Whose trust is in him.

5 Wherefore of thy love We sing and rejoice;
With angels above We lift up our voice:
Thy love each believer Shall gladly adore,
For ever and ever, When time is no more.

HYMN 200. [4 *lines*, 10's & 11's.]

1 MY Father, my God, I long for thy love;
O shed it abroad; Send Christ from above!
My heart, ever fainting, He only can cheer;
And all things are wanting, Till Jesus is here.

2 O when shall my tongue Be fill'd with thy praise!
While all the day long I publish thy grace,
Thy honour and glory To sinners forth show,
Till sinners adore thee, And own thou art true.

3 Thy strength and thy power I now can proclaim,
Preserv'd every hour Through Jesus's Name;
For thou art still by me, And holdest my hand;
No ill can come nigh me, By faith while I stand.

4 My God is my guide: Thy mercies abound;
On every side They compass me round:
Thou sav'st me from sickness, From sin dost retrieve,
And strengthen'st my weakness, And bidd'st me believe.

5 Thou holdest my soul In spiritual life,
My foes dost control, And quiet their strife;
Thou rulest my passion, My pride and self-will;
To see thy salvation, Thou bidd'st me "stand still!"

6 I stand, and admire Thine out-stretched arm;
I walk through the fire, And suffer no harm;
Assaulted by evil, I scorn to submit;
The world and the devil Fall under my feet.

7 I wrestle not now, But trample on sin,
For with me art thou, And shalt be within;
While stronger and stronger In Jesus's power,
I go on to conquer, Till sin is no more.

HYMN 201. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caus'd his pain?
For me, who him to death pursu'd?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That thou, my God, should'st die for me!

2 'Tis mystery all! The' Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design!
In vain the first-born Seraph tries
To sound the depths of Love Divine!
'Tis mercy all; let earth adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out *me!*

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffus'd a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flam'd with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And cloth'd in righteousness divine,

Bold I approach the' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

HYMN 202. [4 *lines* 6's, & 2-8's.]

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry!

HYMN 203. [L. M.]

1 GLORY to God, whose sovereign grace
Hath animated senseless stones;
Call'd us to stand before his face,
And rais'd us into Abraham's sons!

2 The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel-day,
In Jesu's lovely face display'd.

3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bar'd thine arm in all our sight;
Hast made the reprobates thine own,
And claim'd the outcasts as thy right.

4 Thy single arm, Almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought,
Thy Word, thy all-creating Word,
That spake at first the world from nought.

5 For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice,—
We raise the happiness of heaven.

6 For this, (no longer sons of night,)
To thee our thankful hearts we give;
To thee, who call'dst us into light,
To thee we die, to thee we live.

7 Suffice that, for the season past,
Hell's horrid language fill'd our tongues;
We all thy words behind us cast,
And lewdly sang the drunkard's songs.

8 But, O the power of grace divine!
In hymns we now our voices raise,

Loudly in strange hosannas join,
And blasphemies are turned to praise!

HYMN 204. [4 *lines* 8's, *&* 2-6's.]

I will sing with the Spirit, &c. 1 Cor. xiv. 15.

1 JESUS, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart!

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,—
THY glory, not our own:
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,
O let it never more steal in,
To' offend thy glorious eyes;
To desecrate our hallow'd strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice!

4 To magnify thy awful name,
To spread the honours of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise;
Our souls' and bodies' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise.

5 Still let us on our guard be found,
And watch against the power of sound,
With sacred jealousy;
Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,
And music's charms bewitch and steal
Our hearts away from thee.

6 That hurrying strife far off remove,
That noisy burst of selfish love,
Which swells the formal song;
The joy from out our hearts arise,
And speak and sparkle in our eyes,
And vibrate on our tongue.

7 Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join with one accord
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing name.

8 With calmly-reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above!

HYMN 205.

1 MY God, I am thine, What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb Thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of his name.

2 True pleasures abound In the rapturous sound;
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found:
My Jesus to know, And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste To the heavenly feast:
That, that is the fulness; but this is the taste!
And this I shall prove, Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

HYMN 206. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 WHAT am I, O thou glorious God!
And what my father's house to thee,
That thou such mercies hast bestow'd
On me, the vilest reptile, me!
I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at thy boundless love.

2 Me in my blood thy love pass'd by,
And stopp'd, my ruin to retrieve;
Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye;
Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded, "Live!"
Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
And pardon in thy mercy found.

3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,
I render to my pardoning God;
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving name abroad;
That only name to sinners given,
Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

4 Jesus, I bless thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts thy Name:
Thy Name let every soul adore,
Thy power let every tongue proclaim;
Thy grace let every sinner know,
And find with me their heaven below!

HYMN 207. [*All* 7's.]

1 JESUS is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is:
By his death to life restor'd,
Misery we exchange for bliss;
Bliss to carnal minds unknown:
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers shown,
Glorious and unspeakable!

2 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
Shows us his eternal love:
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above.
Let us walk with him in white,
For our bridal day prepare,
For our partnership in light,
For our glorious meeting there!

HYMN 208. [C. M.]

1 COME, let us, who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise;
To him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love!

HYMN 209. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine:
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy Name.

2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;

Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with thy dear Name, are given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil; my ease in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death; my heaven in hell.

HYMN 210. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain!
Asham'd I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I stray'd;
I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd;
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread;
Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd:
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shin'd;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light!

6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite!

7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile,—thy sceptre, or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day!

HYMN 211. [4 *lines*, 10's & 11's.]

1 LET all men rejoice, By Jesus restor'd:
We lift up our voice, And call him our Lord:
His joy is to bless us, And free us from thrall;
From all that oppress us, He rescues us all.

2 Him Prophet, and King, And Priest we proclaim;
We triumph and sing Of Jesus's Name:
Poor idiots he teaches To show forth his praise,
And tell of the riches Of Jesus's grace.

3 No matter how dull The scholar whom He
Takes into his school, And gives him to see;
A wonderful fashion Of teaching he hath,
And wise to salvation He makes us thro' faith.

4 The way-faring men, Though fools, shall not
stray,
His method so plain, So easy the way:
The simplest believer His promise may prove,
And drink of the river Of Jesus's love.

5 Poor outcasts of men, Whose souls were despis'd,
And left with disdain, By Jesus are priz'd;
His gracious creation In us he makes known,
And brings us salvation, And call us his own.

HYMN 212. [*All* 10's.]

1 MY brethren belov'd, Your calling ye see;
In Jesus approv'd, No goodness have we;
No riches or merit, No wisdom or might:
But all things inherit Through Jesus's right:

2 Yet not many wise His summons obey;
And great ones despise So vulgar a way; [own,
And strong ones will never Their helplessness
Or stoop to find favour Through mercy alone.

3 And therefore our God The outcasts hast chose,
His righteousness show'd To Heathens like us:
When wise ones rejected His offers of grace,
His goodness elected The foolish and base.

4 To baffle the wise, And noble, and strong,
He bade us arise, An impotent throng;
Poor ignorant wretches, We gladly embrace
A Prophet who teaches Salvation by grace.

5 The things that were not, His mercy bids live;
His mercy unbought We freely receive;
His gracious compassion We thankfully prove,
And all our salvation Ascribe to his love.

* HYMN 213. [C. M.]

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 214. [C. M.]

1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love!

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice!

My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee!

HYMN 215. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 GLORIOUS Saviour of my soul,
I lift it up to thee;
Thou hast made the sinner whole,
Hast set the captive free!
Thou my debt of death hast paid;
Thou hast rais'd me from my fall;
Thou hast full atonement made:
My Saviour died for all.

2 What could my Redeemer move
To leave his Father's breast?
Pity drew him from above,
And would not let him rest:
Swift to succour sinking man,
Sinking into endless woe,
Jesus to our rescue ran,
And God appear'd below.

3 God, in this dark vale of tears,
A man of griefs was seen:
Here for three and thirty years
He dwelt with sinful men.
Did they know the Deity?
Did they own him, who he was?
See the Friend of Sinners, see!
He hangs on yonder cross!

4 Yet thy wrath I cannot fear,
Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb!
By thy judgment I am clear;
Heal'd by thy stripes I am:
Thou for me a curse wast made,
That I might in thee be blest;
Thou hast my full ransom paid,
And in thy wounds I rest.

HYMN 216. [C. M.]

1 INFINITE, unexhausted Love!
(Jesus and Love are one:)
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrain'd to none.

2 What shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace?

3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfin'd;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.

4 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity!
So wide, it never pass'd by one,
Or it had pass'd by me.

5 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise!

6 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel-tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

7 Deeper than hell, it pluck'd me thence;
Deeper than inbred sin,

Jesus's love my heart shall cleanse,
When Jesus enters in.

8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne!

9 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above:
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

HYMN 217. [C. M.]

1 JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Oppress'd by sins, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On thee alone my constant mind
Is every moment stay'd.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summon'd to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

HYMN 218. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze:
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:

O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strong-holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesu's word is glorified:
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his Love!

HYMN 219. [5's & 11's]

1 ALL thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the least of his servants, his savour of grace.
Who the victory gave,
The praise let him have,
For the work he hath done:
All honour and glory to Jesus alone!

2 Our conquering Lord
Hath prosper'd his word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.
His arm he hath bar'd,
And a people prepar'd
His glory to show,
And witness the power of his passion below.

3 He hath open'd a door
To the penitent poor,
And rescu'd from sin,
And admitted the harlots and publicans in.
They have heard the glad sound;
They have liberty found,
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.

4 And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to thee!
Thou, Jesus, hast bless'd,
And believers increas'd,
Who thankfully own,
We are freely forgiven through mercy alone.

5 His Spirit revives
His work in our lives,
His wonders of grace,
So mightily wrought in the primitive days.
O that all men might know
His tokens below,
Our Saviour confess,
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace!

6 Thou Saviour of all,
Effectually call

The sinners that stray;
And, O, let a nation be born in a day!
Thy sign let them see,
And flow unto thee
For the oil and the wine,
For the blissful assurance of favour divine!

7 Our heathenish land
Beneath thy command
In mercy receive;
And make us a pattern to all that believe:
Then, then let it spread,
Thy knowledge and dread,
Till the earth is o'erflow'd,
And the universe fill'd with the glory of God!

HYMN 220. [8 *lines* 8's.]

1 ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restor'd!
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace!

2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was open'd on earth:
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of peace.

3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
Again in thy Spirit descend,
And set up, in each of thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end!

Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come then to thy servants again,
Who long thy appearing to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below:
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er;
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarum of war
Shall break our eternal repose;
No sound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows:
Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
We all shall in amity join;
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a passion like thine.

HYMN 221. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of Truth and Grace:
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine!

2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease:

Angels and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelm'd before thy throne!

3 Vying with that happy choir,
Who chaunt thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love:
Thee *they* sing with glory crown'd;
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

HYMN 222. [6 *lines*, 4-8's & 2-6's.]

1 HOW happy, gracious Lord! are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are,
Betwixt the mount and multitude:
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No period lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimprov'd, below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise:
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers,
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chaunt thy Name on high,
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
(A bright harmonious throng!)
We long thy praises to repeat,
And restless sing, around thy seat,
The new, eternal song.

HYMN 223. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 WHEN Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppressor's land,
Supported by the great I AM,
Safe in the hollow of his hand,
The Lord in Israel reign'd alone,
And Judah was his favourite throne.

2 The sea beheld his power, and fled,
Disparted by the wondrous rod;
Jordan ran backward to its head,
And Sinai felt the' incumbent God;
The mountains skipp'd like frighted rams,
The hills leap'd after them as lambs!

3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea?
What horror turn'd the river back?
Was nature's God displeas'd with thee?
And why should hills or mountains shake?
Ye mountains huge, that skipp'd like rams?
Ye hills, that leap'd as frighted lambs?

4 Earth! tremble on, with all thy sons,
In presence of thy awful Lord,
Whose power inverted nature owns;
Her only law his sovereign word:

He shakes the centre with his rod,
And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.

5 Creation, varied by his hand,
The' omnipotent Jehovah knows;
The sea is turn'd to solid land,
The rock into a fountain flows;
And all things, as they change, proclaim
The Lord eternally the same.

HYMN 224. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the' opprest, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath!
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

HYMN 225. [L. M.]

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky:
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn:
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

HYMN 226. [C. M.]

1 ETERNAL Wisdom! Thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run:
There, the pale planet rules the night;
The day obeys the sun.

4 If down I turn my wondering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.

5 The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host.

7 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around;
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

8 Lo! here thy wondrous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green;
A thousand herbs thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.

9 There the rough mountains of the deep
Obey thy strong command:
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

11 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through thy works abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

12 But the mild glories of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesu's face
We see, adore, and love!

HYMN 227. [L. M.]

1 HOW do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name ador'd;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led:
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepar'd
For me, whom watchful angels keep:
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smoothes my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears be gone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the' Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity:
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

* HYMN 228. [8 *lines* 8's.]

1 THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart;
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

HYMN 229. [4 *lines* 6's, & 2-8's.]

1 GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise!
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,

From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings, came;
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live!
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My soul, and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven;
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven;
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.

6 Then, when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive thy favour'd son,
In death's triumphant hour;
Like Moses to thyself convey,
And kiss my raptur'd soul away.

HYMN 230. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 FOUNTAIN of life and all my joy,
Jesus, thy mercies I embrace;
The breath thou giv'st, for thee employ,
And wait to taste thy perfect grace;
No more forsaken and forlorn,
I bless the day that I was born.

2 Preserv'd, through faith, by power divine,
A miracle of grace I stand!
I prove the strength of Jesus mine!
Jesus, upheld by thy right hand,
Though in the flesh I feel the thorn,
I bless the day that I was born.

3 Weary of life, through inbred sin,
I was, but now defy its power;
When as a flood the foe comes in,
My soul is more than conqueror;
I tread him down with holy scorn,
And bless the day that I was born.

4 Come, Lord, and make me pure within,
And let me now be fill'd with God!
Live to declare I'm sav'd from sin:
And if I seal the truth with blood,
My soul, from out the body torn,
Shall bless the day that I was born!

HYMN 231.

1 AWAY with our fears! The glad morning appears
When an heir of salvation was born!
From Jehovah I came, For his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.

2 Thee, Jesus, alone, The fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here;
And cheerfully sing My Redeemer and King,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice In thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below;
If of parents I came Who honour'd thy name,
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace, From my earliest days
Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto thou hast been My preserver from sin,
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares, And temptations, and snares,
Thy hand hath conducted me through!
O the blessings bestow'd By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new!

6 What a mercy is this, What a heaven of bliss,
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gather'd into the fold, With thy people enroll'd,
With thy people to live and to die!

7 O the goodness of God, Employing a clod
His tribute of glory to raise!
His standard to bear, And with triumph declare
His unspeakable riches of grace!

8 O the fathomless love, That has deign'd to approve
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook I went over the brook,
And, behold, I am spread into bands!

9 Who, I ask in amaze, Hath begotten me these?
And inquire, from what quarter they came?
My full heart it replies, They are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

10 All honour and praise To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son, I return!
The business pursue, He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

11 In a rapture of joy My life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim;
'Tis worth living for this, To administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name.

12 My remnant of days I spend in his praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few, My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him.

HYMN 232. [4 *lines* 6's, & 2-8's.]

1 YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky;
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name!
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
All excellencies meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall for ever sit:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs;
Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth or heaven!
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

HYMN 233. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 HAPPY man whom God doth aid!
God our souls and bodies made;
God on us, in gracious showers,
Blessings every moment pours;
Compasses with angel-bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands;
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestow'd;
Life, and all, descend from God.

2 He this flowery carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread;
God refreshes in the air;
Covers with the clothes we wear;
Feeds us with the food we eat;
Cheers us by his light and heat;
Makes his sun on us to shine;
All our blessings are divine!

3 Give him then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive!
Man we for his kindness love;
How much more our God above!
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honour'd and ador'd:
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise!

HYMN 234. [L. M.]

1 LET all that breathe Jehovah praise,
Almighty, all-creating Lord!
Let earth and heaven his power confess,
Brought out of nothing by his Word.

2 He spake the word, and it was done!
The universe his Word obey'd;
His Word is his eternal Son,
And Christ the whole creation made.

3 Jesus, the Lord and God most high,
Maker of all mankind and me!
Me thou hast made to glorify,
To know, and love, and live to thee.

4 Wherefore to thee my heart I give,
(But thou must first bestow the power,)
And if for thee on earth I live,
Thee I shall soon in heaven adore.

HYMN 235. [L. M.]

The Lord's Prayer.

FIRST PART.

1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Call'd forth this universal frame!
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same;
Thou by thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is show'd;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

2 In heav'n thou reign'st enthron'd in light,
Nature's expanse beneath thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid!
Wisdom, and might, and love, are thine;
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.

3 Thee sovereign Lord let all confess,
That moves in earth, or air, or sky;
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
Tremble before thy piercing eye:
All ye, who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ:
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth;
And shout, ye morning-stars, for joy.

HYMN 236. [L. M.]

SECOND PART.

1 SON of thy Sire's eternal love,
Take to thyself thy mighty power,
Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,
Let all thy bleeding grace adore:
The triumphs of thy love display;
In every heart reign thou alone,
Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
And glory ends what grace begun.

2 Spirit of grace, and health, and power,
Fountain of light and love below;
Abroad thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow:
Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth, to do thy will.

3 Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry:
On thee we cast our care; we live
Thro' thee, who know'st our every need;
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread!

HYMN 237. [L. M.]

THIRD PART.

1 ETERNAL, spotless Lamb of God,
Before the world's foundation slain!
Sprinkle us ever with thy blood;
O cleanse, and keep us ever clean!
To every soul (all praise to thee!)
Our bowels of compassion move;
And all mankind by this may see
God is in us; for God is love.

2 Giver and Lord of life, whose power
And guardian care for all are free,
To thee in fierce temptation's hour,
From sin and Satan let us flee:
Thine, Lord, we are, and ours thou art,
In us be all thy goodness show'd;
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart
With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

3 Blessing and honour, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below, and heaven above,
By all thy works, be paid to thee!
Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

HYMN 238. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 MEET and right it is to praise
God, the Giver of all grace,
God, whose mercies are bestow'd
On the evil and the good:
He prevents his creatures' call,
Kind and merciful to all;
Makes his sun on sinners rise;
Showers his blessings from the skies.

2 Least of all thy creatures, we
Daily thy salvation see;
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led;
Through a wilderness of cares;
Through ten thousand thousand snares,
More than now our hearts conceive,
More than we could know, and live!

3 By our bosom-foe beset,
Taken in the fowler's net,
Passion's unresisting prey,
Oft within the toils we lay:
Sleeping on the brink of sin,
Tophet gap'd to take us in;
Mercy to our rescue flew,
Broke the snare, and brought us through.

4 Here, as in the lion's den,
Undevour'd we still remain;
Pass secure the watery flood,
Hanging on the arm of God:
Here we raise our voices higher,
Shout in the refiner's fire;
Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesu's name.

HYMN 239. [C. M.]

1 HAIL! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, in Persons Three!
Of Thee we make our joyful boast,
Our songs we make of Thee.

2 Thou neither can'st be felt nor seen;
Thou art a Spirit pure;
Thou from eternity hast been,
And always shalt endure.

3 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore;
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

4 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

5 Whate'er thou wilt, in earth below
Thou dost, in heaven above:
But chiefly we rejoice to know
The' almighty God of Love.

6 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters display'd
Throughout our universe.

7 Mercy, with love, and endless grace,
O'er all thy works doth reign;
But mostly thou delight'st to bless
Thy favourite creature Man.

8 Wherefore, let every creature give
To thee the praise design'd:
But, chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind.

HYMN 240. [L. M.]

On the Attributes of God.

FIRST PART.

1 O GOD, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! What words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?
Unfathomable depths thou art;
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart;
With love embrace and cover me!
While thee, all-infinite, I set
By faith before my ravish'd eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight;
O'erpower'd I sink, I faint, I die!

2 Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast ere time began his race,
Ere glow'd with stars the' ethereal blue.
Greatness unspeakable is thine,
Greatness, whose undiminish'd ray,
When short-liv'd worlds are lost, shall shine,
When earth and heaven are fled away.
Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is from thee!

3 Thy parent-hand, thy forming skill,
Firm fix'd this universal chain;
Else empty barren darkness still
Had held his unmolested reign.
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns or meets the wandering thought,
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought!
High is thy power above all height;
Whate'er thy will decrees is done:
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!

4 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway:
Vain man! thy wisdom folly own,
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.
What our dim eye could never see,
Is plain and naked to thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning-light.

In light thou dwell'st; light that no shade,
No variation, ever knew;
Heaven, earth, and hell, stand all display'd,
And open to thy piercing view.

HYMN 241. [L. M.]

SECOND PART.

1 THOU, true and only God, lead'st forth
The' immortal armies of the sky;
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth;
Thou thunderest, and amaz'd they fly!
With downcast eye the' angelic choir
Appear before thy awful face;
Trembling they strike the golden lyre,
And thro' heaven's vault resound thy praise.
In earth, in heaven, in all thou art;
The conscious creature feels thy nod,
Whose forming hand on every part
Impress'd the image of its God.

2 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone!
Justice and truth before thee stand:
Yet, nearer to thy sacred throne,
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.
Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;
Thy waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace!
To thy benign indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of Being, flow.

3 Parent of Good, thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distils,
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.
All things in thee live, move, and are;
Thy power infus'd doth all sustain;
Even those thy daily favours share,
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.
Thy sun thou bidd'st his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour;
To all, who hate or bless thy sway,
Thou bidd'st descend the fruitful shower.

4 Yet while, at length, who scorn'd thy might
Shall feel thee a consuming fire,
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
Of those who to thy love aspire!
All creatures praise the' eternal Name!
Ye hosts that to his court belong,
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,
Awake the everlasting song!
Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

HYMN 242. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 GLORIOUS God, accept a heart
That pants to sing thy praise:
Thou without beginning art,
And without end of days;
Thou a Spirit invisible,
Dost to none thy fulness show;

None thy Majesty can tell,
Or all thy Godhead know.

2 All thine attributes we own,
Thy wisdom, power, and might:
Happy in thyself alone,
In goodness infinite,
Thou thy goodness hast display'd,
On thine every work imprest,
Lov'st whate'er thy hands have made;
But man thou lov'st the best.

3 Willing thou that all should know
Thy saving truth, and live,
Dost to each, or bliss or woe,
With strictest justice give:
Thou with perfect righteousness
Renderest every man his due;
Faithful in thy promises,
And in thy threat'nings too.

4 Thou art merciful to all
Who truly turn to thee!
Hear me then for pardon call,
And show thy grace to me:
Me, through mercy reconcil'd,
Me, for Jesu's sake forgiven,
Me receive, thy favour'd child,
To sing thy praise in heaven.

HYMN 243. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 THOU, my God, art good and wise,
And infinite in power:
Thee let all in earth and skies
Continually adore!

Give me thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove,
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, and clothes, and food,
And every comfort here,
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank, with heart sincere;
For the blessings numberless,
Which thou hast already given;
For thy smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven.

3 Gracious God, my sins forgive,
And thy good Spirit impart!
Then I shall in thee believe,
With all my loving heart:
Always unto Jesus look,
Him in heavenly glory see,
Who my cause hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4 Grace, in answer to his prayer,
And every grace bestow,
That I may with zealous care
Perform thy will below:
Rooted in humility,
Still in every state resign'd,
Plant, almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

5 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
With self-abasing shame
Still I would myself despise,
And magnify thy name:

Thee let every creature bless;
Praise to God alone be given:
God alone deserves the praise
Of all in earth and heaven.

HYMN 244. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 THOU, the great, eternal God,
Art high above our thought!
Worthy to be fear'd, ador'd,
By all thy hands have wrought:
None can with thyself compare;
Thy glory fills both earth and sky;
We, and all thy creatures, are
As nothing in thine eye.

2 Of thy great unbounded power
To thee the praise we give,—
Infinitely great, and more
Than heart can e'er conceive:
When thou wilt to work proceed,
Thy purpose firm none can withstand,
Frustrate the determin'd deed,
Or stay the' Almighty Hand.

3 Thou, O God, art wise alone;
Thy counsel doth excel;
Wonderful thy works we own,
Thy ways unsearchable:
Who can sound the mystery,
Thy judgments' deep abyss explain,
Thine, whose eyes in darkness see,
And search the heart of man!

HYMN 245. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 GOOD thou art, and good thou dost;
Thy mercies reach to all,

Chiefly those who on thee trust,
And for thy mercy call:
New they every morning are;
As fathers when their children cry,
Us thou dost in pity spare,
And all our wants supply.

2 Mercy o'er thy works presides;
Thy providence display'd
Still preserves, and still provides
For all thy hands have made;
Keeps, with most distinguish'd care,
The man who on thy love depends;
Watches every number'd hair,
And all his steps attends.

3 Who can sound the depths unknown
Of thy redeeming grace?
Grace, that gave thine only Son
To save a ruin'd race!
Millions of transgressors poor
Thou hast for Jesu's sake forgiven;
Made them of thy favour sure,
And snatch'd from hell to heaven.

4 Millions more thou ready art
To save, and to forgive!
Every soul and every heart
Of man thou would'st receive:
Father, now accept of mine,
Which now, thro' Christ, I offer thee;
Tell me now, in love divine,
That thou hast pardon'd me!

HYMN 246. [L. M.]

1 MY soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Sav'd from the second death I feel,
My eyes from tears of dark despair,
My feet from falling into hell.

2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run;
My eyes on his perfections gaze;
My soul shall live for God alone;
And all within me shout his praise.

HYMN 247. [L. M.]

1 HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holiness is all thy own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop deriv'd from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own
Holy and pure is God alone!

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts ador'd;
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty:

4 Thy power unparallel'd confess,
Establish'd on the Rock of Peace;
The Rock that never shall remove,
The Rock of pure, almighty Love!

HYMN 248. [C. M.]

1 BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King!
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

2 By thee the victory is given;
The majesty divine,
And strength, and might, and earth, and heaven,
And all therein, are thine.

3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain,
And, high on thine eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.

4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost, and honour, give;
And Kings their power and dignity
Out of thy hand receive.

5 Thou hast on us the grace bestow'd
Thy greatness to proclaim;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name.

6 Thy glorious name and nature's powers
Thou dost to us make known;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through thy incarnate Son.

HYMN 249. [C. M.]

1 GREAT God! to me the sight afford,
To him of old allow'd;
And let my faith behold its Lord
Descending in a cloud.

2 In that revealing Spirit come down,
Thine attributes proclaim,
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of thy name.

3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be!
Fountain of being, and of power,
And great in majesty.

4 The Lord, the mighty God, thou art;
But let me rather prove
That name in-spoken to my heart,
That favourite name of Love.

5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast;
Mercy is thy distinguish'd name,
Which suits a sinner best.

6 Our misery doth for pity call,
Our sin implores thy grace;
And thou art merciful to all
Our lost apostate race.

HYMN 250. [C. M.]

1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are!
A Rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure.

HYMN 251. [C. M.]

1 FATHER of me, and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love:

2 To know thy nature, and thy name,
One God in Persons Three;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.

3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man:
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.

4 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin,
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in:

5 The kingdom of establish'd peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of Godliness,
The' omnipotence of Love.

HYMN 252. [C. M.]

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost
By all mankind and me!

2 Thy favour, and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine!

4 Light in thy light O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived, and cheer'd, and bless'd by thee,
The God of pardoning love!

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconcil'd!

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven!

* HYMN 253. [S. M.]

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.

2 Let all the angel-throng
Give thanks to God on high;
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.

3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

4 The grace to sinners show'd,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, " Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

5 Spirit of Holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thine heart-renewing power.

6 Not angel-tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight!

7 Eternal, Triune Lord!
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record
And dwell upon thy love.

8 When heaven and earth are fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints thy love hath made
Thine everlasting praise!

HYMN 254. [L. M.]

1 THE day of Christ, the day of God,
We humbly hope with joy to see,
Wash'd in the sanctifying blood
Of an expiring Deity.

2 Who did for us his life resign,
There is no other God but One,
For all the plenitude divine
Resides in the eternal Son.

3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,
O may we to his day remain,
Who trust the blood of God to cleanse
Our souls from every sinful stain!

4 Lord, we believe the promise sure;
The purchas'd Comforter impart;
Apply thy blood to make us pure,
To keep us pure, in life and heart!

5 Then let us see that day supreme,
When none thy Godhead shall deny,
Thy Sovereign Majesty blaspheme,
Or count thee less than the Most High:

6 When all who on their God believe,
Who here thy last appearing love,
Shall thy consummate joy receive,
And see thy glorious face above.

HYMN 255. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 SPIRIT of Truth, essential God,
Who didst thy ancient saints inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their hallow'd lips with fire;
Our God from all eternity,
World without end, we worship thee.

2 Still we believe, Almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
The meaning of the written word
Is by thy inspiration given:
Thou only dost thyself explain
The secret mind of God to man.

3 Come, then, Divine Interpreter,
The Scriptures to our hearts apply;
And, taught by thee, we God revere,
Him in Three Persons magnify;
In each the Triune God adore,
Who was, and is for evermore.

HYMN 256. [C. M.]

1 HAIL! Father, Son, and Spirit great,
Before the birth of time
Enthron'd in everlasting state,
JEHOVAH, ELOHIM!

2 A mystical plurality
We in the Godhead own,
Adoring One in Persons Three,
And Three in Nature One.

3 From thee our being we receive,
The creatures of thy grace;
And, rais'd out of the earth, we live
To sing our Maker's praise.

4 Thy powerful, wise, and loving mind
Did our creation plan;
And all the glorious Persons join'd
To form thy favourite, Man.

5 Again thou didst, in council met,
Thy ruin'd work restore,
Establish'd in our first estate,
To forfeit it no more.

6 And when we rise in love renew'd,
Our souls resemble thee,
An image of the Triune God,
To all eternity.

* HYMN 257. [4 *lines* 7's.]

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky:
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-belov'd of heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad, thine attributes confess
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love.

4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou!
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away!

6 Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us with thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou!

7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone
Art with thy great Father one:
One the Holy Ghost with thee;
One supreme, eternal THREE.

HYMN 258. [C. M.]

1 JEHOVAH, God the Father, bless,
And thy own work defend!
With mercy's outstretch'd arms embrace,
And keep us to the end!

2 Preserve the creatures of thy love;
By providential care
Conducted to the realms above,
To sing thy goodness there.

3 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of thy face!
And all thy pardon'd people fill
With plenitude of grace!

4 Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone;
And lifts us up, thy face to see
On thy eternal throne.

5 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show!
With bliss ineffable, divine,
Our ravish'd hearts o'erflow.

6 Sure earnest of that happiness,
Which human hope transcends,
Be thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends!

HYMN 259. [C. M.]

1 HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom one in Three we know;
By all thy heavenly host ador'd,
By all thy church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, Holy Father, we confess;
Thee, Holy Son, adore;
Thee, Spirit of Truth and Holiness,
We worship evermore.

4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God! receive,
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied, give.

5 Three Persons equally divine
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs ere long shall join,
To sing thy praise above.

6 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be,)
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three!

HYMN 260. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father, and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give:
Mix'd with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord Most High,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.

2 One, inexplicably Three,
One, in simplest Unity,
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us, thy lisping creatures, hear!
Thee while man, the earth-born, sings,
Angels shrink within their wings;
Prostrate Seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.

3 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest!
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity!

Fain with them our souls would vie;
Sink as low, and mount as high;
Fall o'erwhelm'd with love, or soar;
Shout, or silently adore!

HYMN 261. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom one all-perfect God we own,
Restorer of thine image lost,
Thy various offices make known;
Display, our fallen souls to raise,
Thy whole economy of grace.

2 Jehovah in three Persons, come,
And draw, and sprinkle us, and seal,
Poor, guilty, dying worms, in whom
Thou dost eternal life reveal;
The knowledge of thyself bestow,
And all thy glorious goodness show.

3 Soon as our pardon'd hearts believe
That thou art pure, essential love,
The proof we in ourselves receive
Of the Three Witnesses above;
Sure, as the saints around thy throne,
That Father, Word, and Spirit, are One.

4 O that we now, in love renew'd,
Might blameless in thy sight appear;
Wake we in thy similitude,
Stamp'd with the Triune character:
Flesh, spirit, soul, to thee resign;
And live and die entirely thine!

HYMN 262. [C. M.]

1 A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite;
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright:

2 To praise a Trinity ador'd
By all the hosts above;
And one thrice-holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

3 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The triune God of Holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky:

4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

5 By faith the upper choir we meet;
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah, on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.

6 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our nobler strain;
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man!

7 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze
On us, poor ransom'd worms, look down,
For heaven's superior praise.

8 The King, whose glorious face ye see,
For us his crown resign'd;
That fulness of the Deity,
He died for all mankind!

* HYMN 263. [C. M.]

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains!
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O! may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 264. [S. M.]

1 O ALL-CREATING God!
At whose supreme decree
Our body rose, a breathing clod,
Our souls sprang forth from thee;

2 For this thou hast design'd,
And form'd us man for this,
To know and love thyself, and find
In thee our endless bliss.

SECTION II.

For Believers Fighting.

HYMN 265. [S. M.]

1 O MAY thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm!

2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven!

HYMN 266. [S. M.]

FIRST PART.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The Panoply of God:

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts pass'd,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array:
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day:
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head.

HYMN 267. [S. M.]

SECOND PART.

1 BUT, above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repell'd his every fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesu's blood.

2 Jesus hath died for you!
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to him is given:

Believe, till freed from sin's remains;
Believe yourselves to heaven!

3 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.
Ready for all alarms,
Steadfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
And use your every grace.

4 Pray, without ceasing pray;
Your Captain gives the word;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing pray!

HYMN 268. [S. M.]

THIRD PART.

1 IN fellowship, alone,
To God with faith draw near:
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the powers of prayer:
Go to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move;
Let every house his worship know,
And every heart his love.

2 To God your spirits dart;
Your souls in words declare;
Or groan, to him who reads the heart,
The' unutterable prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

3 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees;
And spread your heart and hands abroad,
And pray for Sion's peace:
Your guides and brethren bear
For ever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
In grasping all mankind.
4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, "Come;"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

HYMN 269. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 SURROUNDED by a host of foes,
Storm'd by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to' oppose,
Single against hell, earth, and sin,
Single, yet undismay'd, I am;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.
2 What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake?
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back;
Portray'd it bears a bleeding Lamb;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.
3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God from heaven he came;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.
4 Salvation in his name there is;
Salvation from sin, death, and hell;

Salvation into glorious bliss;
How great salvation, who can tell?
But all he hath for mine I claim;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

HYMN 270. [S. M.]

1 EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright;
Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

2 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb! which was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity:
With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

3 O do not let me trust
In any arm but thine!
Humble, O humble to the dust,
This stubborn soul of mine!
A feeble thing of nought,
With lowly shame I own,
The help which upon earth is wrought,
Thou dost it all alone.

4 O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.
O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;

To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love!

HYMN 271. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 O ALMIGHTY God of Love,
Thy holy arm display;
Send me succour from above,
In this my evil day:
Arm my weakness with thy power,
Woman's Seed, appear within;
Be my Safeguard and my Tower
Against the face of sin!

2 Could I of thy strength take hold,
And always feel thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
My soul would scorn to fear:
Nothing should my firmness shock;
Though the gates of hell assail,
Were I built upon the Rock,
They never could prevail.

3 Rock of my salvation, haste,
Extend thy ample shade;
Let it over me be cast,
And screen my naked head:
Save me from the trying hour;
Thou my sure protection be;
Shelter me from Satan's power,
Till I am fix'd on Thee!

4 Set upon thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand;
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with thy hand:
Let me in the cleft be plac'd,
Never from my fence remove;
In thine arms of love embrac'd,
Of everlasting love!

HYMN 272. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 PEACE! doubting heart; my God's I am!
Who form'd me man, forbids my fear:
The Lord hath call'd me by my name;
The Lord protects for ever near;
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.

2 When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith his promis'd aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there!

3 To him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play;
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand!
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thy arms my sure defence:
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

5 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
(Good as thou art, and strong to save,)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave,
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.

6 When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
When high the storms of passion rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,

My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, "Peace; be still!"

7 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt on snares and death I'll tread;
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head,
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsum'd, in fire.

HYMN 273. [4 *lines*, 10's & 11's.]

1 OMNIPOTENT Lord, My Saviour and King,
Thy succour afford, Thy righteousness bring:
Thy promises bind thee Compassion to have;
Now, now let me find thee Almighty to save!

2 Rejoicing in hope, And patient in grief,
To thee I look up For certain relief;
I fear no denial, No danger I fear,
Nor start from the trial, While Jesus is near.

3 I every hour In jeopardy stand;
But thou art my power, And holdest my hand:
While yet I am calling, Thy succour I feel;
It saves me from falling, Or plucks me from hell.

4 O who can explain This struggle for life!
This travail and pain, This trembling and strife!
Plague, earthquake, and famine, And tumult, and war,
The wonderful coming Of Jesus declare!

5 For every fight Is dreadful and loud!
The warrior's delight Is slaughter and blood,
His foes overturning, Till all shall expire,—
But this is with burning, And fuel of fire.

6 Yet God is above Men, devils, and sin;
My Jesus's love The battle shall win:
So terribly glorious His coming shall be,
His love all-victorious Shall conquer for me.

7 He all shall break through; His truth and his grace
Shall bring me into The plentiful place,
Through much tribulation, Through water and fire,
Through floods of temptation, And flames of desire.

8 On Jesus, my power, Till then I rely;
All evil before His presence shall fly:
When I have my Saviour, My sin shall depart,
And Jesus for ever Shall reign in my heart.

HYMN 274. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 O MY old, my bosom-foe,
Rejoice not over me!
Oft-times thou hast laid me low,
And wounded mortally;
Yet thy prey thou could'st not keep;
Jesus, when I lowest fell,
Heard me cry out of the deep,
And brought me up from hell.

2 Foolish world, thy shouts forbear,
Till thou hast won the day;
Could thy wisdom keep me there,
When in thy hands I lay?
If my heart to thee incline,
Christ again shall set it free!
I am his, and he is mine
To all eternity.

3 Satan, cease thy empty boast,
And give thy triumphs o'er;
Still thou see'st I am not lost,
While Jesus can restore:
Though through thy deceit I fall,
Surely I shall rise again:
Christ my King is over all,
And I with him shall reign.

4 O my three-fold enemy!
To whom I long did bow,
See your lawful captive, see,
No more your captive now!
Now before my face ye fly;
More than conqueror now I am;
Sin, the world, and hell defy,
In Jesu's powerful name.

HYMN 275. [C. M.]

1 THE Lord unto my Lord hath said,
"Sit thou, in glory sit,
Till I thine enemies have made
To bow beneath thy feet."
2 Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
What can my hopes withstand,
While thee my Advocate I have,
Enthron'd at God's right hand?
3 Nature is subject to thy word;
All power to thee is given,
The uncontroll'd, almighty Lord
Of hell, and earth, and heaven.
4 And shall my sins thy will oppose?
Master, thy right maintain!
O let not thy usurping foes
In me thy servant reign!
5 Come, then, and claim me for thine own;
Saviour, thy right assert!
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart!
6 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway;
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.
7 So shall I do thy will below,
As angels do above;
The virtue of thy passion show,
The triumphs of thy love.

8 Thy love the conquest more than gains;
To all I shall proclaim,
"Jesus, the King, the Conqueror reigns;
Bow down to Jesu's Name."

9 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And every foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

* HYMN 276.

1 WORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength ascribe to Jesus!
Jesus alone Defends his own,
When earth and hell oppress us.
Jesus with joy we witness
Almighty to deliver;
Our seals set to, That God is true,
And reigns a King for ever.

2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
Our ransom'd souls adore thee:
Our Saviour thou, We find it now,
And give thee all the glory.
We sing thine arm unshorten'd,
Brought through our sore temptation;
With heart and voice In thee rejoice,
The God of our salvation.

3 Thine arm hath safely brought us
A way no more expected,
Than when thy sheep Pass'd thro' the deep,
By crystal walls protected.
Thy glory was our rear-ward,
Thine hand our lives did cover,
And we, ev'n we, Have pass'd the sea,
And march'd triumphant over.

4 The world's and Satan's malice
Thou, Jesus, hast confounded;
And, by thy grace, With songs of praise
Our happy souls resounded.
Accepting our deliverance,
We triumph in thy favour,
And for the love, Which now we prove,
Shall praise thy name for ever.

HYMN 277. [S. M.]

1 JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength array'd,
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

2 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

3 That bloody banner see,
And, in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-soldiers, fight!
In mighty phalanx join'd,
To battle all proceed;
Arm'd with the' unconquerable mind
Which was in Christ your Head.

4 Urge on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands:
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies!
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize!

5 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain;
Yet, O disdain to fear!
"Courage!" your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew;
"Toil ye shall have; yet all despise,
"I have o'ercome for you."

6 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war:
This is our victory!
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all.

HYMN 278. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

David and Goliath. 1 Sam. xvii.

1 WHO is this gigantic foe
That proudly stalks along,
Overlooks the crowd below,
In brazen armour strong?
Loudly of his strength he boasts,
On his sword and spear relies;
Meets the God of Israel's hosts,
And all their force defies.

2 Tallest of the earth-born race,
They tremble at his power,
Flee before the monster's face,
And own him conqueror.—
Who this mighty champion is,
Nature answers from within;
He is my own wickedness,
My own besetting sin.

3 In the strength of Jesu's name,
I with the monster fight;
Feeble and unarm'd I am,
But Jesus is my might:
Mindful of his mercies past,
Still I trust the same to prove;
Still my helpless soul I cast
On his redeeming love.

4 With my sling and stone I go
To fight the Philistine;
God hath said it shall be so,
And I shall conquer sin:
On his promise I rely,
Trust in an Almighty Lord;
Sure to win the victory,
For he hath spoke the word.

5 In the strength of God I rise,
I run to meet my foe;
Faith the word of power applies,
And lays the giant low:
Faith in Jesu's conquering name
Slings the sin-destroying stone;
Points the word's unerring aim,
And brings the monster down.

6 Rise, ye men of Israel, rise,
Your routed foe pursue;
Shout his praises to the skies,
Who conquers sin for you:

Jesus doth for you appear,
He his conquering grace affords;
Saves you, not with sword and spear,
The battle is the Lord's.

7 Every day the Lord of Hosts
His mighty power displays;
Stills the proud Philistine's boast,
The threat'ning Gittite slays:
Israel's God let all below
Conqueror over sin proclaim;
O that all the earth might know
The power of Jesu's name!

HYMN 279. [L. M.]

1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?—
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the' unholy throng,
Soften thy truths, and smoothe my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endured, my God, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

6 Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry!
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

7 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

8 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach! and welcome pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

9 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd!

10 Give me thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fix'd; I can do all through thee!

HYMN 280. [C. M.]

1 THE Lord is King, and earth submits,
Howe'er impatient, to his sway;
Between the Cherubim he sits,
And makes his restless foes obey.

2 All power is to our Jesus given;
O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns;
He mildly rules the hosts of heaven;
And holds the power of hell in chains.

3 In vain doth Satan rage his hour,
Beyond his chain he cannot go;
Our Jesus shall stir up his power,
And soon avenge us of our foe.

4 Jesus shall his great arm reveal;
Jesus, the woman's conquering Seed,
(Though now the Serpent bruise his heel,)
Jesus shall bruise the Serpent's head.

5 The enemy his tares hath sown,
But Christ shall shortly root them up,
Shall cast the dire Accuser down,
And disappoint his children's hope:

6 Shall still the proud Philistine's noise,
Baffle the sons of unbelief;
Nor long permit them to rejoice,
But turn their triumph into grief.

7 Come, glorious Lord, the rebels spurn;
Scatter thy foes, victorious King:
And Gath and Askelon shall mourn,
And all the sons of God shall sing:

8 Shall magnify the sovereign grace
Of him that sits upon the throne;
And earth and heaven conspire to praise
Jehovah, and his conquering Son.

HYMN 281. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

FIRST PART.

1 ARE there not in the labourer's day
Twelve hours, in which he safely may
His calling's work pursue?
Though sin and Satan still are near,
Nor sin nor Satan can I fear,
With Jesus in my view.

2 Not all the powers of hell can fright
A soul that walks with Christ in light:
He walks and cannot fall:
Clearly he sees, and wins his way,
Shining unto the perfect day,
And more than conquers all.

3 Light of the world! thy beams I bless!
On thee, bright Sun of Righteousness,
My faith hath fix'd its eye;
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For thou art always nigh.

4 Ten thousand snares my paths beset;
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,
Which thou to me hast given;
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

5 Still will I strive, and labour still
With humble zeal, to do thy will,
And trust in thy defence:
My soul into thy hands I give;
And, if he can obtain thy leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence!

HYMN 282. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

SECOND PART.

1 BUT can it be, that I should prove
For ever faithful to thy love,
From sin for ever cease!
I thank thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up,
It gives me back my peace.

2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty, and merciful, and just;
Thy sacred word is past;
And I, who dare thy word receive,
Without committing sin shall live,
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in thine almighty power;
The name of Jesus is a tower,
That hides my life above:
Thou canst, thou wilt my Helper be;
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of Love.

4 While still to thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
Thou canst not let me sin;
And thou shalt give me power to pray,
Till all my sins are purged away,
And all thy mind brought in.

5 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to thy continual care
I faithfully commend!
Assured that thou through life shalt save,
And show thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

HYMN 283. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 O GOD, my hope, my heavenly rest,
My all of happiness below,
Grant my importunate request,
To me, to me, thy goodness show:
Thy beatific face display,
The brightness of eternal day!

2 Before my faith's enlighten'd eyes
Make all thy gracious goodness pass;
Thy goodness is the sight I prize:
O may I see thy smiling face!
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
Reveal thy love, thy glorious name!

3 There in the place beside thy throne,
Where all that find acceptance stand,
Receive me up into thy Son;
Cover me with thy mighty hand;
Set me upon the Rock, and hide
My soul in Jesu's wounded side.

4 O put me in the cleft; empower
My soul the glorious sight to bear!
Descend in this accepted hour;
Pass by me, and thy name declare;
Thy wrath withdraw, thy hand remove,
And show thyself the God of Love.

HYMN 284. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 TO thee, great God of Love! I bow,
And prostrate in thy sight adore:
By faith I see thee passing now;
I have, but still I ask for more;
A glimpse of love cannot suffice!
My soul for all thy presence cries.

2 The fulness of my vast reward
A blest eternity shall be:
But hast thou not on earth prepar'd
Some better thing than this for me?
What,—but one drop!—one transient sight!
I want a sun,—a sea of light.

3 *Moses* thy backward parts might view,
But not a perfect sight obtain;
The Gospel doth thy fulness show
To us, by the commandment slain:
The dead to sin shall find the grace;
The pure in heart shall see thy face.

4 More favour'd than the saints of old,—
Who now by faith approach to thee,
Shall all with open face behold
In Christ the glorious Deity;
Shall see and put the Godhead on,
The nature of thy sinless Son!

5 This, this is our high calling's prize!
Thine image in thy Son I claim;
And still to higher glories rise,
Till all transform'd I know thy name,
And glide to all my heaven above,
My highest heaven of Jesu's love.

HYMN 285. [L. M.]

1 COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above!
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu!

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolv'd to live.

7 Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliss:
To know thou tak'st me for thine own,
O what a happiness is this!

8 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast:
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

HYMN 286. [L. M.]

1 ABRAHAM, when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience show'd:
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his *Isaac* back to God.

2 His son the father offer'd up,
Son of his age, his only son,
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less belov'd than God alone.

3 O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue;
May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due!

4 Now, Lord, to thee our all we leave;
Our willing soul thy call obeys;
Pleasure, and wealth, and fame we give,
Freedom, and life,—to win thy grace.

5 Is there a thing than life more dear?
A thing from which we cannot part?
We can; we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

6 Jesus, accept our sacrifice;
All things for thee we count but loss;
Lo! at thy word our *Isaac* dies,
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

7 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
A hundred-fold we here obtain;
And soon with thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

HYMN 287. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 OMNIPRESENT God! whose aid
No one ever ask'd in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain:
Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours!
All my enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

2 O thou jealous God! come down,
God of spotless purity;
Claim, and seize me for thy own,
Consecrate my heart to thee:
Under thy protection take;
Songs in the night season give;
Let me sleep to thee, and wake;
Let me die to thee, and live.

3 Only tell me I am thine,
And thou wilt not quit thy right;
Answer me in dreams divine,
Dreams and visions of the night:
Bid me even in sleep go on,
Restlessly my God desire;
Mourn for God in every groan,
God in every thought require.

4 Loose me from the chains of sense,
Set me from the body free;
Draw with stronger influence
My unfetter'd soul to thee:
In me, Lord, thyself reveal;
Fill me with a sweet surprise;
Let me thee, when waking, feel,
Let me in thy image rise.

HYMN 288. [4 *lines* 8's, *&* 2-6's.]

1 O GOD, thy faithfulness I plead!
My present help in time of need,
My great Deliverer thou!
Haste to my aid, thine ear incline,
And rescue this poor soul of mine!
I claim the promise now!

2 Where is the way? Ah, show me where,
That I thy mercy may declare,
The power that sets me free:
How can I my destruction shun?
How can I from my nature run?
Answer, O God, for me!

3 One only way the erring mind
Of man, short-sighted man, can find,
From inbred sin to fly:
Stronger than love, I fondly thought,
Death, only death, can cut the knot,
Which love cannot untie.

4 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace;
Thy love can find a thousand ways
To foolish man unknown:
My soul upon thy love I cast;
I rest me till the storm is past,
Upon thy love alone.

5 Thy faithful, wise, and mighty love
Shall every stumbling-block remove,
And make an open way:
Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
And bear me, from the gulf beneath,
To everlasting day.

HYMN 289. [L. M.]

1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Oft hath the sea confess'd thy power,
And given me back at thy command;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.

4 Oft from the margin of the grave
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
Sudden, I found thee near to save;
The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.

5 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast!
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

6 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my Wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me, where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay;
The crooked then shall straight become;
The darkness shall be lost in day.

HYMN 290. [L. M.]

1 MY GOD, if I may call thee mine,
From heaven and thee remov'd so far;
Draw nigh; thy pitying ear incline,
And cast not out my languid prayer.

2 Gently the weak thou lov'st to lead,
Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee;
O break not then a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax in me!

3 Buried in sin, thy voice I hear,
And burst the barriers of my tomb,
In all the marks of death appear,—
Forth at thy call, though bound, I come.

4 Give me, O give me, fully, Lord,
Thy resurrection's power to know;
Free me indeed, repeat the word,
And loose my bands, and let me go!

5 Fain would I go to thee, my God,
Thy mercies and my wants to tell;
To feel my pardon seal'd in blood,
Saviour, thy love I wait to feel.

6 Freed from the power of cancell'd sin,
When shall my soul triumphant prove?
Why breaks not out the fire within
In flames of joy, and praise, and love?

7 Jesus, to thee my soul aspires;
Jesus, to thee I plight my vows;
Keep me from earthly, base desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse.

8 Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,
Thou art the good I seek below;
Fulness of joy in thee there is,
Without,—'tis misery all, and woe.

HYMN 291. [L. M.]

1 FONDLY my foolish heart essays
To' augment the source of perfect bliss,
Love's all-sufficient sea to raise
With drops of creature-happiness.

2 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given:
My portion Thou, my treasure, art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.

3 Would aught on earth my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'd tear,
Resolv'd to seek my all in thee.

4 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all for thee resign;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

HYMN 292. [8 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

1 TO the haven of thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly!
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O! the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast;
A covert from the tempest be!
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place,
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace!

O'er a parch'd and weary land
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succour been,
In my utter helplessness
Restraining me from sin:
O how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

4 First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun:
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
Till thou the abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

5 Never shall I want it less,
When thou the gift hast given,
Fill'd me with thy righteousness,
And seal'd the heir of heaven:
I shall hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see;
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

HYMN 293. [L. M.]

1 JESUS, my King, to thee I bow,
Enlisted under thy command;
Captain of my salvation, thou
Shalt lead me to the promised land.

2 Thou hast a great deliverance wrought,
The staff from off my shoulder broke!
Out of the house of bondage brought,
And freed me from the' Egyptian yoke.

3 O'er the vast howling wilderness,
To Canaan's bounds thou hast me led;
Thou bidd'st me now the land possess,
And on thy milk and honey feed.

4 I see an open door of hope;
Legions of sin in vain oppose;
Bold I with thee, my Head, march up,
And triumph o'er a world of foes.

5 Gigantic lusts come forth to fight,
I mark, disdain, and all break through;
I tread them down in Jesu's might,
Through Jesus I can all things do.

6 Lo! the tall sons of *Anak* rise!
Who can the sons of *Anak* meet?
Captain, to thee I lift mine eyes,
And, lo! they fall beneath my feet.

7 Passion, and appetite, and pride,
(Pride, my old, dreadful tyrant-foe,)
I see cast down on every side,
And, conquering, I to conquer go.

8 My Lord in my behalf appears;
Captain, thy strength-inspiring eye
Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,
And makes the host of aliens fly.

9 Who can before my Captain stand?
Who is so great a King as mine?
High over all is thy right hand,
And might and majesty are thine!

SECTION III.

For Believers Praying.

HYMN 294. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 JESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeblest followers' call,
And O instruct us how to pray!
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face!

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till thou, who call'dst a world from nought,
The power into our hearts inspire;
And then we in thy Spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thine own.

3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
Of all thy tempted followers here!
And now supply the common want,
And send us down the Comforter:
The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix thy Agent in our heart.

4 To help our soul's infirmity,
To heal thy sin-sick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
And make our hearts a house of prayer,
The promised Intercessor give,
And let us now thyself receive.

5 Come in thy pleading Spirit down,
To us who for thy coming stay;
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray:
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

HYMN 295. [8 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

Luke xviii. 1.

1 COME, ye followers of the Lord,
In Jesu's service join:
Jesus gives the sacred word,
The ordinance divine;
Let us his command obey,
And ask and have whate'er we want;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

2 Place no longer let us give
To the old Tempter's will;
Never more our duty leave,
While Satan cries, "Be still:"
Stand we in the ancient way,
And here with God ourselves acquaint;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

3 Be it weariness and pain
To slothful flesh and blood,
Yet we will the cross sustain,
And bless the welcome load;
All our griefs to God display,
And humbly pour out our complaint:
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

4 Let us patiently endure,
And still our wants declare;
All the promises are sure
To persevering prayer:
Till we see the perfect day,
And each wakes up a sinless saint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

5 Pray we on when all renew'd,
And perfected in love!
Till we see the Saviour God
Descending from above,
All his heavenly charms survey,
Beyond what angel-minds can paint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

HYMN 296. [S. M.]

1 THE praying Spirit breathe,
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart:
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

HYMN 297. [C. M.]

1 SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day:
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!

3 The Spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go.

5 "I will not let thee go, unless
"Thou tell thy name to me;
"With all thy great salvation bless,
"And make me all like thee.

6 "Then let me on the mountain-top
"Behold thy open face;
"Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
"And prayer in endless praise."

HYMN 298. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 O Wondrous power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the' almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As *Moses* or *Elijah* prays:
Let *Moses* in the spirit groan,
And God cries out, "Let me alone!

2 "Let me alone, that all my wrath
"May rise the wicked to consume!
"While justice hears thy praying faith,
"It cannot seal the sinner's doom:
"My Son is in my servant's prayer,
"And Jesus forces me to spare."

3 O blessed word of gospel-grace!
Which now we for our Israel plead;
A faithless and backsliding race,
Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed:

O do not then in wrath chastise,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise!

4 Father, we ask in Jesu's name;
In Jesu's power and spirit pray!
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim!
O turn thy threat'ning wrath away!
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pardoning love.

5 Father, regard thy pleading Son!
Accept his all-availing prayer;
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honour of our Spokesman there;
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

HYMN 299. [8 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

1 JESUS, thou hast bid us pray,
Pray always, and not faint;
With the word a power convey
To utter our complaint:
Quiet shalt thou never know,
Till we from sin are fully freed;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

2 We have now begun to cry,
And we will never end,
Till we find salvation nigh,
And grasp the Sinner's Friend:
Day and night we'll speak our woe,
With thee importunately plead:
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

3 Speak the word, and we shall be
From all our bands releas'd;
Only thou canst set us free,
By Satan long oppress'd:

Now thy power almighty show;
Arise, the Woman's conquering Seed!
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

4 To destroy his work of sin,
Thyself in us reveal;
Manifest thyself within
Our flesh, and fully dwell
With us, in us, here below;
Enter, and make us free indeed:
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

5 Stronger than the strong man, thou
His fury canst control:
Cast him out, by entering now,
And keep our ransom'd soul;
Satan's kingdom overthrow,
On all the powers of darkness tread;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

6 To the never-ceasing cries
Of thine elect attend;
Send deliverance from the skies,
The mighty Spirit send:
Though to man thou seemest slow,
Our cries thou seemest not to heed;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

7 Come, O come, all-glorious Lord!
No longer now delay;
With thy Spirit's two-edg'd sword
The crooked Serpent slay!
Bare thine arm, and give the blow,
Root out and kill the hellish seed;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

8 Jesus, hear thy Spirit's call,
Thy Bride, who bids thee come;
Come, thou righteous Judge of all,
Pronounce the Tempter's doom;
Doom him to infernal woe,
For him and for his angels made;
Now avenge us of our foe,
For ever bruise his head!

HYMN 300. [S. M.]

1 JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

2 In me thy Spirit dwell!
In me thy bowels move!
So shall the fervour of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

HYMN 301. [S. M.]

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind;
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
(Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,)
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify, thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 302. [4 *lines* 7's.]

1 LORD, that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.

2 Let me cast my reeds aside,
All that feeds my knowing pride;
Not to man, but God submit,
Lay my reasonings at thy feet:

3 Of my boasted wisdom spoil'd,
Docile, helpless as a child;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
Spirit of truth and righteousness;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,
Life eternal, to my heart.

HYMN 303. [S. M.]

1 AH, when shall I awake
From sin's soft-soothing power,
The slumber from my spirit shake,
And rise to fall no more!
Awake, no more to sleep,
But stand with constant care,
Looking for God my soul to keep,
And watching unto prayer!

2 O could I always pray,
And never, never faint,
But simply to my God display
My every care and want!
I know that thou would'st give
More than I can request;

Thou still art ready to receive
My soul to perfect rest.

3 I feel thee willing, Lord,
A sinful world to save:
All may obey thy gracious word,
May peace and pardon have.
Not one of all the race
But may return to thee,—
But at the throne of sovereign grace
May fall and weep, like me.

4 Here will I ever lie,
And tell thee all my care,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer;
Till thou my sins subdue,
Till thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

5 Messiah, Prince of Peace,
Into my soul bring in
The everlasting righteousness,
And make an end of sin.
Into all those that seek
Redemption through thy blood,
The sanctifying Spirit speak,
The plenitude of God.

6 Let us in patience wait
Till faith shall make us whole;
Till thou shalt all things new create,
In each believing soul.
Who can resist thy will?
Speak, and it shall be done!
Thou shalt the work of faith fulfil,
And perfect us in one.

HYMN 304. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

The Beatitudes. Matt. v. 1—12.

1 SAVIOUR, on me the want bestow,
Which all that feel shall surely know
Their sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.

2 Meeken my soul, thou heavenly Lamb,
That I in the new earth may claim
My hundred-fold reward;
My rich inheritance possess,
Co-heir with the great Prince of Peace,
Co-partner with my Lord.

3 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire;
And feast my hungry heart:
Less than thyself cannot suffice:
My soul for all thy fulness cries,
For all thou hast, and art.

4 Mercy who show shall mercy find;
Thy pitiful and tender mind
Be, Lord, on me bestow'd;
So shall I still the blessing gain,
And to eternal life retain
The mercy of my God.

5 Jesus, the crowning grace impart;
Bless me with purity of heart,
That, now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God for ever see!

6 Not for my fault or folly's sake,
The name, or mode, or form, I take,—
But for true holiness,
Let me be wrong'd, reviled, abhorr'd;
And thee, my sanctifying Lord,
In life and death confess.

7 Call'd to sustain the hallow'd cross,
And suffer for thy righteous cause,
Pronounce me doubly blest:
And let thy glorious Spirit, Lord,
Assure me of my great reward,
In heaven's eternal feast!

SECTION IV.

For Believers Watching.

HYMN 305. [S. M.]

1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, "Awake, awake!
"And Christ shall make thee whole."
Lay to thy mighty hand;
Alarm me in this hour;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power!

2 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.
For each assault prepared
And ready may I be;
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

3 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near!
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear:

"Come back! this is the way;
"Come back, and walk herein!"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin!

4 Thou see'st my feebleness;
Jesus, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower!
Give me to trust in thee;
Be thou my sure abode;
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour, and my God!

5 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep:
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eye-lids never sleep:
My soul to thee alone
Now therefore I commend;
Thou, Jesus, love me as thy own,
And love me to the end!

HYMN 306. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 FATHER, to thee I lift mine eyes,
My longing eyes, and restless heart:
Before the morning watch I rise,
And wait to taste how good thou art,
To' obtain the grace I humbly claim,
The saving power of Jesu's name.

2 This slumber from my soul, O shake!
Warn by thy Spirit's inward call;
Let me to righteousness awake,
And pray that I no more may fall,
Or give to sin or Satan place,
But walk in all thy righteous ways.

3 O would'st thou, Lord, thy servant guard,
'Gainst every known or secret foe;
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober, vigilant mind bestow,
Ever apprized of danger nigh,
And when to fight, and when to fly.

4 O never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell;
But still my watchful spirit keep
In lowly awe and loving zeal;
And bless me with a godly fear,
And plant that guardian-angel here!

5 Attended by the sacred dread,
And wise from evil to depart,
Let me from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to purity of heart;
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

HYMN 307. [C. M. D.]

1 GOD of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good!
If I have mercy found with thee,
Through the atoning blood;
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear lest I should ever grieve
The gracious Spirit Divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove;
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
Or sin against thy love:
This choicest fruit of faith bestow
On a poor sojourner;
And let me pass my days below
In humbleness and fear.

3 Rather I would in darkness mourn
The absence of thy peace,
Than e'er by light irreverence turn
Thy grace to wantonness:
Rather I would, in painful awe,
Beneath thine anger move,
Than sin against the gospel-law
Of liberty and love.

4 But, O! thou would'st not have me live
In bondage, grief, or pain;
Thou dost not take delight to grieve
The helpless sons of men:
Thy will is my salvation, Lord;
And let it now take place!
And let me tremble at the word
Of reconciling grace.

5 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict observer see;
And thou by reverent love unite
My child-like heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesu's feet abide;
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

HYMN 308. [C. M. D.]

1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having griev'd thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole!

HYMN 309. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

1 HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by,
Throughout the evil day:
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray!

2 My soul with thy whole armour arm;
In each approach of sin alarm,
And show the danger near;
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye:

And starting cry, from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,
O save me, or I die!

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart!
Recal me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
Unfaithful *Peter's* heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me like thyself below,
Unblamable in grace;
Ready prepared, and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, to' appear
Before thy gracious face.

HYMN 310. [C. M.]

1 INTO a world of ruffians sent,
I walk on hostile ground;
While human bears on slaughter bent,
And ravening wolves, surround.

2 The lion seeks my soul to slay,
In some unguarded hour;
And waits to tear his sleeping prey,
And watches to devour.

3 But worse than all my foes I find
The enemy within,
The evil heart, the carnal mind,
Mine own insidious sin.

4 My nature every moment waits
To render me secure,
And all my paths with ease besets,
To make my ruin sure.

5 But thou hast given a loud alarm;
And thou shalt still prepare
My soul for all assaults, and arm
With never-ceasing prayer.

6 O do not suffer me to sleep,
Who on thy love depend;
But still thy faithful servant keep,
And save me to the end!

HYMN 311. [S. M.]

1 BID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.
O may I calmly wait
Thy succours from above;
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love!

2 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join;
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,
In panoply divine:
O may I set my face
His onsets to repel;
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell!

3 But, above all, afraid
Of my own bosom-foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,
To thee my weakness show;
Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the Spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

4 Give me a sober mind,
A quick-discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.
Still may I cleave to thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy
Over my evil heart.

5 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath;
In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with thee to reign!

HYMN 312. [L. M.]

1 JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend;
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And hovering hides me in his wings;

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear:
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way;
"Fly back to Christ; for sin is near."

5 His sacred unction from above
Be still my comforter and guide;
Till all the stony he remove,
And in my loving heart reside.

6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call:
Only by faith in thee I stand.

HYMN 313. [L. M.]

1 PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear;
My utter helplessness reveal!
Satan and sin are always near;
Thee may I always nearer feel!

2 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire,
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire!

3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorr'd approach of ill;
Quick, as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel!

4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

HYMN 314. [S. M.]

FIRST PART.

1 HARK, how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound!
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround:
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

2 See, in the mountain top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesu's name I lift it up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh!
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness, and heaven
Are all in Jesu's name.

4 Only have faith in God;
In faith your foes assail;
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell:
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule the lower world.

HYMN 315. [S. M.]

SECOND PART.

1 ANGELS your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible:
With rage that never ends,
Their hellish arts they try,
Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
And spirits enthroned on high.

2 On earth the' usurpers reign,
Exert their baneful power;
O'er the poor fallen sons of men
They tyrannize their hour:
But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy?

3 Jesu's tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight:
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A Lion is in fight.
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them, through Jesu's blood,
We still to conquer go.

4 Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize:
"Be faithful unto death;
"Partake my victory;
"And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
"And thou shalt reign with me."

HYMN 316. [L. M.]

1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But, O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes, our words be few!
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN 317. [L. M.]

1 AH, Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace:
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more.

2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee;
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

HYMN 318. [S. M.]

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

HYMN 319. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 WATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame;
As servants of the Lord Most High,
As zealous for his glorious name,
We ought in all his paths to move,
With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

HYMN 320. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

1 BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given;
And let me through thy Spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

SECTION V.

For Believers Working.

HYMN 321. [C. M.]

1 SUMMON'D my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in thy name my work I do,
And with a single heart.

2 End of my every action thou,
In all things thee I see:
Accept my hallow'd labour now;
I do it unto thee.

3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
He views with gracious eyes;
Jesus, this mean oblation join
To thy great Sacrifice.

4 Stamp'd with an infinite desert,
My work he then shall own;
Well pleased with me, when mine thou art,
And I his favour'd son.

HYMN 322. [C. M.]

1 SERVANT of all, to toil for man
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us!

2 Thy bright example I pursue,
To thee in all things rise;
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.

3 Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with thee.

HYMN 323. [S. M.]

1 GOD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face:
Through Jesus Christ the Just,
My faint desires receive;
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My offerings all be offer'd through
The ever-blessed Name!
Jesus, my single eye
Be fix'd on thee alone:
Thy name be praised on earth, on high;
Thy will by all be done!

3 Spirit of faith, inspire
My consecrated heart;
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
With all thou hast, and art:
My feeble mind transform,
And, perfectly renew'd,
Into a saint exalt a worm,
A worm exalt to God!

HYMN 324. [L. M.]

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assign'd,
O let me cheerfully fulfil!
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day:

5 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

HYMN 325. [8 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

1 LO! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part;
Serve with careful *Martha's* hands,
And loving *Mary's* heart.

2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,
Supported by his smile:
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear!
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there!
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
Till all thy will be done.

4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
Before I hence remove!
Now my treasure and my heart
Are all laid up above:
Far above all earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employ'd,
Sees my soul the King of kings,
And freely talks with God.

5 O that all the art might know
Of living thus to thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thy glorious face!

HYMN 326. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love:
Our strength, thy grace; our rule, thy word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

HYMN 327. [L. M.]

1 O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart!

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

HYMN 328. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be:
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast!
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

SECTION VI.

For Believers Suffering.

HYMN 329. [C. M.]

1 THEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee, Saviour, we adore;
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,
And magnify thy power.

2 Thy power, in human weakness shown,
Shall make us all entire;
We now thy guardian presence own,
And walk unburn'd in fire.

3 Thee, Son of Man, by faith we see,
And glory in our guide;
Surrounded and upheld by thee,
The fiery test abide.

4 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till, moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,
The stamp of perfect love.

HYMN 330. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 SAVIOUR of all, what hast thou done,
What hast thou suffer'd on the tree?
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me?
The mystery of thy passion show,
The end of all thy griefs below.

2 Thy soul, for sin an offering made,
Hath clear'd this guilty soul of mine;
Thou hast for me a ransom paid,
To change my human to divine,

To cleanse from all iniquity,
And make the sinner all like thee.

3 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
My bleeding SACRIFICE expired;
But didst thou not my PATTERN die,
That, by thy glorious Spirit fired,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown by suffering sure?

4 Thou didst the meek example leave
That I might in thy footsteps tread;
Might, like the Man of Sorrows, grieve,
And groan and bow with thee my head;
Thy dying in my body bear,
And all thy state of suffering share.

5 Thy every suffering servant, Lord,
Shall as his perfect Master be;
To all thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conform'd to thee,
Out of thy grave the saint shall rise,
And grasp, through death, the glorious prize.

6 This is the strait and royal way,
That leads us to the courts above;
Here let me ever, ever stay,
Till, on the wings of perfect love,
I take my last triumphant flight,
From Calvary's to Sion's height.

HYMN 331. [C. M.]

1 THOU, Lord, hast blest my going out;
O bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

3 To thee for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare;
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er,
By giving thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

HYMN 332. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 MASTER, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be!
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
Where'er thou go'st, to follow thee;
Myself in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
For thee I cheerfully forego;
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below;
My senses' and my passions' food,
And all my thirst for creature-good.

3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray:
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only thee, resolved to' obey;

My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine.

4 All power is thine in earth and heaven;
All fulness dwells in thee alone;
Whate'er I have was freely given;
Nothing but sin I call my own;
Other propriety disclaim;
Thou only art the great I AM.

5 Wherefore to thee I all resign;
Being thou art, and Love, and Power;
Thy only will be done, not mine!
Thee, Lord, let heaven and earth adore!
Flow back the rivers to the sea,
And let our all be lost in thee!

HYMN 333. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
A while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

6 The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And, lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God is All in All!

HYMN 334. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

2 *Sam.* xvi.

1 LORD, I adore thy gracious will;
Through every instrument of ill
My father's goodness see;
Accept the complicated wrong
Of Shimei's hand and Shimei's tongue,
As kind rebukes from thee!

HYMN 335. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 CAST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall his salvation see,
According to his word:
Credence to his word I give;
My Saviour in distresses past
Will not now his servant leave,
But bring me through at last.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft hast proved;
Oft observed my silent tears,
And challenged thy beloved:
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey;
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jesus, on thy Word and Name
I steadfastly rely;
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promised joy I soon shall have;
Saved again, to sinners tell
Thy power and will to save.

4 To thy blessed will resign'd,
And stay'd on that alone,
I thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own;
Compass'd round with songs of praise,
My all to my Redeemer give;
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And to thy glory live.

HYMN 336. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 FATHER, in the Name I pray
Of thy incarnate Love;
Humbly ask, that as my day
My suffering strength may prove:
When my sorrows most increase,
Let thy strongest joys be given:
Jesus, come with my distress,
And agony is heaven!

2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For good remember me!
Me, whom thou hast caused to trust
For more than life on thee:
With me in the fire remain,
Till like burnish'd gold I shine,
Meet, through consecrated pain,
To see the Face Divine.

HYMN 337. [L. M.]

1 ETERNAL Beam of Light Divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above:

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest;
Give me thy easy yoke to bear,
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear!

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill,
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace!"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still!"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

6 O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

HYMN 338. [L. M.]

1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine!

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the winepress trod:
In me thy strength'ning grace be shown;
O may I conquer through thy blood!

6 So, when on Sion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And, free from pain, thy glories sing.

HYMN 339. [L. M.]

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean!

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee!
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

SECTION VII.

Seeking for full Redemption.

HYMN 340. [S. M.]

1 THE thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew:
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart:
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove;
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.
Soul of my soul remain!
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

HYMN 341. [L. M.]

1 O JESUS, let thy dying cry
Pierce to the bottom of my heart,
Its evils cure, its wants supply,
And bid my unbelief depart.

2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin;
Prepare for thee the holiest place;
Then, O essential Love, come in!
And fill thy house with endless praise.

3 Let me, according to thy word,
A tender, contrite heart receive,
Which grieves at having grieved its Lord,
And never can itself forgive:

4 A heart thy joys and griefs to feel,
A heart that cannot faithless prove,
A heart where Christ alone may dwell,
All praise, all meekness, and all love.

HYMN 342. [C. M.]

1 GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal!
Thy word, thy oath, to Abraham's race,
In us, ev'n us, fulfil.

2 Let us, to perfect love restored,
Thy image here retrieve;
And in the presence of our Lord
The life of angels live.

3 That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain;
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain:

4 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown,
And tell my infinite desire,
"Whate'er thou wilt, be done."

5 But is it possible that I
Should live and sin no more?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

6 On me that faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
The' omnipotence of love.

HYMN 343. [C. M.]

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe:
Jesus, for thee distress'd I am,
I want thy love to know.

6 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,
Till thou create my peace;
Till, of my Eden re-possest,
From every sin I cease.

7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love!

HYMN 344. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hind'rances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee;
Yet while I seek, but find thee not;
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

5 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!

In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee!

6 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry!

7 Ah no! ne'er will I backward turn;
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame!
O help, that I may never move
From the best footsteps of thy love!

8 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

HYMN 345. [4 *lines* 6's, & 2-8's.]

1 YE ransom'd sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 Let others hug their chains,
For sin and Satan plead,
And say, from sins remains
They never can be freed:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful he is, and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see Redemption near:
Again I say, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Who Jesu's sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

6 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

7 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise;
Let us give thanks, and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

HYMN 346. [C. M.]

1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

HYMN 347. [C. M.]

1 JESUS, my life! thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with thy rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive!

3 More of thy life, and more, I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

HYMN 348. [8 *lines* 7's.]

Isaiah xxxv.

FIRST PART.

1 HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Ever faithful to thy word,
Humbly we our seal set to,
Testify that thou art true.
Lo! for us the wilds are glad,
All in cheerful green array'd;
Opening sweets they all disclose,
Bud and blossom as the rose.

2 Hark! the wastes have found a voice;
Lonely deserts now rejoice,
Gladsome hallelujahs sing,
All around with praises ring.
Lo! abundantly they bloom;
Lebanon is hither come;
Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,
Sharon's fertile excellence.

3 See, these barren souls of ours
Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers,
Flowers of Eden, fruits of grace,
Peace, and joy, and righteousness.
We behold (the abjects, we!)
Christ, the' incarnate Deity,
Christ, in whom thy glories shine
Excellence of strength divine.

4 Ye that tremble at his frown,
He shall lift your hands cast down;
Christ, who all your weakness sees,
He shall prop your feeble knees.
Ye of fearful hearts, be strong;
Jesus will not tarry long;
Fear not lest his truth should fail;
Jesus is unchangeable.

5 God, your God, shall surely come,
Quell your foes, and seal their doom;
He shall come and save you too:
We, O Lord, have found thee true!
Blind we were, but now we see;
Deaf, we hearken now to thee;
Dumb, for thee our tongues employ;
Lame, and, lo! we leap for joy.

6 Faint we were, and parch'd with drought,
Water at thy word gush'd out:
Streams of grace our thirst repress,
Starting from the wilderness.
Still we gasp thy grace to know;
Here for ever let it flow;
Make the thirsty land a pool,
Fix the Spirit in our soul.

HYMN 349. [8 *lines* 7's.]

SECOND PART.

1 WHERE the ancient Dragon lay,
Open for thyself a way!
There let holy tempers rise,
All the fruits of Paradise.
Lead us in the way of peace,
In the path of righteousness,
Never by the sinner trod,
Till he feels the cleansing blood.

2 There the simple cannot stray;
Babes, though blind, may find the way,
Find, nor ever thence depart,
Safe in lowliness of heart:
Far from fear, from danger far;
No devouring beast is there;
There the humble walk secure,
God hath made their footsteps sure.

3 Jesus, mighty to redeem,
Let our lot be cast with them;
Far from earth our souls remove,
Ransom'd by thy dying love.
Leave us not below to mourn;
Fain we would to thee return,
Crown'd with righteousness, arise
Far above these nether skies.

4 Come, and all our sorrows chase,
Wipe the tears from every face;
Gladness let us now obtain,
Partners of thine endless reign.
Death, the latest foe, destroy;
Sorrow then shall yield to joy;
Gloomy grief shall flee away,
Swallow'd up in endless day.

HYMN 350. [4 *lines* 7's.]

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Jesu, see my panting breast!
See I pant in thee to rest!
Gladly would I now be clean:
Cleanse me now from every sin!

3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind;
To thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love!

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God!
Take the purchase of thy blood!

5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the' atonement now receives;
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.

6 See, ye sinners, see! the flame,
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb,
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

7 Jesus, when this light we see,
All our soul's athirst for thee;
When thy quick'ning power we prove,
All our hearts dissolve in love.

8 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable, are thine:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven!

HYMN 351. [6-8's, *second metre.*]

1 COME, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire!
Come, and my hallow'd heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
Now to my soul thyself reveal;
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

2 Thy witness with my spirit bear,
That God, my God, inhabits there,
Thou, with the Father, and the Son,
Eternal light's co-eval beam:—
Be Christ in me, and I in him,
Till perfect we are made in one.

3 When wilt thou my whole heart subdue?
Come, Lord, and form my soul anew,
Emptied of pride, and wrath, and hell:

Less than the least of all thy store
Of mercies, I myself abhor:
All, all my vileness may I feel!

4 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create thou all things new.

5 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified,
To thee with my whole soul aspire;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire!

6 Be thou my joy, be thou my dread;
In battle cover thou my head:
Nor earth, nor hell I then shall fear;
I then shall turn my steady face,—
Want, pain defy,—enjoy disgrace,—
Glory in dissolution near.

7 My will be swallow'd up in thee;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face;
Call'd the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallow'd heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

8 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire!
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Still to my soul thyself reveal;
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

HYMN 352. [6 *lines*, 2-6's, & 4-7's.]

1 JESUS, thou art our King!
To me thy succour bring;
Christ, the mighty One, art thou;
Help for all on thee is laid;
This the word; I claim it now;
Send me now the promised aid!

2 High on thy Father's throne,
O look with pity down!
Help, O help, attend my call,
Captive lead captivity:
King of glory, Lord of all,
Christ, be Lord, be King to me!

3 I pant to feel thy sway,
And only thee to' obey;
Thee my spirit gasps to meet;
This my one, my ceaseless prayer,
Make, O make my heart thy seat,
O set up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory;
Hell, and death, and sin control,
Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
All subdue; through all my soul
Conquering, and to conquer, go.

HYMN 353. [6-8's, *second metre.*]

1 O JESU, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man nor angel knows;
Fairest among ten thousand fair!
Ev'n those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd round,
Find light and life, if thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the Light Divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began;
Thou, when the' appointed hour was come,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
But, God with God, wast man with man.

3 The world, sin, death, oppose in vain;
Thou, by thy dying, death hast slain,
My great Deliverer, and my God!
In vain does the old Dragon rage,
In vain all hell its powers engage;
None can withstand thy conquering blood.

4 Lord over all, sent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
To thy dread sceptre will I bow:
With duteous reverence at thy feet,
Like humble Mary, lo! I sit;
Speak, Lord! thy servant heareth now.

5 Renew thine image, Lord, in me;
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to thee are dear:
No anger may'st thou ever find,
No pride, in my unruffled mind,
But faith, and heaven-born peace, be there!

6 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call,
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to' adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All!

HYMN 354. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 EVER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call;
Thee I restlessly require;
I want my God, my All!
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love!

2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not the light afford,
The darkness from my soul remove?
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love!

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
The second gift impart;
With the' indwelling Spirit give
A new, a contrite heart:
If with love thy heart is stored,
If now o'er me thy bowels move,
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love!

4 Let me gain my calling's hope;
O make the sinner clean!
Dry corruption's fountain up,
Cut off the' entail of sin:
Take me into thee, my Lord,
And I shall then no longer rove:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love!

5 Thou, my Life, my Treasure be,
My portion here below;
Nothing would I seek but thee,
Thee only would I know,
My exceeding great Reward,
My Heaven on earth, my Heaven above!
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love!

6 Grant me now the bliss to feel
Of those that are in thee;
Son of God, thyself reveal,
Engrave thy name on me;
As in heaven be here adored,
And let me now the promise prove;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love!

HYMN 355. [4 *lines* 7's.]

Phil. ii. 5.

1 JESU, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee?
Never by thy work abide,
Never in thy wounds reside?

2 O how wavering is my mind,
Toss'd about with every wind!
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart!

3 Jesu, let my nature feel,
Thou art God unchangeable:
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy Name!

4 Grant that every moment I
May believe, and feel thee nigh;
Steadfastly behold thy face,
'Stablish'd with abiding grace.

5 Plant, and root, and fix in me
All the mind that was in thee;
Settled peace I then shall find;
Jesu's is a *quiet* mind.

6 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still,
Meekly on my God reclined;
Jesu's is a *gentle* mind.

7 I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in all alike resign'd;
Jesu's is a *patient* mind.

8 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind;
Jesu's is a *noble* mind.

9 When I feel it fix'd within,
I shall have no power to sin;
How shall sin an entrance find?
Jesu's is a *spotless* mind.

10 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified;
Perfectly to him be join'd;
Jesu's is a *loving* mind.

11 I shall triumph evermore,
Gratefully my God adore,—
God so good, so true, so kind:
Jesu's is a *thankful* mind.

12 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure;
Be no more to sin inclined;
Jesu's is a *constant* mind.

13 I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord;
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesu's is a *perfect* mind.

HYMN 356. [C. M.]

1 LORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise, true;
And, lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise:
Jesu, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name;
Let him, who raised thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below,
A few more years in pain.

5 Spare me till I my strength of soul,
Till I thy love, retrieve;
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.

6 Faith to be heal'd thou know'st I have,
From sin to be made clean;
Able thou art from sin to save,
From all indwelling sin.

7 Surely thou canst, I do not doubt,
Thou wilt, thyself impart;
The bond-woman's base son cast out,
And take up all my heart.

8 I shall my ancient strength renew:
The excellence divine
(If thou art good, if thou art true)
Throughout my soul shall shine.

9 I shall, a weak and helpless worm,
Through Jesus strengthening me,
Impossibilities perform,
And live from sinning free.

10 For this in steadfast hope I wait;
Now, Lord, my soul restore;
Now the new heavens and earth create,
And I shall sin no more.

HYMN 357. [C. M.]

Matt. vi. 10.

1 JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the choirs above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels, who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I
Shall serve thee without fear;
My heart no longer gives the lie
To my deceitful prayer.

5 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I shall be pure within,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought;
For angels never sin.

6 From thee no more shall I depart,
No more unfaithful prove:
But love thee with a constant heart;
For angels always love.

7 I all thy holy will shall prove:
I, a weak, sinful worm,
When thee with all my heart I love,
Shall all thy law perform.

8 The graces of my second birth
To me shall all be given;
And I shall do thy will on earth,
As angels do in heaven.

HYMN 358. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

2 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

3 Thou didst undertake for me,
For me to death wast sold;
Wisdom in a mystery
Of bleeding love unfold:
Teach the lesson of thy cross,
Let me die with thee to reign;
All things let me count but loss,
So I may thee regain.

4 Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within:
Take me, whom thyself hast bought;
Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought,
That would not stoop to thee.

5 Lord, my time is in thy hand,
My soul to thee convert;
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart:
Thine in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the praise is thine;
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love,
And all thou art is mine.

HYMN 359. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

Daniel iii.

1 GOD of Israel's faithful Three,
Who braved a tyrant's ire,
Nobly scorn'd to bow the knee,
And walk'd unhurt in fire:
Breathe their faith into my breast;
Arm me in this fiery hour;
Stand, O Son of Man, confest
In all thy saving power!

2 For while thou, my Lord, art nigh,
My soul disdains to fear;
Sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near;
Earth and hell their wars may wage;
Calm I mark their vain design,
Smile to see them idly rage
Against a child of thine.

3 Unto thee, my Help, my Hope,
My Safeguard, and my Tower,
Confident I still look up,
And still receive thy power:
All the alien's hosts I chase,
Blast and scatter with mine eyes;
Satan comes; I turn my face,
And, lo! the Tempter flies!

4 Sin in me, the inbred foe,
Awhile subsists in chains;
But thou all thy power shalt show,
And slay its last remains:
Thou hast conquer'd my desire,
Thou shalt quench it with thy blood,
Fill me with a purer fire,
And make me all like God.

HYMN 360. [C. M.]

Rom. iv. 13, &c.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour, and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

2 Thou know'st for my offence he died,
And rose again for me,
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee.

3 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given;
And all who seek in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.

4 O God! thy record I believe,
In Abraham's footsteps tread;
And wait, expecting to receive
The Christ, the promised Seed.

5 Faith in thy power thou see'st I have,
For thou this faith hast wrought;
Dead souls thou callest from their grave,
And speakest worlds from naught.

6 Things that are not, as though they were,
Thou callest by their name;
Present with thee the future are,
With thee, the great I AM.

7 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe;
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt thy Spirit give.

8 The thing surpasses all my thought;
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

9 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone!
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

10 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

11 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove:
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

HYMN 361. [C. M.]

1 MY God! I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 When shall I see the welcome hour,
That plants my God in me!
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty!

4 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

5 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
(Mine own unconquerable sin,)
And form my soul anew.

6 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
The stone to flesh convert,
Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break,
An adamantine heart.

7 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

8 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!

9 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

10 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

11 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

HYMN 362. [C. M.]

1 BE it according to thy word!
This moment let it be!
O that I now, my gracious Lord,
Might lose my life for thee!

2 Now, Jesus, let thy powerful death
Into my being come;
Slay the old Adam with thy breath:
The man of sin consume.

3 Withhold whate'er my flesh requires;
Poison my pleasant food;
Spoil my delights, my vain desires,
My all of creature-good.

4 My old affections mortify;
Nail to the cross my will;
Daily and hourly bid me die,
Or altogether kill.

5 Jesus, my life, appear within,
And bruise the Serpent's head;
Enter my soul, extirpate sin,
Cast out the cursed seed.

6 Hast thou not made me willing, Lord?
Would I not die this hour?
Then speak the killing, quick'ning word;
Slay, raise me, by thy power.

7 Slay me, and I in thee shall trust,
With thy dead men arise;
Awake, and sing out of the dust,
Soon as this nature dies.

8 O let it now make haste to die,
The mortal wound receive!
So shall I live; and yet not I,
But Christ in me shall live.

9 Be it according to thy word!
This moment let it be!
The life I lose for thee, my Lord,
I find again in thee.

HYMN 363. [L. M.]

1 WHAT! never speak one evil word,
Or rash, or idle, or unkind!
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?

2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
The' abundance of a loving heart.

3 Saviour, I long to testify
The fulness of thy saving grace;
O might thy Spirit the blood apply,
Which bought for me the sacred peace!

4 Forgive, and make my nature whole;
My inbred malady remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

HYMN 364. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 JESUS, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of thee;
That living water now bestow,—
Thy Spirit and thyself on me;
Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art;
Now let me find thee in my heart!

2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness;
Spring up, O Well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure, perennial peace,
In joy, that none can take away,
In life, which shall for ever stay!

3 Father, on me the grace bestow,
Unblamable before thy sight,
Whence all the streams of mercy flow;
Mercy, thy own supreme delight,
To me, for Jesu's sake, impart,
And plant thy nature in my heart!

4 Thy mind throughout my life be shown,
While list'ning to the wretch's cry,
The widow's and the orphan's groan,
On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
The poor and helpless to relieve,
My life, my all, for them to give.

5 Thus may I show the Spirit within,
Which purges me from every stain;
Unspotted from the world and sin,
My faith's integrity maintain;
The truth of my religion prove,
By perfect purity and love!

HYMN 365. [6 *lines* 8's.]

FIRST PART.

1 O GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help a sinner to draw near
With boldness to the throne of Grace:
Help me thy benefits to sing,
And smile to see me feebly bring
My humble sacrifice of praise.

2 I cannot praise thee as I would;
But thou art merciful and good;
I know thou never wilt despise
The day of small and feeble things,
But bear me, till on eagles' wings
To all the heights of love I rise.

3 I thank thee for that gracious taste,
Which pride would not permit to last,
That touch of love, that pledge of heaven;
Surely on me my Father smiled,
And once I knew him reconciled,
And once I felt my sins forgiven.

4 My Lord and God I then could see,
My Saviour, who hath died for me,
To bring the rebel near to God;
Thou didst, thou didst, thy peace impart;
Pardon was written on my heart,
In largest characters of blood.

5 Vilest of all the sons of men,
When I to folly turn'd again,
And sinn'd against thy light and love,
Grace did much more than sin abound;
Amazed, I still forgiveness found,
And thank'd my Advocate above.

6 Saviour, for this I thank thee now;
My Saviour to the utmost, thou
Hast snatch'd me from the gates of hell;
That I to all mankind may prove
Thy free, thine everlasting love,
Which all mankind with me may feel.

7 The boundless love that found out me,
For every soul of man is free;
None of thy mercy need despair;
Patient, and pitiful, and kind,
Thee every soul of man may find,
And, freely saved, thy grace declare.

8 A vile, backsliding sinner, I
Ten thousand deaths deserve to die;
Yet still by sovereign grace I live!

Saviour, to thee I still look up;
I see an open door of hope;
And wait thy fulness to receive.

9 How shall I thank thee for the grace,
The trust I have to see thy face,
When sin shall all be purged away!
The night of doubts and fears is past;
The Morning-Star appears at last,
And I shall see the perfect day.

HYMN 366. [6 *lines* 8's.]

SECOND PART.

1 I SOON shall hear thy quick'ning voice,
Shall always pray, give thanks, rejoice;
(This is thy will and faithful word;)
My spirit meek, my will resign'd;
Lowly as thine shall be my mind;
The servant shall be as his Lord.

2 Already, Lord, I feel thy power;
Preserved from evil every hour,
My great Preserver I proclaim:
Safety and strength in thee I have;
I find, I find thee strong to save,
And know that Jesus is thy name.

3 By faith I every moment stand,
Strangely upheld by thy right hand;
I my own wickedness eschew;
A sinner, I am kept from sin;
And thou shalt make me pure within,
And thou shalt form my soul anew.

4 Come, then, and loose my stamm'ring tongue,
Teach me the new, the joyful song,
And perfect in a babe thy praise:

I want a thousand lives to' employ
In publishing the sounds of joy,
The gospel of thy general grace.

5 Come, Lord, thy Spirit bids thee come;
Give me thyself, and take me home;
Be now the glorious earnest given!
The counsel of thy grace fulfil;
Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will
Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven.

HYMN 367. [S. M.]

1 O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear and sin.
The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

2 Hasten the joyful day,
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be pass'd away,
And all things new become.
The' original offence
Out of my soul erase;
Enter thyself, and drive it hence,
And take up all the place.

3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well-pleasing in thy sight.
I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

HYMN 368. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 FATHER, see, this living clod,
This spark of heavenly fire;
See, my soul, the breath of God,
Doth after God aspire:
Let it still to heaven ascend,
Till I my principle rejoin,
Blended with my glorious end,
And lost in love divine.

2 Lord, if thou from me hast broke
The power of outward sin,
Burst this Babylonish yoke,
And make me free within:
Bid my inbred sin depart,
And I thy utmost word shall prove,
Upright both in life and heart,
And perfected in love.

3 God of all-sufficient grace,
My God in Christ thou art;
Bid me walk before thy face,
Till I am pure in heart;
Till, transform'd by faith divine,
I gain that perfect love unknown,
Bright in all thine image shine,
By putting on thy Son.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In council join again,
To restore thine image lost
By frail, apostate man:
O might I thy form express,
Through faith begotten from above,
Stamp'd with real holiness,
And fill'd with perfect love!

HYMN 369. [L. M.]

1 O GOD, most merciful and true!
Thy nature to my soul impart;
'Stablish with me the cov'nant new,
And write perfection on my heart.

2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind!
And, in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulness of life eternal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But sunk in guiltless shame adore,
With speechless wonder, at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.

5 Then every murmuring thought and vain
Expires, in sweet confusion lost;
I cannot of my cross complain;
I cannot of my goodness boast.

6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God for ever pacified!

HYMN 370. [C. M.]

1 DEEPEN the wound thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul,
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descends to make me whole.

2 The sharpness of thy two-edged sword
Enable me to' endure;
Till bold to say, My hallowing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure.

3 I see the' exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one:
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.

4 O that with all thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth, of perfect love!

HYMN 371. [8 *lines* 8's.]

1 WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire:
My hope is all centred in thee;
I trust to recover thy love,
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary died;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which gush'd from Immanuel's side!
I gasp for the stream of thy love,
The Spirit of rapture unknown:
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

HYMN 372. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

GIVE me the enlarged desire,
And open, Lord, my soul,
Thy own fulness to require,
And comprehend the whole:
Stretch my faith's capacity
Wider, and yet wider still;
Then with all that is in thee
My soul for ever fill!

HYMN 373. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 JESU, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame!

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love!

3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesu, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee!

4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there!

5 My Saviour, thou thy love to me
In shame, in want, in pain, hast show'd;
For me, on the accursed tree,
Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood;
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor aught shall the loved stamp efface.

6 More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with sins of deepest stain;
But thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flow'd thy cleansing blood in vain;
Ah, soften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood wash all these stains away!

7 O that I, as a little child,
May follow thee, and never rest
Till sweetly thou hast breathed thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one spirit with thee!

8 Still let thy love point out my way!
How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near!

9 In suffering be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died!

HYMN 374. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 COME, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come and consecrate my breast!
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there!

2 If now thy influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyself reveal;
Give me thyself, for ever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

3 Eager for thee I ask and pant;
So strong the principle divine,
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallow'd soul is thine;
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thine immensity.

4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure, and my all thou art!
True witness of my sonship, now
Engraving pardon on my heart,
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

5 Come, then, my God, mark out thine heir;
Of heaven a larger earnest give!
With clearer light thy witness bear;
More sensibly within me live;
Let all my powers thine entrance feel,
And deeper stamp thyself the seal!

HYMN 375. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 SAVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove
That Jesus is thy healing name;
To lose, when perfected in love,
Whate'er I have, or can, or am:
I stay me on thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

2 Answer that gracious end in me,
For which thy precious life was given;
Redeem from all iniquity;
Restore, and make me meet for heaven!
Unless thou purge my every stain,
Thy suffering and my faith are vain.

3 Didst thou not in the flesh appear,
Sin to condemn, and man to save?
That perfect love might cast out fear?
That I thy mind in me might have?
In holiness show forth thy praise,
And serve thee all my spotless days?

4 Didst thou not die that I might live
No longer to myself but thee?
Might body, soul, and spirit, give
To him who gave himself for me?
Come then, my Master, and my God,
Take the dear purchase of thy blood.

5 Thy own peculiar servant claim,
For thy own truth and mercy's sake;
Hallow in me thy glorious name;
Me for thine own this moment take,
And change and throughly purify;
Thine only may I live and die.

HYMN 376. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power, to conquer inbred sin;
Of love to thee and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter;
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine!

3 O that the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And take possession of my breast,
And fix in me his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

4 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire;
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

5 Where the indubitable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine!
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

HYMN 377. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 FATHER of everlasting grace,
Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
Thy goodness and thy truth we prove:
Thou hast, in honour of thy Son,
The gift unspeakable sent down,
The Spirit of life, and power, and love.

2 Send us the Spirit of thy Son,
To make the depths of Godhead known,
To make us share the life divine:
Send him the sprinkled blood to' apply,
Send him our souls to sanctify,
And show and seal us ever thine.

3 So shall we pray, and never cease;
So shall we thankfully confess
Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love;
With joy unspeakable adore,
And bless and praise thee evermore,
And serve thee as thy host above:

4 Till, added to that heavenly choir,
We raise our songs of triumph higher,
And praise thee in a bolder strain,
Out-soar the first-born seraph's flight,
And sing, with all our friends in light,
Thy everlasting love to man.

HYMN 378. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 WHAT shall I do my God to love,
My Saviour, and the world's, to praise?
Whose bowels of compassion move
To me, and all the fallen race!
Whose mercy is divinely free
For all the fallen race, and me!

2 I long to know, and to make known,
The heights and depths of love divine,
The kindness thou to me hast shown,
Whose every sin was counted thine!
My God for me resign'd his breath!
He died to save my soul from death!

3 How shall I thank thee for the grace
On me and all mankind bestow'd?
O that my every breath were praise!
O that my heart were fill'd with God!
My heart would then with love o'erflow,
And all my life thy glory show.

4 See me, O Lord, athirst and faint!
Me, weary of forbearing, see!
And let me feel thy love's constraint,
And freely give up all for thee;
True in the fiery trial prove
And pay thee back thy dying love!

HYMN 379. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 O LOVE, I languish at thy stay!
I pine for thee with ling'ring smart,
Weary and faint through long delay:
When wilt thou come into my heart,
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And swallow up my soul in thee?

2 Come, O thou universal Good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin!

3 Be thou, O Love, whate'er I want;
Support my feebleness of mind;
Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint
Revive, illuminate the blind;
The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
And heal the sick, and raise the dead!

4 Come, O my comfort and delight!
My strength and health, my shield and sun;
My boast, and confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown;
My gospel-hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradise!

5 The secret of the Lord thou art,
The mystery so long unknown;
Christ in a pure and perfect heart,
The name inscribed in the white stone;
The life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my present heaven.

HYMN 380. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads!
The day of liberty draws near;
Jesus, who on the Serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear:
The Lord will to his temple come;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove;

Surely we shall thy mercy find;
Who ask, shall all receive thy love;
Nor canst thou it to me deny;
I ask, the chief of sinners I!

4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up!
Ye shall not be forgotten long;
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove,
And cannot fail, if God is love!

5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!
Dare to believe; on Christ lay hold!
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer;
Tell him, "We will not let thee go,
"Till we thy name, thy nature know."

6 Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
And risen, thy death for us to plead?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou diedst; and couldst not die in vain.

7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour
Which all thy great salvation brings;
The Spirit of love, and health, and power,
Shall come, and make us priests and kings;
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

8 The promise stands for ever sure,
And we shall in thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine;
In Spirit join'd to thee the Son,
As thou art with thy Father one.

9 Faithful and true, we now receive
The promise ratified by thee:
To thee the *when* and *how* we leave,
In time and in eternity;
We only hang upon thy word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

HYMN 381. [4 *lines* 7's.]

1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resign'd to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise!

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below;
Only guided by thy light;
Only mighty in thy might!

3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

HYMN 382. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

Zechariah iv. 7.

FIRST PART.

1 O GREAT Mountain, who art thou,
Immense, immovable?
High as heaven aspires thy brow,
Thy foot sinks deep as hell!
Thee, alas, I long have known,
Long have felt thee fixt within;
Still beneath thy weight I groan;
Thou art *Indwelling Sin.*

2 Thou art darkness in my mind;
Perverseness in my will;
Love inordinate and blind,
That always cleaves to ill;
Every passion's wild excess;
Anger, lust, and pride, thou art;
Thou art sin and sinfulness,
And unbelief of heart.

3 Not by human might or power
Canst thou be moved from hence;
But thou shalt flow down before
Divine Omnipotence:
My Zerubbabel is near:
I have not believed in vain:
Thou, when Jesus doth appear,
Shalt sink into a plain.

4 Christ the Head, the Corner-Stone,
Shall be brought forth in me;
Glory be to Christ alone!
His grace shall set me free:
I shall shout my Saviour's name;
Him I evermore shall praise;
All the work of grace proclaim,
Of sanctifying grace.

5 Christ hath the foundation laid,
And Christ shall build me up;
Surely I shall soon be made
Partaker of my hope:
Author of my faith he is,
He its Finisher shall be;
Perfect love shall seal me his
To all eternity.

HYMN 383. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

SECOND PART.

1 WHO hath slighted or contemn'd
The day of feeble things?
I shall be by grace redeem'd;
'Tis grace salvation brings:
Ready now my Saviour stands;
Him I now rejoice to see
With the plummet in his hands,
To build and finish me.

2 I right early shall awake,
And see the perfect day;
Soon the Lamb of God shall take
My inbred sin away:
When to me my Lord shall come,
Sin for ever shall depart;
Jesus takes up all the room
In a believing heart.

3 Son of God, arise, arise,
And to thy temple come!
Look, and with thy flaming eyes
The man of sin consume;
Slay him with thy Spirit, Lord;
Reign thou in my heart alone;
Speak the sanctifying word,
And seal me all thine own.

HYMN 384. [C. M.]

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above,
Thy goodness thankfully adores;
And sure I taste thy love.

6 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height;
To comprehend the' Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.

7 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possest,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

8 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.

9 Thou only know'st, who didst obtain,
And die to make it known!
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one!

HYMN 385. [8 *lines*, 8's & 7's.]

1 LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;

Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more, thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 386. [L. M.]

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down!

2 As in the ancient days appear;
The sacred annals speak thy fame:
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shorten'd now;
It wants not now the power to save;
Still present with thy people, thou
Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.

4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Sion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

6 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crown'd,
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

HYMN 387. [S. M.]

1 PRISONERS of hope, arise,
And see your Lord appear:
Lo! on the wings of love he flies,
And brings redemption near.
Redemption in his blood
He calls you to receive:
"Look unto me, the pardoning God;
"Believe," he cries, "believe!"

2 The reconciling word
We thankfully embrace;
Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,
A blood-besprinkled race.

We yield to be set free;
Thy counsel we approve;
Salvation, praise, ascribe to thee,
And glory in thy love.

3 Jesus, to thee we look,
Till saved from sin's remains;
Reject the inbred tyrant's yoke,
And cast away his chains.
Our nature shall no more
O'er us dominion have;
By faith we apprehend the power
Which shall for ever save!

HYMN 388. [L. M.]

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesu's feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!

2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb?
The God of my salvation see?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am;
Yet still I cannot come to thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

4 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free:
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

5 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

6 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near, the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

7 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN 389. [C. M.]

1 O JESUS, at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive,
From all indwelling sin:
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us throughly clean!

3 Since thou would'st have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of thy love fulfil;
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.

5 According to our faith in thee
Let it to us be done;
O that we all thy face might see,
And know as we are known!

6 O that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffused abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
For ever fill'd with God!

HYMN 390. [6 *lines* 7's.]

1 SINCE the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty;
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy saving grace;
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect love.

2 Abba, Father! hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power,
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow:
Hear my Advocate Divine!
Lo! to his my suit I join;
Join'd to his, it cannot fail:
Bless me; for I will prevail!

4 Heavenly Father, Life Divine,
Change my nature into thine!
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole!
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but Thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay!
Come, and in thy temple stay!
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of Life, thyself impart:
Rise eternal in my heart!

HYMN 391. [L. M.]

Ezekiel xxxvi. 25, &c.

FIRST PART.

1 GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure;
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains and stands for ever sure:

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst, and make me clean:
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.

4 Purge me from every sinful blot;
My idols all be cast aside;
Cleanse me from every sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.

5 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

6 O take this heart of stone away!
Thy sway it doth not, cannot own:
In me no longer let it stay;
O take away this heart of stone!

7 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove,
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love!

HYMN 392. [L. M.]

SECOND PART.

1 FATHER, supply my every need;
Sustain the life thyself hast given;

Call for the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven.

2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase;
Nor ever let me hunger more.

3 Let me no more, in deep complaint,
"My leanness, O my leanness!" cry:
Alone consumed with pining want,
Of all my Father's children I.

4 The painful thirst, the fond desire,
Thy joyous presence shall remove;
But my full soul shall still require
A whole eternity of love.

HYMN 393. [L. M.]

THIRD PART.

1 HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye;
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorr'd;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory, be to Christ my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall;
Be less than nothing in thy sight;
And feel that Christ is all in all!

HYMN 394. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 O GOD of our forefathers, hear,
And make thy faithful mercies known:
To thee, through Jesus, we draw near,
Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,
In whom thy smiling face we see,
In whom thou art well pleased with me.

2 With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice,
Which brings thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.

3 Acceptance through his holy name,
Forgiveness in his blood, we have;
But more abundant life we claim
Through him, who died our souls to save,
To sanctify us by his blood,
And fill with all the life of God.

4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
And hear the blood that speaks above!
On us let all thy grace be shown:
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love,—
Thy kingdom,—come to every heart,
And all thou hast, and all thou art.

HYMN 395. [L. M.]

1 O GOD, to whom, in flesh reveal'd,
The helpless all for succour came,
The sick to be relieved and heal'd,
And found salvation in thy name:

2 With publicans and harlots, I,
In these thy Spirit's gospel-days,
To thee, the sinner's Friend, draw nigh,
And humbly sue for saving grace.

3 Thou see'st me helpless and distrest,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor;
Weary, I come to thee for rest,
And sick of sin, implore a cure.

4 My sin's incurable disease
Thou, Jesus, thou alone, canst heal;
Inspire me with thy power and peace,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 A touch, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean;
Purge the foul, inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom-sin.

6 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

7 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

8 Be it according to thy word;
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its little all to thee.

HYMN 396. [L. M.]

1 O THOU, whom once they flock'd to hear,
Thy words to hear, thy power to feel;
Suffer the sinners to draw near,
And graciously receive us still!

2 They that be whole, thyself hast said,
No need of a physician have;
But I am sick, and want thine aid,
And want thine utmost power to save.

3 Thy power, and truth, and love divine,
The same from age to age endure;
A word, a gracious word of thine,
The most inveterate plague can cure.

4 Helpless howe'er my spirit lies,
And long hath languish'd at the pool,
A word of thine shall make me rise,
And speak me in a moment whole.

5 Eighteen, or eight and thirty, years,
Or thousands, are alike to thee:
Soon as thy saving grace appears,
My plague is gone, my heart is free.

6 Make this the acceptable hour!
Come, O my soul's Physician, thou!
Display thy sanctifying power,
And show me thy salvation now.

HYMN 397. [L. M.]

1 JESU, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
With comfortable words and kind,
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeless name I have;
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

5 Though eighteen hundred years are past
Since thou didst in the flesh appear,
Thy tender mercies ever last;
And still thy healing power is here!

6 Wouldst thou the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul?
The sin-sick soul thou lov'st much more,
And surely thou shalt make it whole.

7 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

8 That token of thine utmost good
Now, Saviour, now on me bestow;
And purge my conscience with thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

HYMN 398. [4 *lines* 7's.]

1 SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole!
Finish thy great work of grace,
Cut it short in righteousness.

2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred sin;
Every stumbling-block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire:
None but Christ to me be given!
None but Christ in earth or heaven.

4 O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall,
Let my Lord be all in all!

HYMN 399. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 LIGHT of Life, seraphic fire,
Love Divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart!
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear!
To thy human temples come.

2 Come, in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in!
Fill us with the glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace!

HYMN 400. [4 *lines* 7's.]

1 JESUS comes with all his grace,
Comes to save a fallen race;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up!

2 Let the living stones cry out;
Let the sons of Abraham shout:
Praise we all our lowly King,
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing.

3 He hath our salvation wrought;
He our captive souls hath bought;
He hath reconciled to God;
He hath wash'd us in his blood.

4 We are now his lawful right,
Walk as children of the light:
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart, to see his face.

5 We shall gain our calling's prize;
After God we all shall rise,
Fill'd with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.

6 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up;
Trust to be redeem'd from sin,
Wait, till he appear within.

7 Fools and madmen let us be,
Yet is our sure trust in thee:
Faithful is the promised word,
We shall all be as our Lord.

8 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day!
Let thy every servant say,
"I have now obtain'd the power,
"Born of God, to sin no more."

HYMN 401. [6 *lines* 8's.]

Mark ix. 23.

1 ALL things are possible to him
That can in Jesu's name believe:
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in thee;
All things are possible to me.

2 The most impossible of all
Is, that I e'er from sin should cease;
Yet shall it be, I know it shall;
Jesus, look to thy faithfulness!
If nothing is too hard for thee,
All things are possible to me.

3 Though earth and hell the word gainsay,
The word of God can never fail;
The Lamb shall take my sins away;
'Tis certain, though impossible:
The thing impossible shall be;
All things are possible to me.

4 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought;
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree;
All things are possible to me.

5 Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn,
That I shall serve thee without fear,
Shall find the pearl which others spurn,
Holy, and pure, and perfect here:
The servant as his Lord shall be;
All things are possible to me.

6 All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renew'd,
When I in Christ am form'd again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

HYMN 402. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 O MIGHT I this moment cease
From every work of mine;
Find the perfect holiness,
The righteousness divine!
Let me thy salvation see;
Let me do thy perfect will;
Live in glorious liberty,
And all thy fulness feel.

2 O cut short the work, and make
Me now a creature new;
For thy truth and mercy's sake,
The gracious wonder show:
Call me forth thy witness, Lord;
Let my life declare thy power;
To thy perfect love restored,
O let me sin no more!

3 Fain I would the truth proclaim,
That makes me free indeed,
Glorify my Saviour's Name,
And all its virtues spread:
Jesus all our wants relieves,
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
Saves, and to the utmost saves,
All those that come to him.

4 Perfect then thy mighty power
In a weak, sinful worm!
All my sins destroy, devour,
And all my soul transform!
Now apply thy Spirit's seal;
O come quickly from above!
Empty me of sin, and fill
With all the life of love.

HYMN 403. [C. M.]

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin!

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good!
I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant;
This, only this be given;
Nothing beside my God I want;
Nothing in earth or heaven.

7 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End!

8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be lost;
Let all be lost in God.

HYMN 404. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesu's priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess:
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind, remove;
The purchase of thy death divide!
And O! with all the sanctified
Give me a lot of love!

HYMN 405. [C. M.]

1 O JOYFUL sound of gospel-grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face;
I shall be holy here.

2 This heart shall be his constant home;
I hear his Spirit's cry:
"Surely," he saith, "I quickly come;"
He saith, who cannot lie.

3 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view;
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

4 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

5 He visits now the house of clay;
He shakes his future home;
O would'st thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come!

6 With me I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

7 My earth thou waterest from on high;
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul!

8 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill:
Come, O my God, my God!

9 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity;
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee!

HYMN 406. [C. M.]

1 WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait, till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,

Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners, me.

4 From all iniquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem;
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And, lo! he saith, "I quickly come,
"To fill and rule thy heart!"

6 Be it according to thy word!
Redeem me from all sin:
My heart would now receive thee, Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in!

HYMN 407. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

Deut. xxxiii. 26—29.

1 NONE is like Jeshurun's God,
So great, so strong, so high:
Lo! he spreads his wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky:
Israel is his first-born son:
God, the' Almighty God, is thine;
See him to thy help come down,
The excellence divine.

2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
To succour and defend;
Thee the' eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and thy Friend:
Israel, what hast thou to dread?
Safe from all impending harms,

Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

3 God is thine; disdain to fear
The enemy within:
God shall in thy flesh appear,
And make an end of sin:
God the man of sin shall slay,
Fill thee with triumphant joy;
God shall thrust him out, and say,
"Destroy them all, destroy!"

4 All the struggle then is o'er,
And wars and fightings cease;
Israel then shall sin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace:
All his enemies are gone;
Sin shall have in him no part;
Israel now shall dwell alone,
With Jesus in his heart.

5 In a land of corn and wine
His lot shall be below;
Comforts there, and blessings join,
And milk and honey flow:
Jacob's well is in his soul;
Gracious dew his heavens distil,
Fill his soul, already full,
And shall for ever fill.

6 Blest, O Israel, art thou;
What people is like thee?
Saved from sin, by Jesus, now
Thou art, and still shalt be:
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield;
Jesus is thy flaming sword;
Earth, and hell, and sin, shall yield
To God's almighty word.

HYMN 408. [L. M.]

1 HE wills, that I should holy be;
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplish'd in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine!

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stay'd,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise, by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfil.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move:
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

5 Jesus, thy loving Spirit alone
Can lead me forth, and make me free;
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.

6 Now let thy Spirit bring me in;
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.

7 Lord, I believe thy power the same;
The same thy truth and grace endure;
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.

8 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole;
Entirely all my sins remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

HYMN 409. [C. M.]

1 JESUS, my Lord, I cry to thee
Against the spirit unclean:
I want a constant liberty,
A perfect rest from sin.

2 Expel the fiend out of my heart,
By love's almighty power;
Now, now command him to depart,
And never enter more.

3 Thy killing and thy quick'ning power,
Jesus, in me display;
The life of nature from this hour,
My pride and passion, slay.

4 Then, then, my utmost Saviour, raise
My soul, with saints above,
To serve thy will, and spread thy praise,
And sing thy perfect love.

5 This moment I thy truth confess;
This moment I receive
The heavenly gift, the dew of grace,
And by thy mercy live.

6 The next, and every moment, Lord,
On me thy Spirit pour;
And bless me, who believe thy word,
With that last glorious shower.

HYMN 410. [S. M.]

1 FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

Come, then, for Jesu's sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

2 I will, through grace, I will,
I do, return to thee;
Take, empty it, O Lord, and fill
My heart with purity!
For power, I feebly pray:
Thy kingdom now restore,
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
And I shall sin no more.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood to' impart
The spotless purity:
While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, thy grace bestow,
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

HYMN 411. [6 *lines* 7's.]

1 WHY not now, my God, my God?
Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,
Take possession of my heart:
If thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now?

2 God of love, in this my day,
For thyself to thee I cry,
Dying,—if thou still delay,
Must I not for ever die?
Enter now thy poorest home;
Now, my utmost Saviour, come!

HYMN 412. [L. M.]

1 *Kings* xviii.

1 THOU God that answerest by fire,
On thee in Jesu's name we call;
Fulfil our faithful hearts' desire,
And let on us thy Spirit fall.

2 Bound on the altar of thy cross,
Our old offending nature lies;
Now, for the honour of thy cause,
Come, and consume the sacrifice!

3 Consume our lusts as rotten wood,
Consume our stony hearts within!
Consume the dust, the serpent's food,
And dry up all the streams of sin.

4 Its body totally destroy!
Thyself *The Lord, The God,* approve!
And fill our hearts with holy joy,
And fervent zeal, and perfect love.

5 O that the fire from heaven might fall,
Our sins its ready victims find,
Seize on our sins, and burn up all,
Nor leave the least remains behind!

6 Then shall our prostrate souls adore,
The Lord, He is the God, confess:
He is the God of saving power!
He is the God of hallowing grace!

HYMN 413. [8 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

1 ONCE thou didst on earth appear,
For all mankind to' atone;
Now be manifested here,
And bid our sin be gone!
Come, and by thy presence chase
Its nature with its guilt and power;
Jesus, show thy open face,
And sin shall be no more.

2 Thou who didst so greatly stoop
To a poor virgin's womb,
Here thy mean abode take up;
To me, my Saviour, come!
Come, and Satan's works destroy,
And let me all thy Godhead prove,
Fill'd with peace, and heavenly joy,
And pure eternal love.

3 Then my soul, with strange delight,
Shall comprehend and feel
What the length, and breadth, and height
Of love unspeakable:
Then I shall the secret know,
Which angels would search out in vain;—
God was man, and served below,
That man with God might reign!

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
And with thine own abide:
Holy Ghost, to make thee room,
Our hearts we open wide;
Thee, and only thee request,
To every asking sinner given;
Come, our life, and peace, and rest,
Our all in earth and heaven.

HYMN 414. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 NOW, ev'n now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part;
Jesus, speak my pardon seal'd,
And purify my heart;
Purge the love of sin away;
Then I into nothing fall;
Then I see the perfect day,
And Christ is all in all.

2 Jesus, now our hearts inspire
With that pure love of thine;
Kindle now the heavenly fire,
To brighten and refine;
Purify our faith like gold;
All the dross of sin remove;
Melt our spirits down, and mould
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 415. [C. M.]

1 JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone!
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable!
And wait with arms of faith to' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free:
Let all I am in thee be lost;
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven!

HYMN 416. [C. M.]

1 I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power,
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love reveal'd,
The kingdom fix'd within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulness I require.

4 My vehement soul cries out, opprest,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Art thou not able to convert?
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

HYMN 417. [C. M.]

1 COME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my gasping soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in;
I ask, desire, and trust in thee,
To be redeem'd from sin.

3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
And can no longer doubt;
Remove from hence! to sin I say;
Be cast this moment out!

4 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued;
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood!

5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

6 'Tis done: thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

SECTION VIII.

For Believers Saved.

HYMN 418. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 GOD! who didst so dearly buy
These wretched souls of ours,
Help us thee to glorify
With all our ransom'd powers:
Ours they are not, Lord, but thine;
O let the vessels of thy grace,
Body, soul, and spirit, join
In our Redeemer's praise!

2 True and faithful witness, thee,
O Jesus, we receive;
Fulness of the Deity,
In all thy people live!

First-begotten from the dead,
Call forth thy living witnesses;
King of saints, thine empire spread
O'er all the ransom'd race.

3 Grace, the fountain of all good,
Ye happy saints, receive,
With the streams of peace o'erflow'd,
With all that God can give;
He who is, and was, in peace,
And grace, and plenitude of power,
Comes, your favour'd souls to bless,
And never leave you more.

4 Let the Spirit before his throne,
Mysterious One and Seven,
In his various gifts sent down,
Be to the churches given;
Let the pure seraphic joy
From Jesus Christ, the Just, descend;
Holiness without alloy,
And bliss that ne'er shall end!

HYMN 419. [L. M.]

1 QUICKEN'D with our immortal Head,
Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee,
Redeem'd from sin, and free indeed,
We taste our glorious liberty.

2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
With joy we seek the things above;
And all thy saints the spirit breathe
Of power, sobriety, and love.

3 Power o'er the world, the fiend, and sin,
We through thy gracious Spirit feel;
Full power the victory to win,
And answer all thy righteous will.

4 Pure love to God thy members find,
Pure love to every soul of man;
And in thy sober, spotless mind,
Saviour, our heaven on earth we gain.

HYMN 420. [L. M.]

Resurrection.

1 YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove;
By actions show your sins forgiven!
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp, to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin ye live;
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ conceal'd,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And, glorious as your Head reveal'd,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

HYMN 421. [S. M.]

2 *Tim.* iv. 7.

1 "I THE good fight have fought,"
O when shall I declare?
The victory by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.
O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!

2 This blessed word be mine
Just as the port is gain'd,
"Kept by the power of grace divine,
"I have the faith maintain'd."
The' Apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

HYMN 422. [L. M.]

1 LET not the wise his wisdom boast;
The mighty glory in his might;
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.
The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again!

2 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.
The Lord my Righteousness I praise;
I triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.

HYMN 423. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 WHO can worthily commend
Thy love unsearchable!
Love that made thee condescend
Our curse and death to feel:
Thou, the great, eternal God,
Who didst thyself our ransom pay,
Hast, with thy own precious blood,
Wash'd all our sins away.

2 By the Spirit of our Head
Anointed priests and kings,
Conquerors of the world, we tread
On all created things;
Sit in heavenly places down,
While yet we in the flesh remain:
Now, partakers of thy throne,
Before thy Father reign.

3 In thy members here beneath
The Intercessor prays;
Here we in the Spirit breathe
The quintessence of praise;
Offer up our all to God;
And God beholds, with gracious eyes,
First the purchase of thy blood,
And then our sacrifice.

4 Jesus, let thy kingdom come,
(Inspired by thee we pray,)
Previous to the general doom,
The everlasting day:
Take possession of thine own,
And let us then our Saviour see
Glorious on thy heavenly throne,
To all eternity!

HYMN 424. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 US, who climb thy holy hill,
A general blessing make:
Let the world our influence feel,
Our gospel-grace partake:
Grace, to help in time of need,
Pour out on sinners from above;
All thy Spirit's fulness shed,
In showers of heavenly love.

2 Make our earthly souls a field
Which God delights to bless;
Let us in due season yield
The fruits of righteousness:
Make us trees of paradise,
Which more and more thy praise may show,
Deeper sink, and higher rise,
And to perfection grow.

HYMN 425. [L. M.]

1 THE Voice that speaks Jehovah near,
The still small voice I long to hear;
O may it now my Lord proclaim,
And fill my soul with holy shame!

2 Ashamed I must for ever be,
Afraid the God of love to see,
If saints and prophets hide their face,
And angels tremble while they gaze!

HYMN 426. [S. M.]

1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to thee thy own;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

HYMN 427. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pardoning love compell'd,
Up to thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield:
Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

2 Meet it is, and just, and right,
That we should be wholly thine,
In thy only will delight,
In thy blessed service join:
O that every work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art;
"Holiness unto the Lord"
Still be written on our heart.

HYMN 428. [C. M.]

1 LET Him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price;
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies!

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

HYMN 429. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 BEHOLD the servant of the Lord!
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will;
Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

2 Me if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
Meanest of all thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner choose;
Let all my fruit be found of thee;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.

3 My every weak, though good design,
O'er-rule, or change, as seems thee meet;
Jesus, let all my work be thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in thy Father's sight;
Thou only hast done all things right.

4 Here then to thee thy own I leave;
Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay;
But let me all thy stamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey;
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

HYMN 430. [6 *lines* 7's.]

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call:
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all,
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart;—but make it new!

5 Now, O God, thine own I am;
Now I give thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die!

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,

As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

HYMN 431. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 O GOD, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice;
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More should'st thou have, if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul;
No longer mine, but thine I am;
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame:
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallow'd shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will;
Here let thy light for ever shine;
This house still let thy presence fill;
O Source of Life,—live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love!

4 O never in these veils of shame,
Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be!
Clothe with salvation, through thy name,
My soul, and let me put on thee!
Be living faith my costly dress,
And my best robe thy righteousness!

5 Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity,

Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

6 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am call'd by thy great name;
In thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim;
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise!

HYMN 432. [C. M.]

1 FATHER, into thy hands alone
I have my all restored;
My all, thy property I own,
The steward of the Lord.

2 Hereafter none can take away
My life, or goods, or fame;
Ready at thy demand to lay
Them down I always am.

3 Confiding in thy only love,
Through Jesus strength'ning me,
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
And give back all to thee.

4 Take when thou wilt into thy hands,
And as thou wilt require;
Resume by the Chaldean bands,
Or the devouring fire.

5 Determined all thy will to' obey,
Thy blessings I restore;
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
I praise thee evermore!

HYMN 433. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 GIVE me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like praying love,
Which longs to build thy house again;
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

2 I want an even, strong desire,
I want a calmly-fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.

3 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe thy love.

4 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach thy word;
And let me to thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the Sinners' Friend.

5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine;
And lead them to thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

HYMN 434. [4 *lines* 7's.]

1 JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part;
Let me give thee all my heart.

3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature-happiness.

4 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only Thee I know;
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

5 All my treasure is above;
All my riches is thy love:
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite, unsearchable!

6 Thou, O love, my portion art:
Lord, thou know'st my simple heart!
Other comforts I despise;
Love be all my paradise.

7 Nothing else can I require;
Love fills up my whole desire;
All thy other gifts remove,
Still thou giv'st me all in love!

HYMN 435. [C. M.]

1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift;
My soul on thee depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace:
His blood's availing plea
Obtain'd the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is thine.

6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is all in all!

HYMN 436. [S. M.]

1 JESU, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring Light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart!

3 I lift my eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On thee; O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end!

6 Still stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.

7 Persist to save my soul
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all thy power.

8 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace!

9 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

10 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd:
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

HYMN 437. [L. M.]

1 O GOD, my God, my All thou art!
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power, display.

2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live;
And hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 In a dry land, behold I place
My whole desire on thee, O Lord;
And more I joy to gain thy grace,
Than all earth's treasures can afford.

4 More dear than life itself, thy Love
My heart and tongue shall still employ;
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

5 In blessing thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away:
The praise that to thy name belongs
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

6 Abundant sweetness while I sing
Thy love, my ravish'd heart o'erflows;
Secure in thee, my God and King,
Of glory that no period knows.

7 Thy name, O God, upon my bed
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought;
With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
I muse on all thy hands have wrought.

8 In all I do I feel thine aid;
Therefore thy greatness will I sing,
O God, who bidd'st my heart be glad
Beneath the shadow of thy wing!

9 My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee:
Then let or earth or hell assail,
Thy mighty hand shall set me free;
For whom thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail.

HYMN 438. [12 *lines* 8's.]

1 O GOD of peace and pardoning love,
Whose bowels of compassion move
To every sinful child of man;
Jesus, our Shepherd great and good,
Who dying bought us with his blood,
Thou hast brought back to life again.
His blood to all our souls apply;
(His blood alone can sanctify,
Which first did for our sins atone;)
The covenant of redemption seal;
The depth of love, of God, reveal;
And speak us perfected in one.

2 O might our every work and word
Express the tempers of our Lord,
The nature of our Head above:
His Spirit send into our hearts,
Engraving on our inmost parts
The living law of holiest love.
Then shall we do, with pure delight,
Whate'er is pleasing in thy sight,
As vessels of thy richest grace;
And, having thy whole counsel done,
To thee and thy co-equal Son
Ascribe the everlasting praise.

HYMN 439. [12 *lines* 8's.]

1 THY power and saving truth to show,
A warfare at thy charge I go,
Strong in the Lord, and thy great might:

Gladly take up the hallow'd cross;
And, suffering all things for thy cause,
Beneath thy bloody banner fight.
A spectacle to fiends and men,
To all their fierce or cool disdain
With calmest pity I submit:
Determined nought to know, beside
My Jesus and him crucified,
I tread the world beneath my feet.

2 Superior to their smile or frown,
On all their goods my soul looks down,
Their pleasures, wealth, and power, and state:
The man that dares their god despise,
The Christian,—he alone is wise;
The Christian,—he alone is great.
O God, let all my life declare
How happy all thy servants are;
How far above these earthly things;
How pure, when wash'd in Jesu's blood;
How intimately one with God,
A heaven-born race of Priests and Kings!

3 For this alone I live below,
The power of godliness to show,
The wonders wrought by Jesu's Name:
O that I might but faithful prove;
Witness to all thy pardoning love,
And point them to the' atoning Lamb!
Let me to every creature cry,
The poor and rich, the low and high,
"Believe, and feel thy sins forgiven!
"Damn'd, till by Jesus saved, thou art!
"Till Jesu's blood hath wash'd thy heart,
"Thou can'st not find the gate of heaven!"

HYMN 440. [12 *lines* 8's.]

1 THOU, Jesu, thou my breast inspire,
And touch my lips with hallow'd fire,
And loose a stammering infant's tongue:
Prepare the vessel of thy grace;
Adorn me with the robes of praise,
And mercy shall be all my song;
Mercy for all who know not God;
Mercy for all in Jesu's blood;
Mercy, that earth and heaven transcends;
Love that o'erwhelms the saints in light;
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of love divine, which never ends!

2 A faithful witness of thy grace,
Well may I fill the' allotted space,
And answer all thy great design;
Walk in the works by thee prepared;
And find annex'd the vast reward,
The crown of righteousness divine.
When I have lived to thee alone,
Pronounce the welcome word, "Well done!"
And let me take my place above:
Enter into my Master's joy;
And all eternity employ,
In praise, and ecstasy, and love.

SECTION IX.

For Believers Interceding.

HYMN 441. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 LET God, who comforts the distrest,
Let Israel's Consolation hear!
Hear, Holy Ghost, our joint request,
And show thyself the Comforter;
And swell the' unutterable groan,
And breathe our wishes to the Throne!

2 We weep for those that weep below,
And, burden'd for the' afflicted, sigh;
The various forms of human woe
Excite our softest sympathy,
Fill every heart with mournful care,
And draw out all our souls in prayer.

3 We wrestle for the ruin'd race,
By sin eternally undone,—
Unless thou magnify thy grace,
And make thy richest mercy known,
And make thy vanquish'd rebels find
Pardon in Christ for all mankind.

4 Father of everlasting Love,
To every soul thy Son reveal,
Our guilt and sufferings to remove,
Our deep, original wound to heal;
And bid the fallen race arise,
And turn our earth to Paradise.

HYMN 442. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 OUR earth we now lament to see
With floods of wickedness o'erflow'd,
With violence, wrong, and cruelty,—
One wide-extended field of blood,
Where men like fiends each other tear,
In all the hellish rage of war.

2 As 'listed on Abaddon's side,
They mangle their own flesh, and slay:
Tophet is moved, and opens wide
Its mouth for its enormous prey;
And myriads sink beneath the grave,
And plunge into the flaming wave.

3 O might the universal Friend
This havoc of his creatures see!
Bid our unnatural discord end;
Declare us reconciled in thee;
Write kindness on our inward parts,
And chase the murderer from our hearts!

4 Who now against each other rise,
The nations of the earth constrain
To follow after peace, and prize
The blessings of thy righteous reign,
The joys of unity to prove,
The paradise of perfect love!

HYMN 443. [6 *lines* 8's.]

For the Mahometans.

1 SUN of unclouded Righteousness,
With healing in thy wings arise,
A sad benighted world to bless,
Which now in sin and error lies,
Wrapt in Egyptian night profound;
With chains of hellish darkness bound.

2 The smoke of the infernal cave,
Which half the Christian world o'erspread,
Disperse, thou heavenly Light, and save
The souls by that Impostor led,
That Arab-thief, as Satan bold,
Who quite destroy'd thy Asian fold.

3 O might the blood of sprinkling cry
For those who spurn the sprinkled blood!
Assert thy glorious Deity,
Stretch out thine arm, thou triune God!
The Unitarian fiend expel,
And chase his doctrine back to hell.

4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thou Three in One, and One in Three!
Resume thy own, for ages lost,
Finish the dire apostasy;

Thy universal claim maintain,
And Lord of the creation reign!

HYMN 444. [6 *lines* 8's.]

For the Heathens.

1 LORD over all, if thou hast made,
Hast ransom'd, every soul of man,—
Why is the grace so long delay'd?
Why unfulfill'd the saving plan?
The bliss, for Adam's race design'd,
When will it reach to all mankind?

2 Art thou the God of Jews alone,
And not the God of Gentiles too?
To Gentiles make thy goodness known;
Thy judgments to the nations show;
Awake them by the gospel-call:
Light of the world, illumine all!

3 The servile progeny of Ham
Seize, as the purchase of thy blood;
Let all the Heathens know thy name;
From idols to the living God
The dark Americans convert;
And shine in every Pagan heart!

4 As lightning launch'd from east to west,
The coming of thy kingdom be;
To thee, by angel-hosts confest,
Bow every soul and every knee;
Thy glory let all flesh behold!
And then fill up thy heavenly fold.

HYMN 445. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 O COME, thou radiant Morning Star,
Again in human darkness shine!
Arise resplendent from afar!
Assert thy royalty divine!
Thy sway o'er all the earth maintain,
And now begin thy glorious reign.

2 Thy kingdom, Lord, we long to see :
Thy sceptre o'er the nations shake !
To' erect that final monarchy,
Edom for thy possession take ;
Take (for thou didst their ransom find)
The purchased souls of all mankind.

3 Now let thy chosen ones appear,
And valiantly the truth maintain !
Dispread thy gracious kingdom here ;
Fly on the rebel sons of men !
Seize them with faith divinely bold,
And force the world into thy fold !

HYMN 446. [C. M.]

1 JESU, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run ;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Clothed with the Spirit of Holiness,
May all thy people prove
The plenitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.

3 Jesus, let all thy lovers shine
Illustrious as the sun ;
And, bright with borrow'd rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run :

4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go ;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

5 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might ;
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of hellish night :

6 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

HYMN 447. [D. S. M.]

1 MESSIAH, Prince of Peace!
Where men each other tear,
Where war is learn'd, they must confess,
Thy kingdom is not there.
Who, prompted by thy foe,
Delight in human blood,
Apollyon is their king, we know,
And Satan is their God.

2 But shall he still devour
The souls redeem'd by thee?
Jesus, stir up thy glorious power,
And end the' apostasy!
Come, Saviour, from above,
O'er all our hearts to reign;
And plant the kingdom of thy love
In every heart of man.

3 Then shall we exercise
The hellish art no more,
While thou, our long-lost paradise
Dost with thyself restore.
Fightings and wars shall cease,
And, in thy Spirit given,
Pure joy and everlasting peace
Shall turn our earth to heaven.

HYMN 448. [8 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

1 PRINCE of universal peace,
Destroy the enmity;
Bid our jars and discords cease;
Unite us all in thee:
Cruel as wild beasts we are,
Till vanquish'd by thy mercy's power;
Men, like wolves, each other tear,
And their own flesh devour.

2 But if thou pronounce the word
That forms our souls again,
Love and harmony restored
Throughout our earth shall reign:
When thy wondrous love they feel,
The human savages are tame;
Ravenous wolves and leopards dwell
And stable with the lamb.

3 O that now, with pardon blest,
We each might each embrace;
Quietly together rest,
And feed upon thy grace;
Like our sinless parents live:
Great Shepherd! make thy goodness known
All into thy fold receive,
And keep us ever one.

HYMN 449. [8 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

1 HAPPY day of union sweet!
O when shall it appear!
When shall all thy people meet
In amity sincere!
Tear each other's flesh no more,
But kindly think and speak the same;
All express the meekening power
And spirit of the Lamb!

2 Visit us, bright Morning Star,
And bring the perfect day!
Urged by faith's incessant prayer,
No longer, Lord, delay:
Now destroy the envious root;
The ground of nature's feuds remove;
Fill the earth with golden fruit,
With ripe, millennial love.

HYMN 450. [S. M.]

For the Jews.

1 MESSIAH, full of grace,
Redeem'd by thee, we plead
The promise made to Abraham's race,
To souls for ages dead.

2 Their bones, as quite dried up,
Throughout the vale appear:
Cut off and lost their last faint hope
To see thy kingdom here.

3 Open their graves, and bring
The outcasts forth, to own
Thou art their Lord, their God, their King,
Their true Anointed One.

4 To save the race forlorn,
Thy glorious arm display!
And show the world a nation born,
A nation in a day!

HYMN 451. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 FATHER of faithful Abraham, hear
Our earnest suit for Abraham's seed!
Justly they claim the softest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead,
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 Outcasts from thee, and scatter'd wide
Through every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven,
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, and cursed of God.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thy own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murd'rers look
On him they pierced, and weep, and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past;
All Israel shall be saved at last.

4 Come, then, thou great Deliv'rer, come!
The veil from Jacob's heart remove!
Receive thy ancient people home!
That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception find
Life from the dead for all mankind.

HYMN 452. [D. S. M.]

1 ALMIGHTY God of Love,
Set up the' attracting sign,
And summon whom thou dost approve
For messengers divine:
From favour'd Abraham's Seed
The new Apostles choose,
In isles and continents to spread
The dead-reviving news.

2 Them, snatch'd out of the flame,
Through every nation send,
The true Messiah to proclaim,
The universal Friend;
That all the God unknown
May learn of Jews to' adore,
And see thy glory in thy Son,
Till time shall be no more.

3 O that the chosen band
Might now their brethren bring,
And, gather'd out of every land,
Present to Sion's King!
Of all the ancient race,
Not one be left behind;
But each, impell'd by secret grace,
His way to Canaan find.

4 We know it must be done,
For God hath spoke the word;
All Israel shall the Saviour own,
To their first state restored:
Rebuilt by his command,
Jerusalem shall rise;
Her temple on *Moriah* stand
Again, and touch the skies.

5 Send then thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home;
From East, and West, and South, and North,
Let all the wanderers come:
Where'er in lands unknown
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy Holy Mount to gain.

6 An offering to their Lord,
There let them all be seen,
Sprinkled with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean:
With Israel's myriads seal'd,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the mystery fulfill'd,
The family complete!

HYMN 453. [D. S. M.]

For England.

1 SINNERS, the call obey,
The latest call of grace;
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race;
Devils and men combine
To plague the faithless seed,
And phials, full of wrath divine,
Are bursting on your head.

2 Enter into the Rock,
Ye trembling slaves of sin,
The Rock of your salvation, struck
And cleft to take you in:
To shelter the distrest,
He did the cross endure;
Enter into the clefts, and rest
In Jesu's wounds secure.

3 Jesus, to thee we fly,
From the devouring sword;
Our city of defence is nigh;
Our help is in the Lord.
—Or, if the scourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence,
Thine everlasting arms, we know,
Shall be our souls' defence

4 We in thy word believe,
And on thy promise stay;
Our life, which still to thee we give,
Shall be to us a prey:
Our life with thee we hide,
Above the furious blast,
And shelter'd in thy wounds abide,
Till all the storms are past.

5 Believing against hope,
We hang upon thy grace,
Through every lowering cloud look up,
And wait for happy days;
The days when all shall know
Their sins in Christ forgiven,
And walk awhile with God below,
And then fly up to heaven.

HYMN 454. [L. M.]

Against Lukewarmness. *Rev.* iii. 14—19.

FIRST PART.

1 GOD of unspotted purity,
Us and our works canst thou behold!
Justly we are abhorr'd by thee,
For we are neither hot nor cold.

2 We call thee Lord, thy faith profess,
But do not from our hearts obey;
In soft *Laodicean* ease
We sleep our useless lives away.

3 We live in pleasure, and are dead,
In search of fame and wealth we live:
Commanded in thy steps to tread,
We seek sometimes, but never strive.

4 A lifeless form we still retain;
Of this we make our empty boast,
Nor know the name we take in vain;
The power of godliness is lost.

5 How long, great God, have we appear'd
Abominable in thy sight!
Better that we had never heard
Thy word, or seen the gospel-light.

6 Better that we had never known
The way to heaven through saving grace,
Than basely in our lives disown,
Than slight and mock thee to thy face.

7 Thou rather would'st that we were cold,
Than seem to serve thee without zeal;
Less guilty if, with those of old,
We worshipped *Thor* and *Woden* still.

8 Less grievous will the judgment-day
To *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* prove,
Than us, who cast our faith away,
And trample on thy richer love.

HYMN 455. [L. M.]

SECOND PART.

1 O LET us our own works forsake,
Ourselves, and all we have deny;
Thy condescending counsel take,
And come to thee pure gold to buy!

2 O might we, through thy grace, attain
The faith thou never wilt reprove;
The faith that purges every stain,
The faith that always works by love!

3 O might we see in this our day,
The things belonging to our peace,
And timely meet thee in thy way
Of judgments, and our sins confess!

4 Thy fatherly chastisements own;
With filial awe revere thy rod;
And turn, with zealous haste, and run
Into the outstretch'd arms of God.

HYMN 456. [L. M.]

For the Promise of the Spirit.

FIRST PART.

1 FATHER, if justly still we claim
To us and ours the promise made,
To us be graciously the same,
And crown with living fire our head.

2 Our claim admit, and from above
Of holiness the Spirit shower,
Of wise discernment, humble love;
And zeal, and unity, and power.

3 The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative, impart;
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart:

4 The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind:

5 The Spirit of faith, in this thy day,
To break the power of cancell'd sin,
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
And still the conquest more than win.

6 The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy laws may write;
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife;
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

HYMN 457. [L. M.]

SECOND PART.

1 ON all the earth thy Spirit shower;
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.

2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place
Its richer energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God and true!
The ancient Seers thou didst inspire;
To us perform the promise due;
Descend, and crown us now with fire!

HYMN 458. [L. M.]

1 AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face
For all who feel thy work begun;
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their names,
Be mindful of thy youngest care;
Be tender of thy new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

3 The lion roaring for his prey,
With ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay,
If found one moment from their guide.

4 Satan his thousand arts essays,
His agents all their powers employ,
To blast the blooming work of grace,
The heavenly offspring to destroy.

5 Baffle the crooked Serpent's skill,
And turn his sharpest dart aside;
Hide from their eyes the devilish ill,
O save them from the demon, Pride!

6 In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure;
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.

HYMN 459. [S. M.]

For the Fallen.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, hear
Our supplicating cry;
And gather in the souls sincere,
That from their brethren fly.

2 Scatter'd through devious ways,
Collect thy feeble flock;
And join by thine atoning grace,
And hide them in the Rock.

3 O would'st thou end the storm,
That keeps us still apart!
The thing impossible perform,
And make us of one heart,—

4 One spirit and one mind,
The same that was in thee:
O might we all again be join'd
In perfect harmony!

5 Jesus, at thy command,
We know it shall be done;
Take the two sticks into thy hand,
The two shall then be one.

6 One body and one fold,
We then shall sweetly prove,
And live in thee, like them of old,
The life of spotless love.

HYMN 460. [D. S. M.]

1 GOD of all power and grace,
Set up the bloody sign;
And gather those that seek thy face,
And by thy Spirit join.
The few remaining sheep
In Britain's pastures bred,
United to each other keep,
United to their Head.

2 The soul-transforming word
In us, ev'n us, fulfil;
Join to thyself, our common Lord,
And all thy servants seal.

Confer the grace unknown,
The mystic charity;
As thou art with the Father One,
Unite us all in thee.

3 So shall the world believe
Our record, Lord, and thine;
And all with thankful hearts receive
The Messenger divine,
Sent from his throne above,
To Adam's offspring given,
To join and perfect us in love,
And take us up to heaven.

HYMN 461. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 SAVIOUR, to thee we humbly cry!
The brethren we have lost restore;
Recall them by thy pitying eye;
Retrieve them from the Tempter's power;
By thy victorious blood cast down,
Nor suffer him to take their crown.

2 Beguiled, alas! by Satan's art,
We see them now far off removed,
The burden of our bleeding heart,
The souls whom once in thee we loved;
Whom still we love with grief and pain,
And weep for their return in vain.

3 In vain, till thou the power bestow,
The double power of quick'ning grace,
And make the *happy* sinners know
Their Tempter, with his angel-face,
Who leads them captive at his will,
Captive, but *happy* sinners still!

4 O would'st thou break the fatal snare
Of carnal self-security;
And let them feel the wrath they bear,
And let them groan their want of thee,

Robb'd of their false, pernicious peace,
Stripp'd of their fancied righteousness!

5 The men of careless lives, who deem
Thy righteousness accounted theirs,
Awake out of the soothing dream;
Alarm their souls with humble fears:
Thou jealous God, stir up thy power,
And let them sleep in sin no more!

6 Long as the guilt of sin shall last,
Them in its misery detain;
Hold their licentious spirits fast,
Bind them with their own nature's chain,
Nor ever let the wand'rers rest,—
Till lodged again in Jesu's breast.

HYMN 462. [L. M.]

1 O LET the pris'ners' mournful cries
As incense in thy sight appear!
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free:
Call home, call home thy banish'd ones!
Lead captive their captivity!

3 Show them the blood that bought their peace,
The anchor of their steadfast hope!
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransom'd prisoners up.

4 Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear!

5 Pity the day of feeble things;
O gather every halting soul!
And drop salvation from thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole.

6 Stand by them in the fiery hour,
Their feebleness of mind defend;
And in their weakness show thy power,
And make them patient to the end.

7 O satisfy their soul in drought!
Give them thy saving health to see;
And let thy mercy find them out;
And let thy mercy reach to me!

8 Hast thou the work of grace begun,
And brought them to the birth, in vain?
O let thy children see the sun!
Let all their souls be born again!

9 Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
For whom thy suff'ring members mourn:
Answer our faith's effectual prayer;
Bid every struggling child be born!

HYMN 463. [6 *lines* 7's.]

1 LAMB of God, who bear'st away
All the sins of all mankind,
Bow a nation to thy sway;—
While we may acceptance find,
Let us thankfully embrace
The last offers of thy grace.

2 Thou thy messengers hast sent,
Joyful tidings to proclaim,
Willing we should all repent,
Know salvation in thy Name,
Feel our sins by grace forgiven,
Find in thee the way to heaven.

3 Jesus, roll away this stone;
Good Physician show thy art!
Make thy healing virtue known;
Break the unbelieving heart:

By thy bloody cross subdue;
Tell them, "I have died for you!"

2 Let thy dying love constrain
Those who disregard thy frown;
Sink the mountain to a plain;
Bring the pride of sinners down;
Soften the obdurate crowd;
Melt the rebels with thy blood!

HYMN 464. [8 *lines*, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

1 JESUS, from thy heavenly place,
Thy dwelling in the sky,
Fill our Church with righteousness,
Our want of faith supply:
Faith our strong protection be:
And godliness, with all its power,
'Stablish our posterity,
Till time shall be no more!

2 Let the Spirit of grace o'erflow
Our re-converted land:
Let the least and greatest know
And bow to thy command:
Wisdom, pure religious fear,
Our King's peculiar treasure prove,
Blest with piety sincere,
Inspired with humble love!

HYMN 465. [C. M.]

For the King.

1 SOV'REIGN of all! whose Will ordains
The powers on earth that be,
By whom our rightful monarch reigns,
Subject to none but thee;

2 Stir up thy power, appear, appear,
And for thy servant fight;
Support thy great vicegerent here,
And vindicate his right!

3 Lo! in the arms of faith and prayer
We bear him to thy throne;
Receive thy own peculiar care,
The Lord's anointed one.

4 With favour look upon his face;
Thy love's pavilion spread,
And watchful troops of angels place
Around his sacred head.

5 Guard him from all who dare oppose
Thy delegate and thee;
From open and from secret foes,
From force and perfidy!

6 Confound whoe'er his ruin seek,
Or into friends convert:
Give him his adversaries' neck;
Give him his people's heart.

7 Let us, for conscience' sake, revere
The man of thy right hand;
Honour and love thine image here,
And bless his mild command.

8 Thou only didst the blessing give;
The glory, Lord, be thine:
Let all with thankful joy receive
The benefit divine.

9 To those, who thee in him obey,
The Spirit of grace impart:
His dear, his sacred burden lay
On every loyal heart.

10 Still let us pray, and never cease,
"Defend him, Lord, defend:
"'Stablish his throne in glorious peace,
"And save him to the end!"

HYMN 466. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

1 A NATION God delights to bless,
Can all our raging foes distress,
Or hurt whom they surround?
Hid from the general scourge we are,
Nor see the bloody waste of war,
Nor hear the trumpet's sound.

2 O might we, Lord! the grace improve,
By labouring for the rest of love,
The soul-composing power!
Bless us with that internal peace,
And all the fruits of righteousness,
Till time shall be no more.

HYMN 467. [L. M.]

For Parents.

1 FATHER of all, by whom we are,
For whom was made whatever is;
Who hast entrusted to our care
A candidate for glorious bliss:

2 Poor worms of earth, for help we cry,
For grace to guide what grace has given;
We ask for wisdom from on high,
To train our infant up for heaven.

3 We tremble at the danger near,
And crowds of wretched parents see,
Who, blindly fond, their children rear
In tempers far as hell from thee:

4 Themselves the slaves of sense and praise,
Their babes who pamper and admire;
And make the helpless infants pass
To murderer-Moloch through the fire.

5 O let us not the demon please;
Our offspring to destruction doom!
Strengthen a sin-sick soul's disease,
Or damn him from his mother's womb!

6 Rather this hour resume his breath,
From selfishness and pride to save;
By death prevent the second death,
And hide him in the silent grave!

7 Or, if thou grant a longer date,
With resolute wisdom us endue,
To point him out his lost estate,
His dire apostasy to show:

8 To time our every smile or frown,
To mark the bounds of good and ill:
And beat the pride of nature down,
And bend or break his rising will.

9 Him let us tend, severely kind,
As guardians of his giddy youth;
As set to form his tender mind,
By principles of virtuous truth:

10 To fit his soul for heavenly grace;
Discharge the Christian parents' part;
And keep him, till thy love takes place,
And Jesus rises in his heart.

HYMN 468. [C. M.]

1 GOD only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright:

2 To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand;
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.

3 Made apt, by thy sufficient grace,
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our rising progeny:

4 Their selfish will in time subdue,
And mortify their pride;
And lend their youth a sacred clew
To find the Crucified.

5 We would in every step look up;
By thy example taught
To' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.

6 We would persuade their heart to' obey;
With mildest zeal proceed;
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.

7 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above,
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure, ingenuous love:

8 To watch their will, to sense inclined;
Withhold their hurtful food;
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

HYMN 469. [C. M.]

1 FATHER of Lights! thy needful aid
To us that ask impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.

2 O'erwhelm'd with justest fear, again
To thee for help we call:
Where many mightier have been slain,
By thee unsaved, we fall.

3 Unless restrain'd by grace we are,
In vain the snare we see;
We see, and rush into the snare
Of blind idolatry.

4 We plunge ourselves in endless woes,
Our helpless infant sell;
Resist the light, and side with those
Who send their babes to hell.

5 Ah! what avails superior light,
Without superior love?
We see the truth, we judge aright,
And wisdom's ways approve:

6 We mark the idolizing throng,
Their cruel fondness blame;
Their children's souls we know they wrong;—
And we shall do the same.

7 In spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity;
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to thee!

8 We soon shall do what we condemn,
And, down the current borne,
With shame confess our nature's stream
Too strong for us to turn.

9 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength, thou art!
Above the world, and Satan's power,
And greater than our heart!

10 Us from ourselves thou canst secure,
In nature's slippery ways;
And make our feeble footsteps sure,
By thy sufficient grace.

11 If on thy promised grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt preserve thy own,
And keep them to the end:

12 Wilt keep us tenderly discreet
To guard what thou hast given;
And bring our child with us to meet
At thy right hand in heaven.

HYMN 470. [L. M.]

For Masters.

1 MASTER supreme, I look to thee
For grace and wisdom from above;
Vested with thy authority,
Endue me with thy patient love:

2 That, taught according to thy will,
To rule my family aright,
I may the' appointed charge fulfil,
With all my heart, and all my might.

3 Inferiors, as a sacred trust,
I from the Sov'reign Lord receive,
That what is suitable and just,
Impartial I to all may give:

4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye;
From vice and wickedness restrain;
Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,
And govern with a looser rein.

5 The servant faithfully discreet,
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
Him would I tenderly entreat,
And scarce distinguish from a child.

6 Yet let me not my place forsake,
The' occasion of his stumbling prove,
The servant to my bosom take,
Or mar him by familiar love.

7 Order if some invert, confound,
Their Lord's authority betray,—
I hearken to the gospel sound,
And trace the providential way.

8 As far from abjectness as pride,
With condescending dignity,
Jesus, I make thy word my guide,
And keep the post assign'd by thee.

9 O could I emulate the zeal
Thou dost to thy poor servants bear!
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel
Of souls entrusted to my care:

10 In daily prayer to God commend
The souls whom God expired to save;
And think how soon my sway may end,
And all be equal in the grave!

HYMN 471. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

1 HOW shall I walk my God to please,
And spread content and happiness
O'er all beneath my care?
A pattern to my household give,
And as a guardian-angel live,
As Jesu's messenger?

2 The opposite extremes I see,—
Remissness and severity,—
And know not how to shun
The precipice on either hand,
While in the narrow path I stand,
And dread to venture on.

3 Shall I, through indolence supine,
Neglect, betray, my charge divine,
My delegated power?

The souls I from my Lord receive,
Of each I an account must give,
At that tremendous hour!

4 Lord over all, and God most high!
Jesus, to thee for help I fly,
For constant power and grace;
That, taught by thy good Spirit and led,
I may with confidence proceed,
And all thy footsteps trace.

5 O teach me my first lesson now!
And, while to thy sweet yoke I bow,
Thy easy service prove,
Lowly and meek in heart, I see
The art of governing like thee
Is governing by love.

HYMN 472. [4 *lines* 8's, *&* 2-6's.]

1 I AND my house will serve the Lord:
But first obedient to his word
I must myself appear:
By actions, words, and tempers show,
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain;
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God,

A saint indeed, I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive!
Work in me both to will and do;
And show them how believers true
And real Christians live.

5 With all-sufficient grace supply;
And, lo! I come to testify
The wonders of thy name,
Which saves from sin, the world, and hell;
Whose virtue every heart may feel,
And every tongue proclaim.

6 A sinner, saved myself from sin,
I come my family to win,
To preach their sins forgiven;
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And through the paths of pleasantness
Conduct them all to heaven.

HYMN 473. [6 *lines* 8's.]

For Children.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry;
The good desired and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply;
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven!

2 Answer on them the end of all
Our cares, and pains, and studies here;
On them, recover'd from their fall,
Stamp'd with the humble character,

Raised by the nurture of the Lord,
To all their paradise restored.

3 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind;
In knowledge pure their minds renew;
And store with thoughts divinely true.

4 Learning's redundant part and vain
Be here cut off, and cast aside;
But let them, Lord, the substance gain,
In every solid truth abide;
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego,
The knowledge fit for man to know.

5 Unite the pair so long disjoin'd,
Knowledge and vital Piety:
Learning and Holiness combined,
And Truth and Love, let all men see,
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live!

6 Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide!
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy name confess'd and glorified;
Thy power and love diffused abroad,
Till all the earth is fill'd with God!

HYMN 474. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to thee,
And fit for thy great service make
These heirs of immortality;

And let them in thine image rise,
And then transplant to Paradise.

2 Unspotted from the world and pure,
Preserve them for thy glorious cause,
Accustom'd daily to endure
The welcome burden of thy cross;
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

3 Our sons henceforth be wholly thine,
And serve and love thee all their days;
Infuse the principle divine
In all who here expect thy grace;
Let each improve the grace bestow'd:
Rise every child a man of God!

4 Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread!
Or send them to proclaim thy word,
Thy gospel through the world to spread,
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which we live!

HYMN 475. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 BUT who sufficient is to lead
And execute the vast design?
How can our arduous toil succeed,
When earth and hell their forces join
The meanest instruments to' o'erthrow,
Which thou hast ever used below?

2 Mountains, alas! on mountains rise,
To make our utmost efforts vain;

The work our feeble strength defies,
And all the helps and hopes of man;
Our utter impotence we see;
But nothing is too hard for thee!

3 The things impossible to men
Thou canst for thine own people do:
Thy strength be in our weakness seen;
Thy wisdom in our folly show;
Prevent, accompany, and bless,
And crown the whole with full success!

4 Unless the power of heavenly grace,
The wisdom of the Deity,
Direct and govern all our ways,
And all our works be wrought in thee,—
Our blasted works we know shall fail,
And earth and hell at last prevail.

5 But, O almighty God of love,
Into thy hands the matter take;
The mountain obstacles remove,
For thine own truth and mercy's sake;
Fulfil in ours thy own design,
And prove the work entirely thine!

HYMN 476. [L. M.]

At the Baptism of Adults.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means ordain'd by thee!
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 We now thy promised presence claim,
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promised presence find.

3 Father! in these reveal thy Son:
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace!

4 Jesus! with us thou always art:
Effectuate now the sacred sign;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine!

5 Eternal Spirit! descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now!

6 O that the souls baptized therein
May now thy truth and mercy feel;
May rise and wash away their sin!
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal!

HYMN 477. [8 *lines* 7's, 6's, & 1-8.]

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In solemn power come down!
Present with thy heavenly host,
Thine ordinance to crown:
See a sinful worm of earth!
Bless to *him* the cleansing flood;
Plunge *him*, by a second birth,
Into the depths of God!

2 Let the promised inward grace
Accompany the sign;
On *his* new-born soul impress
The character divine!
Father, all thy name reveal!
Jesus, all thy name impart!
Holy Ghost, renew and dwell
For ever in *his* heart!

PART V.

SECTION I.

For the Society on Meeting.

HYMN 478. [S. M.]

1 AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace!
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesu's praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we past,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

HYMN 479. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 PEACE be on this house bestow'd,
Peace on all that here reside!
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide.

Let the Spirit now come down;
Let the blessing now take place!
Son of Peace, receive thy crown,
Fulness of the gospel-grace.

2 Christ, my Master and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be;
O be mindful of thy word;
Visit them, and visit me!
To this house, and all herein,
Now let thy salvation come:
Save our souls from inbred sin;
Make us thy eternal home!

3 Let us never, never rest,
Till the promise is fulfill'd;
Till we are of thee possess'd,
Pardon'd, sanctified, and seal'd;
Till we all, in love renew'd,
Find the pearl that Adam lost,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

HYMN 480. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 GLORY be to God above,
God from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of his love,
Publish we his praise below:
Call'd together by his grace,
We are met in Jesu's Name;
See with joy each other's face;
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
How to make our calling sure;
Our election how to make,
Past the reach of hell secure.

Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase,
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

3 More and more let love abound:
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possest:
He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back, from Eden driven;
To his image here restored,
Soon he takes us up to heaven!

HYMN 481. [4 *lines*, 10's & 11's.]

1 ALL thanks to the Lamb, Who gives us to meet:
His love we proclaim, His praises repeat:
We own him our Jesus, Continually near
To pardon and bless us, And perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace, In him we have power,
Preserved by his grace Throughout the dark hour;
In all our temptation He keeps us to prove
His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.

3 Through pride and desire Unhurt we have gone;
Through water and fire In him we went on;
The world and the devil Thro' him we o'ercame,
Our Jesus from evil, For ever the same.

4 When we would have spurn'd His mercy and grace,
To Egypt return'd, And fled from his face,
He hindered our flying, (His goodness to show,)
And stopp'd us by crying, "Will ye also go?"

5 O what shall we do Our Saviour to love?
To make us anew, Come, Lord, from above!

The fruit of thy passion, Thy holiness, give:
Give us the salvation Of all that believe.

6 Come, Jesus, and loose The stammerer's tongue,
And teach even us The spiritual song:
Let us without ceasing Give thanks for thy grace,
And glory, and blessing, And honour, and praise.

7 Pronounce the glad word, And bid us be free;
Ah! hast thou not, Lord, A blessing for me?
The peace thou hast given This moment impart,
And open thy heaven, O Love, in my heart!

HYMN 482. [S. M.]

1 SAVIOUR of sinful men,
Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in thy name:
Thy mighty name hath been
Our safeguard and our tower;
Hath saved us from the world, and sin,
And all the' Accuser's power.

2 Jesus, take all the praise,
That still on earth we live,
Unspotted in so foul a place,
And innocently grieve!
We shall from *Sodom* flee,
When perfected in love;
And haste to better company,
Who wait for us above.

3 A while in flesh disjoin'd,
Our friends that went before
We soon in paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more.

In yon thrice happy seat,
Waiting for us they are;
And thou shalt there a husband meet!
And I a parent there!

4 O! what a mighty change
Shall Jesu's suff'rers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe!
No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound;
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found.

5 There all our griefs are spent!
There all our sorrows end!
We cannot there the fall lament
Of a departed friend,—
A brother dead to God,
By sin, alas! undone:—
No father there, in passion loud,
Cries, "O my son, my son!"

6 No slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy:
In that eternal day
No clouds nor tempests rise:
There gushing tears are wiped away
For ever from our eyes.

HYMN 483. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 JESU, to thee our hearts we lift,
(May all our hearts with love o'erflow!)
With thanks for thy continued gift,—
That still thy precious name we know,
Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
And wait for all our inward heaven.

2 What mighty troubles hast thou shown
Thy feeble, tempted followers here!
We have through fire and water gone,
But saw thee on the floods appear,
But felt thee present in the flame,
And shouted our Deliverer's name.

3 When stronger souls their faith forsook,
And, lull'd in worldly, hellish peace,
Leap'd desperate from their Guardian-rock,
And headlong plunged in sin's abyss;
Thy strength was in our weakness shown,
And still it guards and keeps thine own.

4 All are not lost, or wander'd back;
All have not left thy Church and Thee:
There are who suffer for thy sake,
Enjoy thy glorious infamy,
Esteem the scandal of the cross,
And only seek divine applause.

5 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
O keep us faithful to the end!
When, robed with majesty and power,
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and confessors to own,
And seat us on his glorious throne.

HYMN 484. [4 *lines*, 10's & 11's.]

1 APPOINTED by thee, We meet in thy name,
And meekly agree To follow the Lamb,
To trace thy example, The world to disdain,
And constantly trample On pleasure and pain.

2 Rejoicing in hope, We humbly go on,
And daily take up The pledge of our crown;
In doing and bearing The will of our Lord,
We still are preparing To meet our reward.

3 O Jesus, appear! No longer delay
To sanctify here, And bear us away:
The end of our meeting On earth let us see,
Triumphantly sitting In glory with thee!

HYMN 485. [S. M.]

1 JESU, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim!
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:
Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget,
We meet, the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel!
O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

HYMN 486. [C. M.]

1 SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive!"

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
Jesus, the Crucified,
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died!

6 Cause us the record to receive:
Speak, and the tokens show:
"O be not faithless, but believe
"In me, who died for you!"

HYMN 487. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 TWO are better far than one
For counsel or for fight:
How can one be warm alone,
Or serve his God aright?
Join we then our hearts and hands;
Each to love provoke his friend;
Run the way of his commands,
And keep it to the end.

2 Woe to him whose spirits droop,
To him who falls, alone!
He has none to lift him up,
To help his weakness on:
Happier we each other keep;
We each other's burdens bear;

Never need our footsteps slip,
Upheld by mutual prayer.

3 Who of twain hath made us one,
Maintains our unity;
Jesus is the Corner-Stone,
In whom we all agree;
Servants of one common Lord,
Sweetly of one heart and mind,
Who can break a three-fold cord,
Or part whom God hath join'd?

4 O that all with us might prove
The fellowship of saints!
Find supplied, in Jesu's love,
What every member wants:
Grasp we our high calling's prize,
Feel our sins on earth forgiven,
Rise, in his whole image rise,
And meet our Head in heaven!

SECTION II.

For the Society giving Thanks.

HYMN 488.

1 HOW happy are we, Who in Jesus agree
To expect his return from above!
We sit under his vine, And delightfully join
In the praise of his excellent love.

2 How pleasant and sweet, In his name when we meet,
Is his fruit to our spiritual taste!
We are banqueting here On angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally last.

3 Invited by him, We drink of the stream
Ever flowing in bliss from the throne:
Who in Jesus believe, We the Spirit receive
That proceeds from the Father and Son.

4 The unspeakable grace He obtain'd for our race,
And the spirit of faith he imparts:
Then, then we conceive How in heaven they live,
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.

5 True believers have seen The Saviour of men,
As his head he on Calvary bow'd:
We shall see him again, When, with all his bright train,
He descends on the luminous cloud.

6 We remember the word Of our crucified Lord,
When he went to prepare us a place;
"I will come in that day, And transport you away,
"And admit to a sight of my face."

7 With earnest desire After thee we aspire,
And long thy appearing to see;
Till our souls thou receive In thy presence to live,
And be perfectly happy in thee.

8 Come, Lord, from the skies, And command us to rise,
Ready made for the mansions above;
With our Head to ascend, And eternity spend
In a rapture of heavenly love.

HYMN 489. [12 *lines* 8's.]

1 HOW good and pleasant 'tis to see,
When brethren cordially agree,
And kindly think and speak the same;
A family of faith and love,
Combined to seek the things above,
And spread the common Saviour's fame.
The God of grace, who all invites,
Who in our unity delights,

Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless;
Revives us with refreshing showers,
The fulness of his blessing pours,
And keeps our minds in perfect peace.

2 Jesus, thou precious Corner-Stone,
Preserve inseparably one,
Whom thou didst by thy Spirit join:
Still let us in thy Spirit live,
And to thy church the pattern give
Of unanimity divine!
Still let us to each other cleave,
And from thy plenitude receive
Constant supplies of hallowing grace;
Till to a perfect man we rise,
O'ertake our kindred in the skies,
And find prepared our heavenly place!

* HYMN 490. [4 *lines* 6's, & 2-8's.]

1 BEHOLD how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace;
How pleasing to our King,
This fruit of righteousness;
When brethren all in one agree,
Who knows the joys of unity!

2 When all are sweetly join'd,
(True followers of the Lamb,)
The same in heart and mind,
And think and speak the same;
And all in love together dwell;
The comfort is unspeakable.

3 Where unity takes place,
The joys of heaven we prove;
This is the Gospel-grace,
The unction from above,
The Spirit on all believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ our Head.

4 Where unity is found,
The sweet anointing grace
Extends to all around,
And consecrates the place;
To every waiting soul it comes,
And fills it with divine perfumes.

5 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
For us the gift receiv'd;
For us and all the rest,
Who have in him believ'd:
Forth from our Head the blessing goes,
And all his seamless coat o'erflows.

6 On all his chosen ones
The precious oil comes down:
It runs, and, as it runs,
It ever will run on;
Even to his skirts, (the meanest name
That longs to love the bleeding Lamb.)

7 From Aaron's beard it rolls,
(Those nearest to his face,)
The humble, trembling souls
Who feebly sue for grace:
I know the grace for all is free,
For, lo! it reaches now to me.

8 Grace every morning new,
And every night, we feel;
The soft, refreshing dew
That falls on Hermon's hill!
On Sion it doth sweetly fall;
The grace of one descends on all.

9 Even now our Lord doth pour
The blessing from above,
A kindly gracious shower
Of heart-reviving love;

The former and the latter rain,
The love of God and love of man.

10 In him, when brethren join,
And follow after peace,
The fellowship divine,
He promises to bless,
His choicest graces to bestow,
When two or three are met below.

11 The riches of his grace
In fellowship are given
To Sion's chosen race,
The citizens of heaven:
He fills them with the choicest store,
He gives them life for evermore.

HYMN 491. [4 *lines* 6's, & 2-9s.]

1 COME away to the skies, My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day, Come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love And treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeem'd of the Lord, We remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.

3 With singing we praise The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd;
Our being receive From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are, Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine;
Created again, That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve The design of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name;
So united in heart, That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we sing, To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat:
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!

8 In assurance of hope, We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air
From our graves we shall see, And cry out "It is he!"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

HYMN 492. [L. M.]

1 WHAT shall we offer our good Lord,
Poor nothings! for his boundless grace?
Fain would we his great name record,
And worthily set forth his praise.

2 Great Object of our growing love,
To whom our more than all we owe,
Open the Fountain from above,
And let it our full souls o'erflow!

3 So shall our lives thy power proclaim,
Thy grace for every sinner free!
Till all mankind shall learn thy name,
Shall all stretch out their hands to thee.

4 Open a door which earth and hell
May strive to shut, but strive in vain;
Let thy word richly in us dwell,
And let our gracious fruit remain!

5 O multiply the sower's seed!
And fruit we every hour shall bear,
Throughout the world thy Gospel spread,
Thy everlasting truth declare.

6 We all, in perfect love renew'd,
Shall know the greatness of thy power;
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

HYMN 493. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 THE people that in darkness lay,
The confines of eternal night,
We, we have seen a Gospel-day,
The glorious beams of heavenly light;
His Spirit in our hearts hath shone,
And show'd the Father in the Son.

2 Father of everlasting grace,
Thou hast in us thy arm reveal'd,
Hast multiplied the faithful race,
Who, conscious of their pardon seal'd,
Of joy unspeakable possest,
Anticipate their heavenly rest.

3 In tears who sow'd, in joy we reap,
And praise thy goodness all day long;
Him in our eye of faith we keep,
Who gives us our triumphal song,
And doth his spoils to all divide,
A lot among the sanctified.

4 Thou hast our bonds in sunder broke,
Took all our load of guilt away;
From sin, the world, and Satan's yoke,
(Like Israel saved in Midian's day,)
Redeem'd us by our conquering Lord,
Our Gideon, and his Spirit's sword.

5 Not like the warring sons of men,
With shouts and garments roll'd in blood,
Our Captain doth the fight maintain;
But, lo! the burning Spirit of God
Kindles in each a secret fire;
And all our sins as smoke expire!

HYMN 494. [6 *lines* 8's.]

Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.

1 LO! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
The' united choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue!

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
O take, O seal them for thine own!
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord;
Be thou by all thy works adored.

4 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

5 In thee we move:—all things of thee
Are full, thou Source and Life of all;

Thou vast unfathomable Sea!
(Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall,
Ye sons of men, for God is man!)
All may we lose, so thee we gain.

6 As flowers their op'ning leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch thy every ray,
So may thy influence us inspire!
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam,
Thou purging Fire, thou quick'ning Flame!

HYMN 495. [3 *lines* 5's, & 1-11.]

1 COME, let us arise, And press to the skies;
The summons obey,
My friends, my beloved, and hasten away.

2 The Master of all For our service doth call,
And deigns to approve,
With smiles of acceptance, our labour of love.

3 His burden we bear, We alone can declare
How easy his yoke,
While to love and good works we each other provoke;—

4 By word and by deed, The bodies in need,
The souls to relieve,
And freely as Jesus hath given to give.

5 Then let us attend Our heavenly Friend,
In his members distrest,
By want, or affliction, or sickness opprest:

6 The pris'ner relieve, The stranger receive;
Supply all their wants,
And spend and be spent in assisting His saints.

7 Thus while we bestow Our moments below,
Ourselves we forsake,
And refuge in Jesus's righteousness take:

8 His passion alone The foundation we own;
And pardon we claim,
And eternal redemption, in Jesus's name.

HYMN 496. [4 *lines* 10's.]

1 THE earth is the Lord's, And all it contains!
The truth of his words For ever remains;
The saints have a mountain Of blessings in him;
His grace is the fountain, His peace is the stream.

2 To him our request We now have made known,
Who sees what is best For each of his own:
Our heathenish care, We cast it aside;
He heareth the prayer, and he will provide.

3 The modest and meek The earth shall possess:
The kingdom who seek Of Jesus's grace,
The power of his Spirit Shall joyfully own,
And all things inherit, in virtue of one.

HYMN 497. [4 *lines* 6's, & 2-8's.]

1 COME, all whoe'er have set
Your faces Sion-ward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord;
In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before his throne.

2 Nearer, and nearer still,
We to our country come:
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home,
The New Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.

3 The ransom'd sons of God,
All earthly things we scorn;
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return:
From strength to strength we still proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel:
Redeem'd from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our all in all is he;
And in his steps who tread,
We soon his face shall see;
Shall see him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

HYMN 498. [3 *lines* 5's, 1-11.]

1 COME, let us anew Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.

2 Of heavenly birth, Tho' wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place;
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

3 At Jesus's call, We gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.

4 No longing we find For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above:

5 A country of joy, Without any alloy,
We thither repair:
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.

6 We march hand in hand To Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near.

7 The rougher our way, The shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

8 The fiercer the blast, The sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

HYMN 499.

1 COME, let us ascend, My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above;
If thy heart be as mine, If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide, We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet we soar To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come To our permanent home:
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we still rise, And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive How happy we live,
In the palace of God, the great King?
What a concert of praise, When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song, When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join:
Join all the glad choirs, Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is, "Mercy divine!"

6 Hallelujah, they cry, To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain, And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

7 The Lamb on the throne, Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads!
With his mercy's full blaze, With the sight of his face,
Our beatified spirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim His ineffable name;
Our bodies his glory display:
A day without night We feast in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day!

* HYMN 500. [C. M.]

1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove:
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 Ev'n now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree;
Concenter'd all, through Jesu's name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!

SECTION III.

For the Society Praying.

HYMN 501. [C. M.]

1 JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep;
For, O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side:
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

HYMN 502. [C. M.]

1 COME, thou omniscient Son of Man,
Display thy sifting power;
Come with thy Spirit's winnowing fan,
And throughly purge thy floor!

2 The chaff of sin, the' accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driven!
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.

3 Look through us with thy eyes of flame,
The clouds and darkness chase;
And tell me what by sin I am,
And what I am by grace.

4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove;
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by thy love.

5 Then let us all thy fulness know,
From every sin set free;
Saved to the utmost,—saved below,
And perfectly like thee.

HYMN 503. [C. M.]

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

HYMN 504. [C. M.]

1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thy easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever tow'rds each other move,
And ever move tow'rds thee.

5 To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

6 This is the bond of perfectness,
Thy spotless charity;
O let us (still we pray) possess
The mind that was in thee!

7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove:
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love!

8 With ease our souls thro' death shall glide
Into their paradise;
And thence, on wings of angels, ride
Triumphant through the skies.

9 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

HYMN 505. [L. M.]

1 UNCHANGEABLE, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way!

2 O let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in thy blood;
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God!

3 Thou only canst our wills control,
Our wild unruly passions bind;
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.

4 Speak but the reconciling word,
The winds shall cease, the waves subside:
We all shall praise our common Lord,
Our Jesus, and him crucified.

5 Giver of peace, and unity,
Send down thy mild, pacific Dove:
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

6 We all shall think and speak the same
Delightful lesson of thy grace;
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.

7 O let us take a softer mould,
Blended and gather'd into thee;
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony!

8 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down;
To us thy Father's name declare;
Unite and perfect us in one!

9 So shall the world believe and know,
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

HYMN 506. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

John xiv. 16, 17.

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good;
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood!
Give us that for which he prays:
Father, glorify thy Son!
Show his truth, and power, and grace,
And send the Promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
O Christ, thy Spirit give!
Hast thou not received him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not our living Head?
Life to all thy limbs impart:
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed
In every waiting heart!

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come!
Glows our heart to find thee near,
And swells to make thee room:
Present with us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be!
With us, in us, live and dwell,
To all eternity!

HYMN 507. [L. M.]

1 SAVIOUR of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word;
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly Guest,
Delight in what thyself hast given;
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heaven.

3 Smell the sweet odour of our prayers,
Our sacrifice of praise approve:
And treasure up our gracious tears,
And rest in thy redeeming love.

4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit,
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride;
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

5 O let us on thy fulness feed,
And eat thy flesh and drink thy blood!
Jesus, thy blood is drink indeed,
Jesus, thy flesh is angels' food.

6 The heavenly manna faith imparts;
Faith makes thy fulness all our own;
We feed upon thee in our hearts,
And find that heaven and thou art one.

HYMN 508. [4 *lines* 7's.]

1 GOD of love, that hear'st the prayer,
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, save us to the end!

2 Save us, in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering Tempter's power,
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Cut off our dependance vain
On the help of feeble man;
Every arm of flesh remove;
Stay us on thy only love!

4 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these thy people join,
Poison our simplicity,
Drag us from our trust in thee.

5 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honours at thy feet.

6 Never let the world break in;
Fix a mighty gulf between:
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

7 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's Strength and Hope;
Nothing know, or seek, beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

8 Far above all earthly things,
Look we down on earthly kings;
Taste our glorious liberty;
Find our happy all in thee!

HYMN 509. [4 *lines* 7's.]

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree:
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars for ever cease!

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here!

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,

Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord!

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live!

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness!

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die!

HYMN 510. [4 *lines* 6's, & 2-8's.]

1 THOU God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice to' approve,
Thy providence to' obey;
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face?
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain;
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renew'd in perfect love?

4 Surely thou didst unite
Our kindred spirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear;
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy glorious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join, with mutual care,
To fight our passage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

6 O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day,
With all thy fulness fill,
And then transport away!
Away to our eternal rest!
Away to our Redeemer's breast!

HYMN 511. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 FORGIVE us, for thy mercy's sake,
Our multitude of sins forgive!
And for thy own possession take,
And bid us to thy glory live;
Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
Our faith, by our obedient love!

2 The cov'nant of forgiveness seal,
And all thy mighty wonders show!
Our inbred enemies expel;
And conquering them to conquer go,
Till all of pride and wrath be slain,
And not one evil thought remain!

3 O put it in our inward parts,
The living law of perfect love!
Write the new precept in our hearts:
We shall not then from thee remove,

Who in thy glorious image shine,
Thy people, and for ever thine.

HYMN 512. [6 *lines* 7's.]

1 CENTRE of our hopes thou art,
End of our enlarged desires;
Stamp thine image on our heart;
Fill us now with heavenly fires;
Cemented by love divine,
Seal our souls for ever thine!

2 All our works in thee be wrought,
Levell'd at one common aim;
Every word, and every thought,
Purge in the refining flame:
Lead us, through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness!

3 Let us all together rise,
To thy glorious life restored;
Here regain our paradise,
Here prepare to meet our Lord;
Here enjoy the earnest given,
Travel hand in hand to heaven!

HYMN 513. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 JESUS, with kindest pity see
The souls that would be one in thee:
If now accepted in thy sight,
Thou dost our upright hearts unite,
Allow us ev'n on earth to prove
The noblest joys of heavenly love.

2 Before thy glorious eyes we spread
The wish which doth from thee proceed;
Our love from earthly dross refine;
Holy, angelical, divine,
Thee its great Author let it show,
And back to the pure fountain flow.

3 A drop of that unbounded sea,
O Lord, resorb it into thee!
While all our souls, with restless strife,
Spring up into eternal life,
And, lost in endless raptures, prove
Thy whole immensity of love.

4 A spark of that ethereal fire,
Still let it to its source aspire,
To thee in every wish return,
Intensely for thy glory burn;
While all our souls fly up to thee,
And blaze through all eternity.

HYMN 514. [4 *lines* 7's.]

1 FATHER, at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee:
Draw us by thy grace alone;
Give, O give us to thy Son!

2 Jesus, friend of human kind,
Let us in thy name be join'd;
Each to each unite and bless;
Keep us still in perfect peace!

3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
Shed thy over-shadowing love;
Love, the sealing grace, impart;
Dwell within our single heart!

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost:
Let us in thine image rise;
Give us back our paradise!

HYMN 515. [8 *lines* 7's.]

The Communion of Saints.

FIRST PART.

1 FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
Faith's effectual fervent prayer;
Hear, and our petitions seal,
Let us now the answer feel!

Still our fellowship increase;
Knit us in the bond of peace;
Join our new-born spirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine.

2 Build us in one body up,
Call'd in one high calling's hope:
One the Spirit whom we claim;
One the pure baptismal flame;
One the faith, and common Lord;
One the Father lives adored,
Over, through, and in us all
God incomprehensible.

3 One with God, the source of bliss,
Ground of our communion this:
Life of all that live below,
Let thine emanations flow;
Rise eternal in our heart:
Thou our long-sought Eden art;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost!

HYMN 516. [8 *lines* 7's.]

SECOND PART.

1 OTHER ground can no man lay;
Jesus takes our sins away;
Jesus the foundation is,
This shall stand, and only this:
Fitly framed in him we are,
All the building rises fair;
Let it to a temple rise,
Worthy him who fills the skies.

2 Husband of the church below,
Christ, if thee our Lord we know,
Unto thee, betrothed in love,
Always let us faithful prove;
Never rob thee of our heart,
Never give the creature part:

Only thou possess the whole;
Take our body, spirit, soul!
3 Steadfast let us cleave to thee;
Love, the mystic union be;
Union to the world unknown,
Join'd to God in spirit one:
Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
Till the Lamb shall take us home,
For his heaven the Bride prepare,
Solemnize our nuptials there.

HYMN 517. [4 *lines* 7's.]

THIRD PART.

1 CHRIST, our Head, gone up on high,
Be thou in thy Spirit nigh:
Advocate with God, give ear
To thine own effectual prayer!
2 One the Father is with thee;
Knit us in like unity;
Make us, O uniting Son,
One,—as Thou and He are one!
3 Still, O Lord, (for thine we are,)
Still to us his name declare:
Thy revealing Spirit give,
Whom the world cannot receive!
4 Fill us with the Father's love;
Never from our souls remove:
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity!

HYMN 518. [4 *lines* 7's.]

FOURTH PART.

1 CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are!
2 Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine:

Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all!

3 Closer knit to thee, our Head;
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live!

4 Jesus, we thy members are;
Cherish us with kindest care:
Of thy flesh, and of thy bone,
Love, for ever love thine own!

5 Move, and actuate, and guide:
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil;

6 Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove;
Use the grace on each bestow'd,
Temper'd by the art of God.

7 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touch'd with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.

8 Wounded by the grief of one,
Now let all the members groan;
Honour'd if one member is,
All partake the common bliss.

9 Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on:
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee!

10 Love, like death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

HYMN 519. [8 *lines* 7's.]

THE LOVE-FEAST.

FIRST PART.

1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine!
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above;
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God:
We, like them, may live and love;
Call'd we are their joys to prove,
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesu's name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesu's witnesses.

4 Witnesses that Christ hath died,
We with him are crucified:
Christ hath burst the bands of death;
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe:
Christ is now gone up on high;
Thither all our wishes fly:
Sits at God's right hand above;
There with him we reign in love!

HYMN 520. [8 *lines 7's.*]

SECOND PART.

1 COME, thou high and lofty Lord!
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word!
Humbly stoop to earth again;
Come and visit abject man!
Jesus, dear expected guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast;
For thyself our hearts prepare:
Come, and sit, and banquet there!

2 Jesus, we thy promise claim:
We are met in thy great name;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here!
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
Thou thyself within us move;
Make our feast a Feast of Love!

3 Let the fruits of grace abound;
Let us in thy bowels sound;
Faith, and love, and joy increase,
Temperance and gentleness;
Plant in us thy humble mind;
Patient, pitiful, and kind,
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet,
Meet to' appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.
Call, O call us each, by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb;
Let us lean upon thy breast;
Love be there our endless feast!

HYMN 521. [8 *lines* 7's.]

THIRD PART.

1 LET us join, ('tis God commands,)
Let us join our hearts and hands;
Help to gain our calling's hope;
Build we each the other up:
God his blessings shall dispense;
God shall crown his ordinance;
Meet in his appointed ways;
Nourish us with social grace.

2 Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully his gifts improve,
Carry on the earnest strife,
Walk in holiness of life;
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind,
Tow'rd the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

3 Plead we thus for faith alone,
Faith which by our works is shown:
God it is who justifies;
Only faith the grace applies;—
Active faith that lives within,
Conquers earth, and hell, and sin,
Sanctifies, and makes us whole,
Forms the Saviour in the soul.

4 Let us for this faith contend;
Sure salvation is its end:
Heaven already is begun,
Everlasting life is won.
Only let us persevere,
Till we see our Lord appear:
Never from the Rock remove,
Saved by faith, which works by love.

HYMN 522. [8 *lines* 7's.]

FOURTH PART.

1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up:
Jointly let us rise, and sing
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Monuments of Jesu's grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise;
Walk in him we have received;
Show we not in vain believed.

2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesu's love:
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness!
Thee the' unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for thee!
Every vile affection kill;
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin;
Write thy law of love within!

4 Hence may all our actions flow;
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart!
Stamp it on our face and heart!
Only love to us be given!
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

HYMN 523. [L. M.]

1 O THOU, our Husband, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise!
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice!

2 Regard our prayers for Sion's peace;
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will;
Cause us thy hallow'd name to know,
The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure as thou thyself art pure,
Conform'd in all things to our Head.

5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood:
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow,
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,
That efficacious blood apply;
And wash, and make us wholly clean,
And change, and throughly sanctify.

7 From all iniquity redeem;
Cleanse by the water and the word;
And free from every spot of blame,
And make the servant as his Lord!

HYMN 524. [12 *lines* 8's.]

1 OUR friendship sanctify and guide:
Unmix'd with selfishness and pride,
Thy glory be our single aim!

In all our intercourse below,
Still let us in thy footsteps go,
And never meet but in thy name.
Fix on thyself our single eye;
Still let us on thyself rely,
For all the help that each conveys,
The help as from thy hand receive,
And still to thee all glory give,
All thanks, all might, all love, all praise.

2 Whate'er thou dost on one bestow,
Let each the double blessing know;
Let each the common burden bear;
In comforts and in griefs agree:
And wrestle for his friends with thee,
In all the' omnipotence of prayer.
Our mutual prayer accept and seal;
In all thy glorious self reveal;
All with the fire of love baptize:
Thy kingdom in our souls restore;
And keep till we can sin no more,
Till all in thy whole image rise.

3 Witnesses of the' all-cleansing blood,
Long may we work the works of God,
And do thy will like those above:
Together spread the Gospel-sound,
And scatter peace on all around,
And joy, and happiness, and love.
True yoke-fellows, by love compell'd,
To labour in the Gospel-field,
Our all let us delight to spend,
In gathering in thy lambs and sheep;
Assured that thou our souls wilt keep,
Wilt keep us faithful to the end.

HYMN 525. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 JESU, thou great redeeming Lord,
The kingdom of thy peace restored

Let all thy followers perceive,
And happy in thy Spirit live;
Retain the grace through thee bestow'd,
The favour and the peace of God.

2 Give all thy saints to find in thee
The fulness of the Deity;
His nature, life, and mind to prove,
In perfect holiness and love:
Fountain of grace, thyself make known
With God and man for ever one!

3 Still with and in thy people dwell;
Thy gracious plenitude reveal;
Till coming with thy heavenly train,
We eye to eye "behold the Man,"
And share thy majesty divine,
And mount our thrones encircling thine.

HYMN 526. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6s.]

1 EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for nought:
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim,—
Thy glory if we now intend,—
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jesu's name!

3 In Jesu's name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrain'd by Jesu's love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will:
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill!

6 O let our faith and love abound!
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly Light Divine!

HYMN 527. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

1 COME, Wisdom, Power, and Grace Divine,
Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
A happy chosen band;
Who fain would prove thine utmost will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfil,
In love's benign command!

2 If pure essential Love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving self, inspire:
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptized with heavenly fire.

3 Still may we to our centre tend,—
To spread thy praise our common end,
To help each other on;

Companions through the wilderness,
To share a moment's pain, and seize
An everlasting crown.

4 Jesus, our tender'd souls prepare!
Infuse the softest social care,
The warmest charity,
The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wondrous name,
The heart that was in thee.

5 Supply what every member wants;
To found the fellowship of saints,
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply!
So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.

HYMN 528. [4 *lines* 8's, & 2-6's.]

1 O SAVIOUR, cast a gracious smile!
Our gloomy guilt, and selfish guile,
And shy distrust remove:
The true simplicity impart,
To fashion every passive heart,
And mould it into love.

2 Our naked hearts to thee we raise;
Whate'er obstructs thy work of grace,
For ever drive it hence:
Exert thy all-subduing power,
And each regenerate soul restore
To child-like innocence.

3 Soon as in thee we gain a part,
Our spirit purged from nature's art
Appears, by grace forgiven;

We then pursue our sole design,
To lose our melting will in thine,
And want no other heaven!

4 O that we now the power might feel,
To do on earth thy blessed will,
As angels do above!
In thee, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
To walk, and perfectly to' obey
Thy sweet constraining love!

5 Jesus, fulfil our one desire,
And spread the spark of living fire
Through every hallow'd breast;
Bless with divine conformity,
And give us now to find in thee
Our everlasting rest.

HYMN 529. [8 *lines* 7's.]

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee confess,
Followers of thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask, "What shall we do?"
Govern'd by thy only will,
All thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walk'd below.

2 While thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to thy servants here,
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love.
Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity;
Works of love on man bestow'd,
Secret intercourse with God.

3 Early in the temple met,
Let us still our Saviour greet;
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there.
There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again;
Power his image to retrieve,
Power, like thee, our Lord, to live.

4 Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good;
Glad to pray and labour on,
Till our earthly course is run,
Till we, on the sacred tree,
Bow the head and die like thee.

HYMN 530. [8 *lines*, 8's & 7's.]

1 COME, thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart!
Bought for us by Jesu's merit,
Now thy blissful self impart:
Sign our uncontested pardon;
Wash us in the' atoning blood!
Make our hearts a water'd garden;
Fill our spotless souls with God.

2 If thou gav'st the' enlarged desire
Which for thee we ever feel,
Now our panting souls inspire,
Now our cancell'd sin reveal:
Claim us for thy habitation;
Dwell within our hallow'd breast;
Seal us heirs of full salvation,
Fitted for our heavenly rest.

3 Give us quietly to tarry,
Till for all thy glory meet,
Waiting, like attentive Mary,
Happy at the Saviour's feet;
Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to thyself devoted,
Fix'd to live and die for thee.

4 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let thee go,
Till thou all thy mind declare,
All thy grace on us bestow;
Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy, and perfect love, impart,
Present, everlasting heaven,
All thou hast, and all thou art!

HYMN 531. [6 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
That famous Plant thou art;
Tree of Life eternal, rise
In every longing heart!
Bid us find the food in thee,
For which our deathless spirits pine,
Fed with immortality,
And fill'd with love divine.

2 Long we have our burden borne,
Our own unfaithfulness,
Object of the Heathens' scorn,
Who mock'd our scanty grace:
Jesus, our reproach remove;
Let sin no more thy people shame!
Show us rooted in thy love,
In life and death the same.

3 In thy spotless people show
Thy power and constancy;
Give us thus to feel and know
Our fellowship with thee:
Give us all thy mind to' express,
And blameless in our Lord to' abide,
Transcripts of thy holiness,
Thy fair unspotted bride.

HYMN 532. [C. M.]

1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual *Covenant* join
Ourselves to CHRIST the LORD:

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesu's power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For GOD to live and die.

3 The Covenant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind:—
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow:—
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now!

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give!

6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day!

SECTION IV.

For the Society at Parting.

HYMN 533. [4 *lines* 6's, & 2-8's.]

1 LORD, we thy will obey,
And in thy pleasure rest;
We, only we, can say,
"Whatever is, is best;"
Joyful to meet, willing to part,
Convinced we still are one in heart.

2 Hereby we sweetly know
Our love proceeds from thee,—
We let each other go,
From every creature free,
And cry, in answer to thy call,
"Thou art, O Christ, our all in all!"

3 Our Husband, Brother, Friend,
Our Counsellor Divine!
Thy chosen ones depend
On no support but thine:
Our everlasting Comforter!
We cannot want, if thou art here.

4 Still let us, gracious Lord,
Sit loose to all below;
And to thy love restored,
No other portion know;
Stand fast in glorious liberty,
And live and die wrapt up in thee!

HYMN 534. [C. M.]

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,—
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus Crucified!

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more!

HYMN 535. [D. S. M.]

1 AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair,
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are.
Jesus, the Corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesu's work below;
And, following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go!

The vineyard of their Lord
Before his labourers lies;
And, lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

3 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labours end;
Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain! —
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

4 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.
The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

5 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.
Abraham and Isaac there,
And Jacob, shall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.

6 We shall our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top.
To gather home his own,
God shall his angels send,

And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumph end.

HYMN 536. [4 *lines* 6's, & 2-8's.]

1 JESUS, accept the praise
That to thy Name belongs;
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs:
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy Name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit join'd,
To' embrace the happy toil,
Thou hast to each assign'd;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, arm'd with patience, run
With joy the' appointed race:
Keep us, and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom;
Earth we shall view, and heaven destroy'd,
And shout above the fiery void.

6 These eyes shall see them fall,
Mountains, and stars, and skies!
These eyes shall see them all
Out of their ashes rise!
These lips his praises shall rehearse,
Whose nod restores the universe!

7 According to his word,
His oath to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruin'd earth and heaven;
In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.

8 Then let us wait the sound,
That shall our souls release;
And labour to be found
Of him in spotless peace,
In perfect holiness renew'd,
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God.

HYMN 537. [C. M.]

1 GOD of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace!
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Through thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And, each to each in Jesus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsists as in us all one soul,
No power can make us twain:

And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.

5 Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We each to other fly.

6 In Jesus Christ together we
In heavenly places sit;
Clothed with the sun, we smile to see
The moon beneath our feet.

7 Our life is hid with Christ in God;
Our Life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
In all his members here.

8 The heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay;
But he shall to the utmost save,
And keep it to that day.

9 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Sion's hill!

10 Him eye to eye we there shall see;
Our face like his shall shine:
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

11 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

12 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

13 Then let us hasten to the day,
When all shall be brought home;
Come, O Redeemer, come away,
O Jesus, quickly come!

HYMN 538. [8 *lines 7's.*]

1 JESUS, soft harmonious Name,
Every faithful heart's desire;
See thy followers, O Lamb!
All at once to thee aspire:
Drawn by thy uniting grace,
After thee we swiftly run;
Hand in hand we seek thy face:
Come, and perfect us in one!

2 Mollify our harsher will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute:
Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings;
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings!

3 See the souls that hang on thee!
Sever'd though in flesh we are,
Join'd in spirit all agree;
All thy only love declare;
Spread thy love to all around:
Hark! we now our voices raise!—
Joyful consentaneous sound,
Sweetest symphony of praise.

4 Jesu's praise be all our song;
While we Jesu's praise repeat,
Glide our happy hours along,
Glide with down upon their feet!

Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,
Till we take our seats above,
Live we all as angels here,
Only sing, and praise, and love.

HYMN 539. [D. C. M.]

1 LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name:
To Jesu's Name give thanks and sing
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend!

2 We, for his sake, count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.
O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love!

3 Love us, though far in flesh disjoin'd,
Ye lovers of the Lamb;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and speak the same:
You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jesus bow;
Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,
And, lo! we reach you now.

4 The blessings all on you be shed,
Which God in Christ imparts!
We pray the Spirit of our Head
Into your faithful hearts.

Mercy and peace your portion be,
To carnal minds unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone!

Let all who for the Promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live!
Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home:
Go on;—we'll meet you there.

SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS:

(Not in the Editions published during the Life of MR. WESLEY.)

On Divine Worship.

HYMN 540. [L. M.]

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise:
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 541. [4 *lines* 6's, & 2-8's.]

1 LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To thine abode My heart aspires,
With warm desires To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; And happy they
Who love the way To Sion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! Thou God, our King,
Shalt thither bring Our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence!
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow Upon our race
His saving grace, And glory too.

5 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From holy, humble souls:
Thrice happy he, O Lord of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts Alone in thee!

HYMN 542. [4 *lines 7's.*]

1 LORD and God of heavenly powers!
Theirs,—yet, O benignly ours!
Glorious King! let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant thy name.

2 Thee to laud in songs divine
Angels and Archangels join:
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thine eternal praise.

3 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by heaven and earth adored!
Full of thee, they ever cry,
"Glory be to God Most High!"

HYMN 543. [C. M.]

1 BEING of Beings, God of Love!
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, only thine, we pant to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires;
For all thy mercies' store,
The sole return thy love requires
Is, that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts to' embrace thy will;
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again,
With all thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad!
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

HYMN 544. [C. M.]

On the Sabbath.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

2 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, the' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
He RISES, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak a world from nought;
'Twas greater to redeem!

HYMN 545. [6 *lines* 8's.]

On the Death of Christ.

1 O THOU eternal Victim, slain
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead!
Our everlasting Priest art thou,
And plead'st thy death for sinners now

2 Thy offering still continues new:
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue;
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughter'd Lamb;
Thy priesthood still remains the same;
Thy years, O God, can never fail;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love!
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, who dies for me, for me!

For the Lord's Supper.

HYMN 546. [S. M.]

1 COME, all who truly bear
The Name of Christ your Lord,
His last mysterious supper share,
And keep his kindest word.
Hereby your faith approve
In Jesus crucified:
"In memory of my dying love,
Do this,"—he said,—and died.

2 The badge and token this,
The sure confirming seal,
That he is ours, and we are his,
The servants of his will;
His dear peculiar ones,
The purchase of his blood;
His blood which once for all atones,
And brings us now to God.

3 Then let us still profess
Our Master's honour'd name;
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb!
In proof that such we are,
His sayings we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We do in Christ believe.

4 Part of his church below,
We thus our right maintain;
Our living membership we show,
And in the fold remain,—
The sheep of Israel's fold,
In England's pastures fed;
And fellowship with all we hold,
Who hold it with our Head.

HYMN 547. [8 *lines*, 8's & 7's.]

1 COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind!
True recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal his great salvation;
Preach his Gospel to our heart!

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine!
Let us feel thy power, applying
Christ to every soul,—and mine!
Let us groan thine inward groaning;
Look on him we pierced, and grieve;
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive!

HYMN 548. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee;
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away!
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary, &c.

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary, &c.

4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give!
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till perfected in holiness,
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

HYMN 549. [C. M.]

1 JESU, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipp'd in blood!
Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallow'd bread,
Commem'rate thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own:
The tokens of thy dying love
O let us all receive;
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe!

3 The cup of blessing, bless'd by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
And cheer each languid heart.

The grace which sure salvation brings
Let us herewith receive;
Satiate the hungry with good things,
The hidden manna give.

4 The living bread, sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.
Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are fill'd below
With all the life of God!

HYMN 550. [C. M.]

1 COME, Holy Ghost, thine influence shed,
And realize the sign;
Thy life infuse into the bread,
Thy power into the wine!

2 Effectual let the tokens prove,
And made, by heavenly art,
Fit channels to convey thy love
To every faithful heart!

HYMN 551. [6 *lines* 8's.]

1 VICTIM Divine, thy grace we claim,
While thus thy precious death we show,
Once offer'd up, a spotless Lamb,
In thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

2 Thou standest in the holy place,
As now for guilty sinners slain;
The blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays,
All-prevalent for helpless man;
Thy blood is still our ransom found,
And speaks salvation all around.

3 The smoke of thy atonement here
Darken'd the sun, and rent the veil,
Made the new way to heaven appear,
And show'd the great Invisible:
Well pleased in thee, our God look'd down,
And calls his rebels to a crown.

4 He still respects thy Sacrifice;
Its savour sweet does always please;
The Offering smokes through earth and skies,
Diffusing life, and joy, and peace;
To these, thy lower courts, it comes,
And fills them with divine perfumes.

5 We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost ev'n now thy banquet crown:
To every faithful soul appear,
And show thy real presence here!

HYMN 552. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone;
Tears the graves and mountains up
By his expiring groan;
Lo! the powers of heaven he shakes;
Nature in convulsions lies;
Earth's profoundest centre quakes:
The great JEHOVAH dies!

2 Dies the glorious cause of all!
The true eternal *Pan*
Falls, to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful man!
Well may *Sol* withdraw his light,
With the Sufferer sympathize,
Leave the world in sudden night,
While the Creator dies!

3 Well may heaven be clothed in black,
And solemn sackcloth wear,
Jesu's agonies partake,
The hour of darkness share:
Mourn the' astonish'd hosts above;
Silence saddens all the skies;
Kindler of seraphic love,
The God of Angels dies!

4 O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree,—
A sight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too;
Look on him ye pierced, and mourn
For one who bled for you!

5 Weep o'er your desire and hope,
With tears of humblest love:
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthroned above:
Lives our Head, to die no more;
Power is all to Jesus given,—
Worshipp'd, as he was before,
The' Immortal King of Heaven.

6 Lord, we bless thee for thy grace
And truth, which never fail:
Hastening to behold thy face,
Without a dimming veil,
We shall see our heavenly King,
All thy glorious love proclaim;
Help the angel-choirs to sing
The dear triumphant Lamb.

HYMN 553. [8 *lines* 8's.]

On the Resurrection of Christ.

1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your God:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But, lo! what sudden joys I see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
The tomb in vain forbids his rise!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

HYMN 554. [L. M.]

On the Ascension of Christ.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky;
There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in!
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd;
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all for ever bless'd!

HYMN 555. [4 *lines* 7's.]

On the Second Coming of Christ.

1 COME, Desire of nations, come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
Hear the Spirit and the Bride;
Come, and take us to thy side.

2 Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward;
Then with all thy saints descend;
Then our earthly trials end.

3 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days;
Who for full redemption groan,
Hear us now, and save thine own.

4 Now destroy the man of sin;
Now thine ancient flock bring in!
Fill'd with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransom'd world for thine.

5 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Glorious in thy saints appear;

Speak the sacred number seal'd;
Speak the mystery reveal'd.

6 Take to thee thy royal power;
Reign, when sin shall be no more;
Reign, when death no more shall be;
Reign to all eternity.

On Miscellaneous Subjects.

HYMN 556. [8 *lines*, 7's & 6's.]

1 TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence, in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels:
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given;
God comes down; the God and Lord
That made both earth and heaven.

2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide:
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in him, securely rest;
Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell
Thy keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes;
He is Israel's sure defence;
Israel all his care shall prove,
Kept by watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.

4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near!
Lo! he holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear;
Shadows with his wings thy head;
Guards from all impending harms:—
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

5 Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin;
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
Fill'd with wisdom, love, and power,
Holy, pure, and perfect,—now,
Henceforth, and evermore.

HYMN 557. [4 *lines* 10's.]

1 YE servants of God, Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, And rules over all.

2 The waves of the sea Have lift up their voice,
Sore troubled that we In Jesus rejoice;
The floods they are roaring, But Jesus is here;
While we are adoring, He always is near.

3 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh, His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation To Jesus our King.

4 "Salvation to God Who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, And honour the Son;
Our Jesus's praises The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, And worship the Lamb.

5 Then let us adore, And give him his right,
All glory and power, All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, With angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing, And infinite love.

6 Come, Lord, and display Thy sign in the sky,
And bear us away To mansions on high;
The kingdom be given, The purchase divine,
And crown us in heaven Eternally thine.

HYMN 558. [4 *lines* 5's, & 1-11.]

1 COME, Lord, from above, The mountains remove;
Overturn all that hinders the course of thy love.
My bosom inspire, Inkindle the fire,
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.

2 I languish and pine For the comfort divine;
O when shall I say, my Beloved is mine!
I have chos'n the good part; My portion thou art,
O Love; let me find thee, O God, in my heart!

3 For this my heart sighs: Nothing else can suffice;
How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price?
It cannot be bought, And thou know'st I have nought,
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.

4 But I hear a voice say, "Without money ye may
"Receive it, whoever have nothing to pay:
"Who on Jesus relies, without money or price,
"The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys:

5 "The blessing is free:"—So, Lord, let it be;
I yield that thy love should be given to me.
I freely receive What thou freely dost give,
And consent in thy love, in thy Eden, to live.

6 The gift I embrace; The Giver I praise;
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace:
It comes from above; The foretaste I prove;
And I soon shall receive all the fulness of love.

HYMN 559. [C. M.]

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep, in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

3 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own Interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 560.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach yon blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise!
Hallelujah!

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